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THE LIFE AND TIMES
OF
PRINCE CHARLES STUART.



THE LIFE AND TIMES
OF
PRINCE CHARLES STUART,
COUNT OF ALBANY,
COMMONLY CALLED
THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

From the State Papers and other Sources.

BY
ALEX. CHARLES EWALD, F.S.A.,
Author of "The Life and Times of Algernon Sydney," "The Crown and Its
Advisers," &c.

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. I.



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PREFACE.

SOME few years ago it fell within the course of my official work at the Record Office, to make a calendar of the State Papers of the reigns of the first two Georges. As I approached the period of the Rebellion of 1745, the papers increased in interest, and it struck me that they could be made to throw a new light on the thrice-told tale of the last Jacobite insurrection. The documents before me, either from ignorance of their existence or on account of the difficulties that in former days surrounded the examination of the State Papers, had never been consulted. Here and there some isolated paper had been made use of by historians and biographers, but the greater portion of the letters and examinations of witnesses was virgin soil. It was a mine well worth the working, and I delved amidst its unsunned treasures.

From the events of the rebellion to the hero of the enterprise was but a natural step. To my surprise, I found that nothing worthy to be called a biography of Prince Charles had been written. Works calling

themselves "Lives of the Young Pretender," were endless; but the information contained in their pages began and ended with the Rebellion of "The Forty-Five." Little beyond what was due to mere conjecture was known of the Prince's early life and declining years; these biographies were therefore scarcely more than mere histories of the Jacobite struggle. The best of the class is a life of the Prince by one Karl Klose, a German, which appeared some thirty years ago. It is, however, very meagre; nor, with the materials at his command was it possible that it could be otherwise.

The materials for a biography of Prince Charles are to be sought in the Stuart Papers and the State Papers. The Stuart Papers are now lodged at Windsor Castle, and their contents, so far as they relate to the Chevalier de St. George and his son, have been made public by Earl Stanhope. Herr Klose has incorporated these papers in his Life of the Prince, and it is for that reason that his work is more complete than its predecessors. But the State Papers, in their way, are as important as the Stuart Papers, and connect, as much as, I fear, they ever can be connected, the various links in the chain of this Prince's biography. It is because our national documents have never yet been consulted that no full life of the

Young Pretender has appeared. In the following pages I have endeavoured to fill up this gap in our historical biography.

The materials for the latter years of the life of Prince Charles are to be found among the State Papers of Tuscany preserved in the Public Record Office. Sir Horace Mann was then the English envoy at Florence, and he seems to have been most diligent in posting up the Government at home in everything which related to the Prince. His letters, bearing upon the life and conduct of Charles, were edited in 1845 by Earl Stanhope, then Lord Mahon, for the Roxburghe Club. To the world at large, the "Decline of the Last Stuarts," the title of the work in which these letters appeared, is almost an unknown volume. It is not without reason that the charge has been brought against the Roxburghe Club that it only serves to multiply manuscripts, for it is with the greatest difficulty that its editions can be obtained by the public. So difficult did I find it to procure this "Decline of the Last Stuarts," that at last I had to beg the loan of a copy from its noble author. The latter chapters of this biography are based on the valuable despatches of Sir Horace Mann. It will be seen that I have been able, occasionally, to supplement the information derived from the "Decline of the

Last Stuarts," by the letters of other Envoys among the State Papers and elsewhere. Let me add, to avoid the charge of accepting authorities at second-hand, that though I refer to the work of Earl Stanhope, I have none the less examined the papers for myself. I have to thank the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs for permission to make this examination.

What the correspondence of Sir Horace Mann is to the latter part of the life of Prince Charles, the letters of John Walton are to the earlier portion. Walton was the agent of the English Government at Rome, and his letters, running through several volumes, have never before to my knowledge been made public. They will be found among the State Papers of the Italian States, preserved in the Public Record Office.

Thanks to the courtesy of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who placed several volumes of his MSS. at my disposal, I have been able to insert some additional matter respecting the subject of my biography. I have also to express my best thanks to Mrs. Erskine Wemyss, of Wemyss Castle, for kindly lending me the manuscript copy of Lord Elcho's Journal, a favour not before accorded to any. To the Rev. Francis Hopkinson, LL.D., of Malvern Wells, I am also in-

debted for several important papers. Nor am I under less obligations to those kind but unknown friends who have helped me in my work by their answers to many queries, and not unfrequently by enclosing me some communication of no little historical interest.

Of the printed books that I have consulted the following is a list:—The Lockhart Papers; The Culloden Papers; The Stuart Papers; Macpherson's Original Papers; The Tales of a Grandfather; Chambers' History of the Rebellion of 1745; "The Forty-Five," by Earl Stanhope; Burton's History of Scotland; The Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs; The Waverley Novels; Dr. King's Political Anecdotes; The Pretenders and their Adherents, by Jesse; Bishop Forbes' Jacobite Memoirs; Thomson's Memoirs of the Jacobites; Home's History of the Rebellion; Memoirs of John Murray of Broughton; The Jacobite Ballads of Scotland; The Letters of Sir Horace Walpole; Coxe's Pelham; A. Hayward's Essays; and Articles in the Quarterly Review, *Revue des deux Mondes*, Scottish Episcopal Magazine, and Caledonian Mercury.

LONDON, *May*, 1875.

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THE
LIFE OF PRINCE CHARLES STUART.

CHAPTER I.

“SCOTLAND’S HEIR.”

“’Twas thus in early bloom of time,
Under a reverend oak,
In sacred and inspired rhyme
An ancient Druid spoke,—
‘An hero from fair Clementine
Long ages hence shall spring
And all the gods their power combine
To bless the future king.’”

THE year 1720 was rapidly drawing to its close when an event occurred at Rome which had long been expected. After a weary travail of six days, the Princess Clementine, or as she was styled by her adherents, the Queen of England, was safely delivered of a son. In order to silence the voice of calumny it was deemed advisable that certain members of the Sacred College should be present to attest the reality of the birth. Each kingdom sent a Cardinal as its representative. Their Eminences Paolucci and Barberini appeared for the Holy See; Gualtieri as Protector of England; Sacripanti as Protector of Scotland; Imperiali as Protector of Ireland; Ottoboni as Protector of

France; Aquaviva as Minister of Spain; and Panfili as Senior of the Cardinal Deacons. In addition to these lofty personages the chamber was thronged with ladies whose names and titles had for centuries been recorded in the Libro d'Oro.

Kneeling at a *prie-dieu* near the couch was the husband. In the tall, thin, and not inelegant figure, the high narrow forehead, the cold eye, the shapely nose, the full weak lips, and the long oval face, one recognised the man whom foes called the Pretender, friends the Chevalier de St. George, and subjects King James the Third. A romantic incident had ushered in the marriage, the issue of which was now occasioning such excitement. The wife of the Chevalier, by blood a Sobieski and grand-daughter of the Victor of Vienna, had been one of the wealthiest heiresses in Europe. Her hand was courted by many and would have been a prize to the noblest. In an evil hour, dazzled by the prospect of a crown, she was wooed and won by the head of the House of Stuart. To James the alliance was in every way desirable, but political enemies did their best to frustrate his wishes. The Court of St. James's, averse to any prosperity that might fall to its rival, at once entered into negotiations with the Court of Vienna to prevent the marriage. Hearing of this opposition the parents of the bride proposed that the Princess should be secretly conducted to Bologna, and there be united to the man of her choice. The lovers approved of the suggestion, and the future Queen of the Jacobites, accompanied by

her mother, hastily set out from Poland to cross the Alps. But the Emperor of Germany, whose policy it then was to stand well with England on account of his pretensions to Sicily, which were supported by our fleet, being informed of their purpose, gave orders for the arrest of the fugitives, and at Innspruck they were seized and confined in a neighbouring convent. For his share in this affair, the father, Prince James Sobieski, was deprived of his government of Augsburg and imprisoned.

In despair at this unexpected opposition, both James and Clementine now regarded their union as an impossibility. But at this crisis, a devoted adherent of their cause, like a *deus ex machina*, came to the rescue.

One Charles Wogan, who had nearly lost his life in the year '15, devised a plan whereby the parted couple might be united. In the name of Count Cernes, who he gave out was returning with his family from Loretto to the Low Countries, he obtained a passport from the Austrian ambassador. Armed with this important document, two friends of his, a Major Misset and his wife, passed themselves off as the pretended Count and Countess; Wogan represented the brother of the Countess, whilst the Princess, when freed from her prison, was to appear as the sister of the Count, a character very well acted in the meantime by a smart maid of Mrs. Misset's.

On the evening of the 27th of April, 1719, the party arrived at Innspruck, and took lodgings near the convent. As fortune would have it, a servant attached to

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the person of the Princess, who appears to have been somewhat of a gay Lothario, had received permission from an accommodating porter to bring a young woman into the cloister as often as he liked, and conduct her out whenever he thought proper. The first thing, therefore, that had to be done was to render the amorous domestic favourable to the plot. A handsome bribe speedily secured his services, and made him warmly support any effort that should be attempted. It was now arranged that Jenny, Mrs. Misset's maid, should be introduced into the cloister through his agency, and the Princess issue from its walls in her stead. So far all had gone well, but here a piece of natural timidity on the part of Jenny nearly defeated the plot. The young woman had only been partly let into the secret, and when she heard that she was to assist in the abduction of so illustrious a personage as a Princess, and to be left as it were in pawn for that lady's disappearance, she not unreasonably demurred, and declared that she would have nothing further to do with the rescue. But bright promises, a few pieces of gold, and a fine suit of damask belonging to her mistress, gradually restored her courage, and set her scruples at rest. And so one dark stormy night, under cover of a blinding fall of snow, the maid was introduced into the cloister, where she quickly exchanged clothes with the Princess, and assumed her character. A carriage was in waiting, into which the bride-elect entered, and along bad roads, rendered all the more dangerous by the miserable

weather, and past the sleepy *polizei*, the party pushed on till the Austrian frontier was left behind.

A few days afterwards Bologna was safely reached, when the Princess quitted her incognita. The marriage took place shortly afterwards by proxy, James being then intriguing in Spain. Many happy omens were drawn by the Jacobites from this successful escape—omens which, like most of those that prognosticated good to the Stuarts, were never fulfilled. For this act, Wogan was knighted by the Pope. We do not hear what became of Jenny.*

To return to the young mother. As soon as the happy event became known throughout Rome, congratulations poured in on all sides. The Castle of St. Angelo fired salvoes of artillery. The Pope, who had been engaged in offering up special prayers before the altar of St. Thomas for the health of the Queen, and had provided consecrated baby-linen to the value of six thousand scudi, attended at the palace in person to bestow his blessing. Members from the Sacred College and the Spanish Court came in a body with welcome presents of scudi and doubloons. By a special grant, the residence of the Holy Apostles, now the Palazzo Muti-Papazurri, was made over to James, together with a handsome sum for furnishing. Medals of silver and bronze, bearing on one side the busts of James and Clementine, and on the reverse a mother and child, with the motto *Spes Britannicæ*, were

* Narrative of the escape of the Princess Clementine, by Charles Wogan. London, 1722.

struck in numbers to commemorate the event. It was said by the Jacobites that a new star had made its appearance in the heavens, and that a violent storm had raged throughout Germany, committing fearful havoc, at the precise moment of the Prince's birth.

As soon as the child had been swaddled in the consecrated robes, he was placed on a couch beneath a gorgeous canopy of state, and held his first *levée*. Never in after life did he receive such homage. Beautiful dames, the brilliant leaders of a brilliant society bent the knee and covered him with caresses. Cardinals and prelates stood over him and gave him their blessing. Soldiers who had been exiles from their country to follow the declining fortunes of his house, pressed his chubby hand with their bearded lips, and felt a new life animating their loyalty. Bigoted intriguers, whose one prayer was that England might return to the Catholic faith, hurried to the couch to pay homage, knowing that as long as the old line still survived, there was a chance of their hopes being granted. At a distance, taking no part in the ceremony, was the crowd whom curiosity had attracted to the chamber. Surely amongst these there must have been some who, reflecting on the ill-starred race of which the new-born babe was the last link, felt ready to cry out:—

“Why all this pomp and ceremony? What has the line from which yon child is sprung ever done that there should be these rejoicings at its perpetuation? Were it not better for the God-cursed dynasty to die

out and cease provoking the Divine wrath? What are its annals but the history of bloodshed and oppression, failure and intrigue? Has there ever been a family whose history has been such a record of misery generation after generation? What awful details their pedigree discloses! The first of yon child's ancestors who bore the fated name of James was murdered by the hand of an assassin, after a wearisome imprisonment in England. His son, the second James, began a troublous reign by slaying his own nephews, and was himself slain by the bursting of a gun at Roxburgh siege. The third James had to make war against his own son, was defeated in the battle that ensued, and met his death by assassination as he fled from the field. The fourth James perished at Flodden. The fifth James was driven mad by his turbulent nobles. His daughter, after a career of infamy, expiated her sins upon the scaffold at Fotheringay. Charles, his grandson, and the first of his name on the English throne, met the same death after an unsuccessful struggle for absolute power. Of his two sons—the one was a vicious worldling, who did not rise to the level of contempt—the other, a bigot and a despot, justly driven by an angry nation from the throne. Was ever race so accursed! For three centuries it has wielded the sceptre, and yet not one of the line has borne a name worthy the respect or admiration of posterity. Could dignity more grievously ignore all its responsibilities? Why then all this rejoicing at the appearance of another victim of an

inexplicable fatality? Why should his lot be happier than that of his ancestors? Better it were that the child had never been born." Some such thoughts doubtless crossed the mind of more than one silent spectator on this occasion.

As soon as the lying-in-state was concluded the child was baptised. The names given him on that occasion were Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir. History has been somewhat perplexed to know exactly how to designate this prince. On his monuments at St. Peter's and at Frascati, he is styled Charles Edward, but never did he so sign himself. In his various letters among the Stuart and the State Papers, his signature is invariably Charles, and there is not a single instance of his ever making use of any of the other four names given in his baptism. In the absence of better reasons for the contrary practice, I shall adopt the customary rule of calling a man by the name he himself acknowledges, and henceforth in these pages the leader of 'the Forty-five' will figure as Prince Charles.

The Stuarts, in spite of their cradle land, had never been a stalwart race, and the young child, shortly after his birth, was so weak and sickly that his life was despaired of. On the authority of John Walton, who was then the agent for the English government at Rome, and who, by means of bribes, had succeeded in tampering with the servants of the household of James, we learn that the prince was born with his legs turned in, and that it was doubtful whether

he would ever be able to walk. "*Les jambes lui sont tellement tournées en dedans et estropiées,*" he writes,* "*qu'on doute fort qu'il n'apprendra jamais à marcher.*" This statement seems more like a piece of diplomatic spite which the writer well knew would be more agreeable at home than the actual truth. But whether this were so or not, it is well known that in after life no such distortion existed. The lad who boated on the lake at Albano, and who marched from Edinburgh to Derby, and from Derby to Glasgow in fifty-six days, was as vigorous and straight limbed as athletic youth need ever wish to be. But not content with informing the government that the young hope of the Stuarts was deformed and doomed to an early grave,—"*son fils est d'une santé qui de jour en jour montre plus d'imperfections, et que par conséquent il ne pourra pas vivre long temps,*" are his exact words,—Walton proceeds to assure the Secretary of State that he need have no fears at the prospect of Clementine having further issue. He writes that he has been assured "*par plusieurs dames, connoisseuses dans le métier de faire les enfants, que la Princesse Sobieski à juger du présent état de sa santé n'en fera point d'autres.*"† We know how valuable this statement, which he more than once repeats, was, by the appearance a few years afterwards, of Henry.

A few weeks after the birth of the Prince, the Marquis of Blandford happened to be staying at

* State Papers, Italian States, Walton's letters, Jan. 5, 1723.

† *Ibid.*, Jan. 9, 1723.

Rome, and though it appears he had received strict orders from home not to visit James, or pay court in any way to his Consort, yet curiosity speedily conquered his obedience, and he became a frequent guest at the Palace of the Santi Apostoli. In the following letter he gives a graphic account of the hospitality and conversation of the Chevalier :—*

“ MAY 6, 1721.

“ SIR,

“ . . . After my arrival here I received your letter of the 15th of February, by which you reminded me of your commands at my departure, to avoid conversing with the Pretender or any of his adherents. I must own that, notwithstanding my inbred dislike to his pretensions, and my confirmed aversion for his profession, I often found my curiosity inclining me to be so far acquainted with his person and character that I might be able to say from my own knowledge what sort of man he is, who has made and daily makes, so great a noise in England : and I have sometimes fancied that even you yourself, Sir, would not be satisfied with me if (after staying so long in Rome) I were not able to give you a particular account of him About a month ago Mr. * * * and I being in search of some of the antiquities of this place, we became acquainted with an English gentleman

* For a copy of this very interesting letter, which has never before been published, I am indebted to the kindness of the Rev. Francis Hopkinson, LL.D., of Malvern Wells, in whose possession the MS. is. To whom the letter is addressed is not known.

very knowing in this kind of learning, who was of great use to us. His name is Dr. Cooper, a priest of the Church of England, whom we did not suspect to be of the Pretender's retinue but took him to be a curious traveller, which opinion created in me a great liking for his conversation. On Easter eve he made us the compliment that as he supposed us bred in the profession of the said church, he thought it incumbent on him to invite us to divine service (next day being Easter Sunday) : such language at Rome appeared to me a jest, I stared at the Doctor, who added that the Pretender (whom he called king) had prevailed with the late Pope to grant licence for having divine service according to the rules of the Church of England performed in his palace for the benefit of the Protestant gentlemen of his suite, his domestics, and travellers, and that one Dr. Berkeley and himself were appointed for the discharge of this duty, and that prayers were read as orderly here as at London. I should have remained of perfect unbelief had I not been witness that this is matter of fact, and as such have placed it amongst the greatest wonders of Rome.* . . . In some days after, my friend and I went to take the evening air in the stately gardens called Villa Landovici. There we met on a sudden, face to face, with the Pretender, his Princess, and Court ; we were so very close before we understood who they were, that we could not retreat with decency ; common civility obliged us to stand sideways

* This statement is corroborated by the author of the "*Genuine Memoirs of John Murray of Broughton.*"

in the alley, as others did, to let them pass by. The Pretender was easily distinguished by his star and garter as well as by an air of greatness which discovered a majesty superior to the rest I remarked his eyes fixed upon me, which I confess I could not bear; I was perfectly stunned and not aware of myself, when pursuant to what the standers-by did, I made him a salute. He returned it with a smile which changed the sedateness of his first aspect into a very graceful countenance: as he passed by I observed him to be a well sized clear limb'd man. I had one glimpse of the Princess which left me a great desire of seeing her again . . . she is of a middling stature, well shaped and has lovely features—wit, vivacity and mildness of temper are painted in her looks. When they came up to us, the Pretender stood and spoke a word to the Doctor, then looking at us he asked him whether we were English gentlemen? He asked us how long we had been in town and whether we had any acquaintances in it, then told us he had a house where English gentlemen would be very welcome. The Princess, who stood by addressing to the Doctor, in the politest English I think I ever heard, said, 'Pray, Doctor, if these gentlemen be lovers of music, invite them to my concert to-night, I charge you with it,' which she accompanied with a salute and a smile in the most gracious manner We went and saw a bright assembly of the prime Roman nobility, the concert composed of the best musicians of Rome, a plentiful and orderly collation served: but the courteous

and affable manner of our reception was more taking than all the rest The Pretender entertained us on the subject of our families as knowingly as if he had been all his life in England. He told me of some passages of my grandfather and of his being a constant follower of King Charles the First and Second He discoursed as particularly on several of our neighbouring families, as I could do, upon which I told him I was surprised at his so perfect knowledge of our families in England. His answer was, that from his infancy he had made it his business to acquire the knowledge of the laws, customs, and families of his country, so that he might not be reputed a stranger when the Almighty would please to call him thither There is every day a regular table of ten or twelve covers well served, unto which some of the qualified persons of his court or travellers are invited ; it is supplied with English and French cookery, French and Italian wines, but I took notice that the Pretender eat only of the English dishes and made his dinner of roast beef. . . . He also prefers our March beer (which he has from Leghorn) to the best port wines. He drinks his glass of champagne very heartily, and to do him justice he is as free and cheerful at his table, as any man I know ; he spoke much in favour of our English ladies, and said he was persuaded he had not many enemies amongst them, then he carried a health to them. The Princess, with a smiling countenance upon the matter, said, 'I think then, Sir, it would be just that I drink to the Cavaliers.' Sometime after the Pretender

began a health to the prosperity of all friends in England which he addressed to me After we had eat and drank very heartily the Princess told us we must go to see her son, which could not be refused. He is really a fine promising child and is attended by Englishmen, mostly Protestants, which the Princess observed to us saying, that as she believed he was to live and die amongst Protestants she thought fit to have him bred up by their hands, and that in the country where she was born there was no other distinction but that of honest and dishonest.* These women, and particularly two Londoners, kept such a racket about us to make us kiss the young Pretender's hand, that to get clear of them as soon as we could we were forced to comply. The Princess laughed very heartily, and told us she did not question but the day would come that we should not be sorry to have made so early an acquaintance with her son. I thought myself under the necessity of making her the compliment that being hers he could not miss being good and happy. On the next post day we went, as commonly the English gentlemen do, to the Pretender's house for news; he had received a great many letters, and after perusing them he told us, that there was no great prospect of an amendment of affairs in England, that the secret committee and several other honest men were taking abundance of pains to find out the cause of the nation's destruction, which knowledge, when ob-

* If Clementine really said this, she must have changed her opinions considerably within the next few years.

tained to, would avail only to give people more concern for the public without procuring relief, for that the authors would find means to be above the reach of the common cause of justice. He bemoaned the misfortunes of England groaning under a load of debts and the severest hardships contracted and imposed to support foreign interest. He lamented the ill-treatment and disregard of the ancient nobility, and said it gave him great trouble to see the interest of the nation abandoned to the directions of a new set of people, who must at any rate enrich themselves by the spoil of the country. 'Some may imagine,' continued he, 'that these calamities are not displeasing to me because they may in some measure turn to my advantage; I renounce all such unworthy thoughts—the love of my country is the first principle of my worldly wishes, and my heart bleeds to see so worthy and honest a people distressed and misled by a few wicked men, and plunged into miseries almost irretrievable:' thereupon he rose briskly from his chair and expressed his concern with fire in his eyes. . . . Then turning to an old English gentleman of the company, he said, 'I have been told by several of the eminent prelates of the Church of Rome, particularly by my friend the Archbishop of Cambray, that it should never be my business to study how to be an Apostle but how to become a good King to all my people without distinction, which shall be found so if it please God to restore me. I have given my word in my declaration, to refer the securities requisite in such points to the persons them-

selves that are most concerned therein, and I have never given any persons reason to doubt but I will maintain my promises to the full ; I can boldly say that none can with justice reproach me with failing in the least point of honour, which was and always shall be dearer to me than any crown, or my very life itself.' It was urged to him that the Roman Catholic clergy, the Jesuits and Friars, are accused of being apt to start disputes to come by their end, and of a dangerous encroaching temper. He answered he had sufficient warning before him from the misfortunes in which his father had been involved by faithless and wicked men—that he was entirely of opinion that all clergymen not tolerated by the statutes of a nation, ought to be confined to the business of their profession, and that if any of them should be found meddling with public concerns, or creating disputes to the prejudice of the understanding that ought to be cherished between the King and his subjects, it was his opinion they ought to be removed out of the way of doing mischief—he averred this should constantly be his maxim . . . “ I give you my word,” concludes the Marquis, “ I shall enter no more upon arguments of this kind with him, for he has too much wit and learning for me ; besides that, he talks with such an air of sincerity that I am apprehensive I should become half a Jacobite if I continued following these discourses any longer.”

After the birth of the Prince, the Court of James was crowded with adherents who came to offer their congratulations and to mature their intrigues. It was

proposed that the infant should be sent into Scotland, where it was considered his presence would be most serviceable in keeping alive the spirit of Jacobitism. James, who, like his father, seldom undertook any measure without first consulting his spiritual advisers, talked the matter over with his confessors. These keepers of the royal conscience thought somewhat differently. It was very desirable, they said, that the spirit of loyalty and zeal for the House of Stuart should be encouraged throughout every shire and isle in Scotland, but at the same time the proposed scheme had its dangers. Two perils especially presented themselves. The infant Prince might be taken prisoner, or, if he escaped that fate, the influence of surrounding Calvinism might poison the pure current of his Catholic teaching. A plan which would avoid danger and at the same time excite loyalty would be preferable. Equal to the occasion the confessors proposed that Charles should be kept secretly in a convent at Rome, his education being strictly supervised by the priests, whilst *another* child should be sent into Scotland to personate the Prince, and test the devotion of his future subjects. Then, when it should be found that the kingdom was ripe for insurrection, and all classes animated by an ardent loyalty to the cause of the Stuarts, the time would have arrived to send over the real child and expose the imposture, but not before.

Unfortunately for the execution of this innocent and ingenious scheme, prominent among the friends and counsellors of James was a certain Colonel John

Hay, who, when the subject was broached to him by his master, at once returned an angry negative, adding, "that the confessors knew nothing of English affairs, and that their blind zeal would spoil all." Hay appears to have been indignant that he had not been consulted in the first instance, and that his opinion had only been asked after the interview with the priests.*

As soon as Charles had arrived at the age of some three years and a half, he was introduced by his royal parents to the Pope. The interview took place in the garden of the Vatican, where the Supreme Pontiff was then holding an audience. James and his consort duly did homage, but we are informed that nothing would induce the Prince to follow their example. This offensive exhibition of Protestantism was regarded by all the spectators as a bad augury.† But this act of discourtesy was not repeated in after life. Without troubling himself much with religious matters, Charles knew perfectly well who was his truest friend, and was always a dutiful and submissive son of the Church. He was in the Church, but not of it.

In spite of the opinion of the "*plusieurs dames connoisseuses*" the Princess was again, on the 6th of March, 1725, safely delivered of a second son. The Pope, who was then at his private prayers, was at once informed of the happy news, and graciously replied that he would attend in person and baptise the

* State Papers, Italian States, July 24, 1723.

† *Ibid.*, Sept. 7, 1724.

child. His Holiness was received on the steps of the palace by James, and then escorted to the apartment where the mother lay. The Chevalier approached the couch of his wife, took the child up in his arms, and presented him to the Pope, saying, "I present to your Holiness the Duke of York in order to make him a Christian." He was baptised, and the Pope gave him the names of Henry Benedict Maria Thomas and others up to the number of twelve. This ceremony performed, his Holiness spent a few minutes in conversation with the Princess, and then withdrew to the Vatican. Shortly after his departure the whole of the Sacred College came to offer their congratulations.*

The ministers of James, thinking it a wise policy to keep the Court of Spain in remembrance of the exiled family, now proposed that the young Duke should be sent to Madrid, there to be brought up, and to receive his education. The father had no objection, but on the matter being discussed with the Princess, she strongly opposed it, and desired that neither of her children should be removed from her.† Her request was granted, but events soon arose which interfered with this very natural maternal wish.

From the days when the first James made an idol of Carr, Earl of Somerset, the Stuarts had been notorious for their favourites. It would seem that their mental condition could not exist without the support of a warm and controlling intimacy. Like the ivy they

* State Papers, Italian States, Mar. 6 and 10, 1725.

† *Ibid.*, Mar. 17, 1725.

could not stand alone, but derived their strength and growth from the object their affections encircled. The titular monarch at Rome did not belie his ancestry in this respect. Irresolute, narrow-minded, and miserably weak, save where blind obstinacy gave him determination, he loved to select those from his adherents whose qualities were a contrast to his own, and finding them worthy of confidence, to place implicit trust in their guidance, opinions, and advice. At this moment his little Court was directed by a triumvirate which permitted no interference with their proceedings outside their coterie. The leader of this trio was a Colonel John Hay, whom I have already mentioned, the brother of Lord Kinnoul, who was so entirely in the confidence of his master, now that Mar was in disfavour, that about the time of the birth of the Duke of York he had been created Earl of Inverness and Secretary of State. According to Lockhart* he was "a cunning, false, avaricious creature, of very ordinary parts, cultivated by no sort of literature, and altogether void of experience in business; with insolence prevailing often over his little stock of prudence." Whether this character be true or no, we have only to read the correspondence of Walton to learn how complete was Hay's influence over James, and with what jealousy such control was regarded. Great as was this authority, however, it is doubtful whether it would have been so absolute had the titular Earl not been married. Mrs. Hay, if we may believe the same

* The Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 340.

writer who so harshly sums up the character of her husband, was "a mere coquette, tolerably handsome, but withal prodigiously vain and arrogant." James, who, in spite of his priests and his prayers, had the promptings of his race, which made a woman who fascinated him an irresistible temptation, paid no little court to the lady, and scandal asserted that she had the honour of pleasing him. The last of the trio was James Murray, the son of Lord Stormont, and brother of the above lady. Though a Protestant, he was appointed, on the dismissal of Mrs. Sheldon, who no longer satisfied James, the governor of Prince Charles, and created Earl of Dunbar.

It was with extreme aversion that the Princess Clementine viewed the appointment of the Protestant Murray as governor of her son. A pure and blameless woman, she was a true daughter of her Church, and deemed any other religion (notwithstanding Lord Blandford's assertion to the contrary) as the most pernicious heresy. It was natural that the position Murray held in the household should have been most distasteful, not only to her, but also to her confessors. But James, when once he placed a favourite on the pedestal of his affections, refused to dethrone him. He turned a deaf ear to all remonstrances from either wife or priest, subject or superior: But soon a graver matter entered into the contention. In the veins of James's consort there ran the proud blood of the Sobieskis, and she declined to limit her resistance merely to the pettier insults she was in the habit of

receiving from the Earl and Countess of Inverness. She faced her lord, and openly accused him of infidelity, haughtily declaring that he must choose between losing his wife or dismissing his mistress. Nothing would induce her to submit to degradation.

"The Pretender has had very high words with his wife," writes Walton,* "on the subject of Mrs. Hay (called here the Countess of Inverness). The Princess told him flatly that unless he dismissed that lady, she herself would quit the palace. The following reasons have contributed to this state of things which has been going on for several months, and always steadily increasing:—

"1. A jealousy based upon very strong appearances and the extraordinary kindness shown by the Pretender to Mrs. Hay, whilst the Princess, on the other hand, has been treated very badly.

"2. The sovereign authority which the colonel and his wife display in the house, removing from the presence of the Princess, all who are likely to interfere with their authority. Their last act has been to drive away the only confidante of the Princess, Mrs. Sheldon, formerly governess to the children.

"3. That since Murray (called at Rome the Earl of Dunbar), a Protestant, and brother of Mrs. Hay, has been appointed governor of his eldest son, she and other Catholics have been prevented from speaking to the child, which has thus created the suspicion in her own mind that her children are to be brought up as

* *State Papers, Italian States, Nov. 17, 1725.*

Protestants—a suspicion carefully fomented by the Romish clergy.”

The Princess finding that her remonstrances had no avail with her husband, but were only met by the most offensive indifference, withdrew to her chamber—the solitude of which had not lately been disturbed by her consort. Here she penned a letter to the Abbess of the Convent of Saint Cecilia, at Transtevere, begging that the door of the convent might be left open on the following day at a certain hour, when she would present herself and seek an interview. The letter was no sooner despatched than her retirement was broken in upon by the unexpected appearance of James, who was leading Mrs. Hay by the hand. The Princess instantly buried herself in the pages of a book she hastily snatched up, and refused to take any notice of the entrance of either James or his favourite. Offended at what he no doubt considered his wife's rudeness, the Chevalier approached Mrs. Hay, offered her his arm, and said, “Let me take you into supper.” And the couple then took their departure without another word. This gratuitous insult was keenly felt by the Princess, who determined all the more to put her resolve into execution.

The next day, which was the 15th of November, she drove to Transtevere, stopped the carriage before the convent, and entered within its walls, accompanied by one of her ladies-in-waiting. The Lady Superior conducted her to a room, when she instantly despatched three letters—one to her husband, the second

to the Pope, and the third to Cardinal Gualtieri, who had always taken the part of the Hays.*

To her sister she thus wrote† :—"Mr. Hay [Lord Inverness] and his lady are the cause that I am retired into a convent. I received your letter in their behalf, and returned you an answer, only to do you a pleasure, and to oblige the King; but it all has been to no purpose, for, instead of making them my friends, all the civilities I have shown them have only served to render them the more insolent. Their unworthy treatment of me has, in short, reduced me to such an extremity, and I am in such a cruel situation, that I had rather suffer death than live in the King's palace with persons that have no religion, honour, nor conscience, and who, not content with having been the authors of so fatal a separation between the King and me, are continually teasing him every day to part with his best friends and his most faithful subjects. This at length determined me to retire into a convent, there to spend the rest of my days in lamenting my misfortunes, after having been fretted, for six years together, by the most mortifying indignities and affronts that can be imagined. I desire you to make my compliments to the Bishop of Ambrun, and to tell him from me, that as I take him to be my friend, I doubt not but he will do me justice on this occasion. He is very sensible that they were strong and pressing reasons that deter-

* State Papers, Italian States, Nov. 17, 1725.

† Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 265.

mined me to take so strong a resolution, and he has been a witness of the retired life I always led; and you, my dear sister, ought to have the same charity for me. But whatever happens, I assure you that I should rather choose to be silent under censure, than to offer the least thing which may prejudice either the person or affairs of the King, for whom I always had, notwithstanding my unhappy situation, and for whom I shall retain, as long as I live, a sincere and respectful affection."

The morrow after the flight of the Princess the Pope despatched Bishop Merlini, his financial secretary, to James, to inform him that His Holiness would not tolerate for one moment that the young Princes should be brought up as Protestants, "*ni voir devant ses yeux son concubinage avec la Comtesse d'Inverness au préjudice de son épouse.**" Hereupon James, in a great rage, replied that though the governor of the Prince was a Protestant, yet all those who taught his son religion and morality were Catholics, and that as for his pretended adultery with Lady Inverness, "*il ne pouvait répondre, ni croire que pareil message s'adressait à lui, autrement le porteur du tel compliment courrait risque de descendre par la fenêtre au lieu de l'escalier.*"†

Shortly after the departure of this prelate, Cardinal Alberoni, who most warmly espoused the cause of the Princess, also called upon her husband, and expressed himself very strongly against the Hays. Irritated at

* State Papers, Italian States, Nov. 22, 1725.

† *Ibid.*

the Cardinal's remarks, James haughtily replied that His Eminence was forgetting himself, and that he dare not put in writing what he had verbally alleged. At this the Cardinal rising from his seat in such a fury, that his robes were torn by the arms of his chair, replied that he had never failed to speak the truth even in the presence of powerful sovereigns, who could have had him executed on the spot, much less was he to be intimidated by a king without a country. And with this Parthian shot at the crownless monarch, Alberoni took his departure—only to return shortly afterwards with every insult he had hurled against the Hays written down on a paper, which he handed to James.* The intriguer of Madrid was certainly not a man to fear a Stuart. It has been stated that Alberoni had counselled the Princess before her final rupture with her husband, to take refuge in the convent. This assertion he appears to have distinctly denied at an audience of the Pope.†

It is beyond my province to enter into the details of a scandal which was the gossip of every court and coffee-house in Europe. James resolutely refused to break with the Hays, to dismiss Murray, or to be reconciled to his wife. He emphatically denied that he ever intended bringing up his children as heretics, and that the appointment of Dunbar had only been made to conciliate the Protestant party in England. Moreover, he added that he had given Dunbar strict orders never to discuss matters of religion with his

* State Papers, Italian States, Nov. 22, 1725.

† *Ibid.*

sons. These commands, however, appear not to have been fully carried out, for we read that Charles had been taught to learn by heart "*Je me fiche des prêtres, les moines sont de grands frippons, la messe a coûté trois royaumes à mon grand père,*" and other similar phrases of an aggressively Protestant character.* As for his adultery, James calmly ignored all accusations upon that head, but with that irritating perversity which certain obstinate natures love to display, he wrote to his consort that he had much to forgive, but that if she would express regret for her conduct he would pardon her, and the past would be forgotten. He, however, never said a word about his own conduct, or hinted at the possibility of such an act as the removal of the Earl and Countess of Inverness. *He* was the one who had been injured, whose feelings had been outraged, and with the superiority of virtue itself, he placed the whole blame on his innocent and wounded consort.

"See, Madam, to what difficulties you expose me!" he writes with well-acted indignation. "What honourable man will venture to serve me after the scenes you have publicly exhibited? Do not then wonder that I expect from you some token of regret for the disrespect you have shown me, and for the injury you have done yourself and me by so unheard of an exposure, and that you will thereafter open your heart to me unreservedly; if you do so I shall forget the past, and shall in future only study

* State Papers, Italian States, Nov. 28, 1725.

your satisfaction and happiness. I protest, Madam, that I know of no just ground you have of complaint against me : were I conscious of any, I should assuredly remedy it, but I am persuaded that if you take time for candid reflection, you will be touched by all I am writing to you, and by my gentle and kind behaviour towards you. Do then repent of the past, and do not drive matters to extremity, which indeed you cannot do without precipitating yourself into irretrievable mischief, and incurring responsibilities to God and man. This, my dear Clementine, is all I can say upon a sad and lamentable subject. I conjure you to make it matter of serious meditation. Think how glorious it is to avow an error, and that it is but by correcting it you can restore your happiness ; and do not any longer resist the last efforts of my tenderness, which only awaits your return to rekindle never again to relax or cease.”* Such letters were received in silence, but they had the effect perhaps intended of making the gulf between husband and wife all the wider.

Indeed the conduct of James and his creatures at this time appears to have been wanting not only in morality, but even in common breeding. When letters addressed to the Princess by people in England or elsewhere, who were ignorant of the details of the separation, were delivered at the palace, the messenger was informed “that they did not know *that foreign lady* at the palace of His Majesty.”† On another

* “*La Spedizione di Carlo Stuart*,” dal Jesuita Giulio Cordara.—*Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxix.

† State Papers, Italian States, Jan. 26, 1726.

occasion it was the talk of Roman society that a reconciliation had been effected, and that on a certain evening the Princess would visit the theatre accompanied by the Chevalier. Accordingly on the appointed night, all Rome assembled at the theatre, and every eye was directed to the box of the exiled King of England. There was James, it is true—but with whom?—with the Countess of Inverness, who was magnificently dressed.* Even in the land of *cicisbeism* this was *un peu trop fort*; and we are told that a universal murmur of disapprobation resounded through the house.

It was natural that such conduct should be regarded in a very severe light by the Vatican. The Holy See was not only a staunch friend to the cause of the Stuarts but also its chief supporter. The possession of the Sixtine treasury permitted the Popes of that day to express the sympathy they entertained for the fallen or deserving in no unsubstantial manner. The greater portion of the revenue of James had been made up by donations from Clement XI. and Innocent XIII., from Benedict XIII., and Clement XII. In the letters of that date we constantly read of donations of scudi being given now to the Chevalier, and now to the Princess. Indeed this generosity was extended to the son at a very early period of his life. For when, in the early part of June 1721, Charles had been presented to the Pope by his mother, who carried him in her arms, the kindly Innocent showed his favour by a gift to the child of 8000 scudi. Thus

* State Papers, Italian States, Jan. 26, 1726.

the Supreme Pontiff, both as friend and patron, had every right to exercise his authority in the settlement of this painful scandal. He took it up sternly. He refused to give James audience, or in any way to recognise him until he consented "to give satisfaction to his wife, and remove scandal from his house." More than this; the pension of 12,000 scudi, allowed the exile by the court of Rome, was diminished by one-half. Like his son during his later years, the Chevalier was very keen about money matters, and however indifferent he might be to the claims of morality or good taste, he was specially sensitive when attacks were directed against his purse. Aware of this, the Pope knew exactly where to touch his vulnerable point, and wound him into submission.

But it was not only from the Vicar of Christ that James met with rebuffs and reproaches. There is no one like a woman to avenge a wrong against her sex, and the Queen of Spain now entered the lists and took up the cause of her outraged sister. James had intended paying a visit to Spain for political purposes. Her Most Catholic Majesty commanded him not to think of putting his foot within her dominions unless accompanied by his wife. Not only by her, but by her royal husband, his miserable conduct towards the Princess was regarded with the most utter detestation, and he need never hope for any aid, pecuniary or otherwise, until he was reconciled to his wife. Everybody, her Majesty said, was indignant at his continuing to keep near him three persons who were

known by all honest people to be the most notorious characters, and who served no other purpose than that of alienating all true friends from the cause of his house. He had made great pretensions of his submission to the Church, and of his love for Her creed, henceforth throughout the whole Catholic world his name would be a byword of reproach, and the good opinion it formerly entertained of him be completely lost. In such strains the letter continued, the Queen using everywhere "the strongest expressions that could emanate from the pen of an outraged woman."* In a subsequent epistle Alberoni was informed that he had full power to obtain every satisfaction from James for the insulting position in which he had placed the Princess. The Emperor of Germany, who was connected with the Sobieskis, was equally indignant at the treatment of his kinswoman, and despatched his remonstrances.

Nor was it only from Royalty that James encountered reproof. Among his adherents, and especially by those in England, his conduct was regarded as a severe blow to the cause, and more than one strong representation had been forwarded to Rome. In reply James made light of the affair, and stated that it had not in any way affected his position abroad. Accordingly a staunch Jacobite, one George Lockhart of Carnwath, after taking counsel with a good number of James's "trustees," wrote† to his

* State Papers, Italian States, Feb. 16, 1726.

† Lockhart's Memoirs, July 23, 1726, vol. ii. p. 291.

master, begging him, in the name of the trustees, to accommodate that "unlucky affair in your family." "For though they (the trustees) are glad to hear from so good an authority as yourself (without which they would scarce have credited it), that this affair is not likely to produce any bad consequences on your affairs abroad; yet it is with the greatest concern that they see *quite the contrary at home*; and therefore are obliged, by the duty they owe you, in plain words, to tell you, that, so far as their observations and intelligence reach, they apprehend it is the *severest stroke your affairs have got these many years*, and will be such an impediment to them, that they have much reason to think no circumstance of time, no situation of the affairs of Europe, can make amends They beg leave, with the greatest respect and submission, to represent that they believe the point to be of such consequence to you, that, in good policy and prudence, you should rather pass by some failings in, and make some condescensions to, the Queen, than not repair a breach that in all appearance will prove fatal for your people here, of all kinds, have got such an impression of the Queen's great merit, and are so prepossessed with the reports of her being ill-used by some about you, that it is in vain to attempt to dispossess them of that notion. . . . That God Almighty may direct you in this, perhaps the most critical step of your life, is the serious prayer of all your dutiful disinterested subjects."

Months later Duncan Forbes, then Lord-advocate,

and afterwards the famous Lord President writes on the same subject to the Duke of Newcastle :— *

“ I told your Grace this last season,” he says, “ that the disaffection in this part of the kingdom was wearing out apace, and that the greatest part of those people who within these seven years last past were extremely violent and determined on the side of the Pretender had changed their note and *become exceeding lukewarm and indifferent to his interests* and now it is with great pleasure I can assure your Grace from the observations of persons that I can safely trust that the zeal with which they lately were fired is, *from a more perfect knowledge of their idol's personal character, turned into a sort of shame and confusion* for having espoused so warmly his cause, that all endeavours to support his party have ceased ; that the most disagreeable thing that can be done to those of the best sense amongst his late friends, is to *make mention of his name*, and that, therefore, there is no doubt that the justice and clemency of His Majesty's Government will in a very few years, universally gain the hearts of men who already have got rid of that fascination that so lately blinded them.”

Still, James with true Stuart obstinacy, refused to listen to the advice of reason. In spite of the whole Sacred College ; in spite of the Courts of Vienna and Madrid ; in spite of the warnings of adherents, he refused to be dictated to. He would not part with the Earl, he would not break with the Countess, he

* State Papers, Scotland, June 26, 1728.

would not dismiss Murray. Never was Antony more infatuated.

But the Eternal City—what with the anger of the Pope, the incessant visits from the Cardinals, and the indignation of his partisans—was getting a little too hot for him. A change of scene, he thought, would be agreeable, and a few miles between him and Rome lend that enchantment which distance is said to ensure. Bologna was the spot fixed upon. He packed up his goods and chattels and meditated departure. On the eve of going away, three Cardinals called upon him. He was informed that they had been specially despatched by the Pope to gravely remonstrate with him. His Holiness had heard of his intended withdrawal from Rome, and if he chose to go to Bologna for a few weeks, he was perfectly at liberty to do so, but if he had any idea of establishing himself there for good, simply out of spite to his wife, and in the hopes of becoming a freer agent as regards the education of his children, he was very much mistaken. His Holiness would never for one moment permit the young Princes to be brought up by a Protestant, and thus put in peril their immortal souls. As for his conduct to the Princess it was wrong throughout. The grievances complained of by his wife were perfectly just, and were based on religion, equity, and common sense. The Church had taken Her Majesty under its sacred protection in the hope of one day establishing the Catholic religion in England. He would not be permitted to sin unpunished. Until matters were satisfactorily

arranged between him and his wife, His Holiness refused to give him audience, and he would find that withdrawal from Rome would not remove him from the Papal resentment. During this lecture James preserved a strict silence, and replied never a word.*

For the next few days the gossips in Rome were on the alert. Would James quit their city for a permanent abode elsewhere? Would he remain and be reconciled? Would he make a temporary sojourn at Bologna? These were the questions discussed on every side. The packing of James' luggage continued, but it was noticed that the furniture and other arrangements of his palace were left as usual. It was, therefore, inferred that his absence from Rome would not be permanent. Two other facts were also discovered. Within the walls of the convent the husband and wife had held a long interview—James had agreed to dismiss Murray, but refused to part with the Earl and Countess. The Princess said that unless the Inverness' received their *congé* she would not return to her husband's roof. James declined to comply with her request, and bade her farewell. Still the interview it was said had been an amicable one. The second fact was that the Countess of Inverness herself had called at the Convent, had used all her coquettish arts to make her peace with the Princess, and had failed. Why had she thus humbled herself? Was she not sure of her position? Was

* State Papers, Italian States, Sept. 5, 1726.

her empire over her lover on the wane, and was she preparing for her fall? It was thought so.

However, scandal received fresh food by learning that the exile a few days after the interview with the Cardinals, had taken his departure for Bologna. There he remained for several weeks, enjoying the charms the neighbourhood offered, and frequently driving about the town with his fascinating Countess. Thus time passed on. Winter had given place to spring, spring had developed into summer, and fashionable Rome was meditating *villeggiatura*, when a report was circulated that the separated couple were reconciled. It was said that the Princess had received a letter from her husband couched in such penitent and affectionate terms "that she fainted straight away." The rumour was true. What were the reasons which induced James to make peace we know not. Coming events may have cast their shadows before, and the titular King may have thought it wise not to alienate his powerful friends any longer from his cause. Perhaps the threat, both from Rome and Madrid, of stopping supplies, may have had something to do with his resolution: or he may have fancied that he sincerely repented of his conduct and honestly desired a re-union with his wife. But whatever were the motives at work, certain it is that James consented to dismiss the Earl and Countess, and remove Charles from the tutelage of Murray. He parted from Inverness with sincere regret, and expressed a hope that the Earl might still be of service to him,—“You

know the great and good opinion I have long had of that lord," he says in the paper he encloses to Lockhart,* "and it is now with reason augmented by the sacrifice he will make of himself for the good of my family in this conjuncture, which ought to increase his merit with all honest men, and I hope to have yet soon occasion to show in his person that I am incapable of abandoning my faithful servants."

These obstacles to domestic felicity having been removed, the Princess early in July quitted the convent to rejoin her husband at Bologna.† Whilst on the road she heard the news of the death of George I., and that James, who considered his political position of far more importance than his domestic situation, was posting with all speed to Lorraine. For nearly a year he was absent from his consort, intriguing unsuccessfully with his adherents for a rising in Scotland. At first he settled at Nancy, but pressure being put on the French government by the Court of St. James's, he was ordered by the Duke of Lorraine to quit the Duchy. He then repaired to the Papal State of Avignon, and wrote to the Princess, desiring her to rejoin him there. The wife, however, acting under the advice of the Cardinals, thought it more prudent not to comply with his wishes. The counsel had been well given, for James was soon afterwards compelled to quit Avignon, and crossing the Alps, he

* *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 347.

† *State Papers, Italian States*, July 5, 1727. See also the whole of the volume, 1726-1729. No. 49.

returned once more to Rome, where he was re-united to his wife.

The reconciliation, however, was not a very lasting one. Throughout the correspondence of Walton, we read of recriminations between husband and wife—the wife complaining of her husband's conduct (for James soon gave her fresh cause for jealousy), the husband squabbling with his wife about money matters—but for the sake of their children, and to avoid open scandal, they agreed to live together. It was an ill-assorted union, and when the Princess, after years of mental and physical suffering, passed to her rest, death was a welcome release.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST CAMPAIGN.

“Young Charlie is a gallant lad.”

ONE of the chief results of the reconciliation between James and his consort was that the education of their children now proceeded without interruption. As long as the health of the Princess, who suffered severely from asthma, was equal to the effort, she superintended the studies of her boys herself. But as Charles and his brother advanced in years and required a wider range of subjects, the exertion was too much for her, and tutors had to be appointed. Of these tutors we have mention of Chevalier Ramsay, the pupil and friend of Fenelon; of Thomas Sheridan, who was more of a zealous Jacobite than a careful pedagogue; and of one Legouz who was a great favourite with the young Princes. What the exact nature of the *éducation* was which Charles and Henry received we cannot tell, but there is nothing to warrant the assertion that Charles was either neglected in his youth, or deficient in ordinary acquirements. From contemporary evidence we know that he spoke French and Italian well at an

early age ; that his conversation was far beyond his years ; that he had a taste, as became one brought up in Italy, for music and the fine arts, and that in Latin, history, and the like he was not backward.

Doubtless his education was strongly tinged by the peculiar colouring of his tutors' minds: in Religion he may have been taught to depreciate the strength and vitality of Protestantism, and in Constitutional history to believe in Brady and Filmer, rather than in that development of Parliamentary Government which was gradually making the House of Commons the centre and force of the State. There is much in the after-life of Charles to show that his education was of foreign training, and that he did not understand, as an Englishman should have understood, many of the institutions of his country, but we have no foundation for the statement that he was wanting in culture or capacity. Much stress has been laid by some upon the errors of orthography to be seen in his letters, and no one who has examined his correspondence can deny that his spelling is shocking, and his handwriting anything but legible. But if a man belonging to the eighteenth century is to be considered as ill-educated because his spelling and caligraphy fail to satisfy the standard of the present day, then we must admit that men like Mr. Pelham, the Duke of Newcastle, the Duke of Cumberland, the Lord President of the Court of Sessions, Lord Townshend, the Lord Justice Clerk, Lord Harrington, Sir Everard Fawkener, and a host of others occupying high positions in the

service of their country—as their letters among the State Papers bear witness—were also ill-educated.

Instead of writing down Charles as an ignoramus, we shall be nearer the truth in supposing him, before he was embittered by disappointment and his mind clouded by dissipation, to have been possessed of culture and accomplishments rather above the average than below it. At least the evidence we possess would lead us to arrive at this conclusion. Still it is only fair to those who have formed a contrary opinion, to state that an acute and impartial observer like Desbrosses considered that Charles had a moderate understanding, and was less cultivated than became a Prince.* Æneas Macdonald also, who was personally acquainted with Charles at Paris, says in his Confessions that “he seemed to have been badly educated and to care for little else than hunting and shooting.”† Lord Elcho likewise speaks disparagingly of the acquirements of the Prince.

In spite of the reconciliation between James and his wife, Lord Dunbar continued to exercise control over Charles, and appears to have been as distasteful to the pupil as he was to the mother. On one occasion if we are to credit Walton,‡ this dislike exhibited itself in such a fit of temper, that the young Prince after pouring forth a torrent of abuse threatened to kick Murray and even to kill him. For this piece of

* Hist. of England, Lord Stanhope, vol. iii. p. 26.

† State Papers, Domestic, Sept. 17, 1746.

‡ State Papers, Tuscany, Oct. 3, 1733.

insubordination Charles was locked up in his room for several days, and for fear that he might carry his threat into execution, all kinds of arms were placed out of his reach. "*On a observé dans cette occasion,*" writes Walton, "*la vivacité brutale du jeune homme qui a souffert mal volontiers cette correction et a juré de se venger à tel prix que cela fût.*" If this story be true, the boy was very different from the man, for whatever faults Charles possessed (and he had his full allowance), brutality of that description was not one of them. The Prince who during the whole of the 'Forty-five' was remarkable for his feminine aversion to shed blood and who never once permitted cruelty among his followers, was scarcely the lad to have been guilty of using such a threat. The story was in all probability some piece of household gossip, which, by the time it reached Walton's ears, had been grossly exaggerated. Impetuous, hot tempered when thwarted, and impatient of control, Charles may well have said what he ought not to Murray, and have been shut up in consequence. It may even be that in a fit of boyish rage he attempted to kick and struggle with his master, but in his threat of a sanguinary revenge at any price, and the removal of arms from a lad not yet thirteen, I think we can see the exaggeration of the story—an exaggeration moreover not at all improbable in the country of the stiletto. We know that during the march and retreat of Charles, more than one pistol was snapped in his face, and that he systematically refused to pass capital punishment upon the captured offenders. Indeed in his youth he

was humane almost to a fault, and utterly wanting in anything approaching a '*vivacité brutale*.'

It was in the same year that Walton accuses Charles of committing the above offence, that the Pope desired an interview with the Prince at the Vatican. His Holiness on a previous occasion had been rather anxious as to the amount of harm that Charles had received from the tuition of a Protestant—perhaps the Supreme Pontiff may have heard of some of the lad's sentiments respecting priests—and after an audience took the trouble to examine the Prince in the tenets of the faith he should profess. To the Pope's delight, Charles not only repeated without a mistake whole passages from the Catholic catechism, but answered every question put to him most satisfactorily. Indeed he acquitted himself so well, that the Pope made no allusion to his education having been superintended by a Protestant. From that time Charles was in good odour at the Vatican. Accompanied by his father or Lady Nithisdale he was generally present at every audience, and Clement seldom failed to take notice of him, either by a kindly word or handsome gift. He was now to receive a signal proof of the Papal favour. By virtue of a writ specially granted him by the Court of Rome, Charles was enabled to hold benefices of all kinds, a privilege which his adherents trusted would procure him a good revenue in France or Spain.*

Thus, favoured by the Pope, petted by the principal

* State Papers, Tuscany, 1733, No. 30.

nobility of the neighbourhood, and flattered by all, the early days of the Prince passed on. Scarcely had he entered upon his fourteenth year—the year in which a Roman prophecy had declared his father would succeed to the throne of England—when an event occurred which revealed to him sterner interests in life than mere domestic comfort, and was no bad preparatory school for Gladsmuir and Falkirk.

The year 1734 was one of heavy odds against the Imperialists. On all sides Charles, Emperor of Germany, and King of Naples and Sicily, was surrounded by foes. Spain, animated by one object, a crown for her son, Don Carlos, had resolved, with the aid of France, to make the Don king of Naples. Assisted by Sardinia the united armies poured into Austrian Lombardy. The battle of La Crocetta crushed the power of the Austrians in northern Italy. A Spanish army, under the Duke de Montemar, was hastening with Don Carlos to Naples, when the Imperialists, too few to withstand a siege, yielded without a blow. The fortresses of Capua and Gaeta, into which the flower of the Austrian troops had thrown themselves, were closely invested. Sicily was surrounded. On the Rhine, Eugene was coping with the successor of Marshal Berwick, and doing his utmost to check the progress of France. Throughout his dominions the Emperor was on his trial.

Whilst the siege of Gaeta was proceeding, the Duke of Liria, afterwards Duke of Berwick and son of a natural brother of James, was at Rome, intending to

join the besieging army. Happening to visit his uncle, he asked him whether he would like Charles to see service, promising to take every care of the young prince. After some little hesitation, James gave his consent, and everything was put into preparation for the hasty departure of Charles. His friend the Pope received him in audience as became an heir apparent to a throne, and presented him with a couple of thousand pistoles. By order of the Princess, prayers were offered at all the convents of Rome for the happy success of her son's arms, and on the 27th of July, attended by Murray, Gore, Sheldon, a confessor, a surgeon, and four servants, Charles quitted Rome for his first campaign.*

On his arrival at Gaeta, he was received with the greatest distinction by Don Carlos, who saluted him as Prince of Wales, and appointed him a General of Artillery, with the pay of a thousand crowns a month. Nor was Charles one of those mock soldiers which exalted rank sometimes exhibits. Malice never winged a falser shaft than when it accused this Prince of cowardice. At no time was he conscious of fear. His courage, it is true, was purely physical, and lacked much of that intellectual character which diminishes the danger without shunning the conflict, but courage of the rash impetuous order Charles certainly had. Throughout his military career he was always wanting to hasten the attack—to rush on, come what may, and succeed by a brilliant *coup de*

* State Papers, Tuscany, July 31, 1784.

main. His voice was never in favour of retreat, and had it not been for the discipline and foresight of those who accompanied him, his short-lived campaign would in all probability have presented a very different aspect. Though a poor commander, Charles was yet precisely the man; and possessed precisely the qualities, to lead a forlorn hope, or to head a charge. Considering the abundant evidence we possess of his bravery, calumny never more completely stultified itself than when it went out of its way to make an accusation which admits of such easy disproof.

With an ardour worthy of his ancestor the victor of Bannockburn, Charles threw himself into his new duties. He keenly observed all the details of military life; was popular with the men; actively superintended the operations entrusted to his nominal command, and soon showed that he was neither a fool nor a poltroon. On the 6th of August he was serving in the trenches with Don Carlos, when Gaeta was forced to surrender.

“The siege of Gaeta is now over, blessed be God!” writes the Duke of Liria to his brother, the Duke of Fitzjames.* “Though a very short one I suffered more whilst it lasted than in any siege I had been heretofore at. You may easily imagine the uneasiness I talk of was my anxiety and concern for the person of the Prince of Wales. The king, his father, had sent him hither under my care to witness the siege, and laid his commands on me not only to direct

* State Papers, Domestic, 1745, No. 79. Aug. 7, 1734.

him, but even to show him everything that merited his attention. And I must confess that he made me pass some as uneasy moments as ever I met with from the crossest accidents of my past life. Just at his arrival I conducted him to the trenches, where he showed not the least concern at the enemy's fire, even when the balls were hissing about his ears. I was relieved the day following from the trenches, and as the house I lodged in was very much exposed, the enemy discharged at once five pieces of cannon against it, which made me move my quarters. The Prince arriving a moment after would at any rate go into the house, though I did all I could to dissuade him from it, by representing to him the danger he was exposing himself to, yet he stayed in it a very considerable time with an undisturbed countenance, though the walls had been pierced through with the cannon balls. In a word, this Prince discovers that in great Princes whom nature has marked out for heroes, valour does not wait for number of years. I am now, blessed be God, rid of all my uneasiness, and joyfully indulge myself in the pleasure of seeing the Prince adored by officers and soldiers. His manner and conversation are really bewitching, and you may lay your account that were it otherwise I would not have kept it a secret from you. We set out for Naples in a day or two, where I am pretty certain His Royal Highness will charm the Neapolitans as much as he has done our troops. The King of Naples [on the capture of Naples Don Carlos had

been called king] is much taken with his polite behaviour, and there is not the least necessity of suggesting to him what is either proper for him to do or to say. I wish to God that some of the greatest sticklers in England against the family of the Stuarts had been eye-witnesses of this Prince's resolution during that siege, and I am firmly persuaded that they would soon change their way of thinking. In his very countenance I discover something so happy that presages to him the greatest felicity."

I see no reason to doubt the contents of this letter. Its tone is certainly flattering to the courage and *savoir faire* of so young a man, and were the testimony of the Duke of Liria the only evidence we possessed, it might be perhaps necessary to accept with a little reservation the praises he so freely, but to my mind with such an air of truth and candour, lavishes on Charles. But almost everyone, not jaundiced by party prejudice, who came in contact with the Prince during the earlier period of his life—Desbrosses, Murray, the accomplished Jesuit Cordara, Home, and the like—fully corroborate by their statements the above remarks of the Duke.

"I cannot express to you how much our whole army is charmed with the Prince of Wales," writes an anonymous admirer,* "never was any Prince endowed with so much vivacity nor appeared more cheerful in

* Excerpts of some letters from the camp at Gaeta, bearing date Aug. 7, 1734. State Papers, Domestic, 1745. Among the Undated Papers, No. 79.

all the attacks. If he had been master of his own inclinations he never would have quitted the trenches, and was overheard to say that the noise of the cannon was more pleasant music to him than that of the opera at Rome. The whole employment of His Grace the Duke of Berwick [on the death of the Marshal, the Duke of Liria had succeeded to the title] was to hinder him from exposing himself rashly; and I do assure you, it was not an easy task. The Prince having gone towards a place where a detachment from the whole army were making gabions, fascines, &c., and mixing with the soldiers, they were struck with wonder and astonishment when they heard this young Prince speaking to each of them in their own language. To the Walloon he spoke French, Spanish to the Spaniards, and to the Italians Italian, being perfect master of these three languages. The soldiers flocked about him and disputed among themselves who should have the honour of speaking a word to him. . . . You may easily conclude that a young Prince, so affable and of so charming a behaviour, cannot fail of being adored both by officers and soldiers. In fine, I would never have done, if I were to give you an exact account of everything that is said and done by the amiable Prince whom we all adore."

"The Prince exceeds everything I was capable of fancying about him," says another,* "and meets here with as many admirers as he hath spectators. When talking to this and the other person about their respective employments, one would imagine that he

* State Papers, Domestic, 1745, No. 79. Aug. 6, 1734.

had made the inclinations of those with whom he conversed his particular study. The King of Naples was struck with wonder to find in the dawn of years such ripe thoughts and so much prudence, which are rarely to be met with even in princes arrived at full maturity of age. All that have seen him, affirm that he is born to a happy fate, and to make others happy too." Alas for the realisation of those bright omens, that the appearance of Charles, at this time, invariably gave rise to!

The siege of Gaeta completed, Charles, at the special invitation of the King, paid a visit to Naples. Whilst coasting along from Gaeta to the beautiful Bay, it is said that his hat blew off and fell into the sea. A boat was about to be lowered in the hope of saving the sinking article, when Charles begged the crew to desist, saying that "he should be obliged before long to go and fetch himself a hat in England,"—alluding to the crown of which his family had been deprived. This story is not unlikely. In spite of his tender years, the Prince had been taken into the confidence of his father, and the intrigues of the Jacobites were subjects with which he was fully familiar. According to Walton, the father and son were in the habit of walking out together amid the deserted spots of Rome, and talking and plotting how to obtain possession again of the throne of their ancestors. It is therefore not improbable that Charles, preoccupied with the bright destiny promised him by his partisans, may have given vent to so prophetic a remark.

On the conclusion of the siege of Gaeta, the Duke of Berwick quitted the Spanish service, and James declined to allow his son to accompany the Spanish army into Sicily.* Accordingly, early in September Charles returned home, "rich and opulent with two splendid horses given him by the King of Naples and numerous jewels."† Walton, who had at first sneered ‡ at the departure of Charles for the seat of war as a mere piece of bravado, and had prophesied his speedy return without having ever been within ear-shot of action, was now obliged to admit that the young Prince went into the trenches like a soldier, gave many signs of courage, and shewed that he had not only good sense beyond his age, but the talents to make himself beloved.§ "Everybody," writes Walton, "says that he will be in time a far more dangerous enemy to the present establishment of the Government of England than ever his father was." These admissions, coming from such a quarter, are a satisfactory refutation of the report that Charles was then wanting either in courage or ability.

A few weeks after the return of her son from his first campaign, the Princess Clementine, whose health had long been failing, passed to her rest. Before her death she asked to see her children, and earnestly exhorted them to hold fast to the religion of their ancestors, and never to quit it "for all the kingdoms in the world, none of which could ever be compared

* State Papers, Tuscany, Sept. 4, 1734.

† *Ibid.*, Sept. 25, 1734.

‡ *Ibid.*, Aug. 7, 1734.

§ *Ibid.*, Sept. 25, 1734.

to the Kingdom of Heaven." During the closing hours of her illness, James appeared to take her final dissolution very much to heart, "in order to efface from the minds of the Roman people," writes Walton,* "the idea that his bad treatment of her some years ago shortened her days." Let us hope that this melancholy was not altogether the acting of a part, but that there entered into it a genuine repentance for having caused an accomplished and amiable woman to suffer the greatest indignity that a wife can receive at the hands of her husband. She died on the 18th of January, 1735, and her funeral obsequies were conducted with the greatest pomp and magnificence. The wax tapers that were burnt on the occasion alone weighed 13,000 pounds.† Benedict XIV. raised a splendid monument to her memory, and a medal was struck on the occasion.

The two years that succeeded his mother's death Charles spent in study and retirement. His father, aware of the position that one day might be his lot, took every opportunity to render his son fit for exalted station, by making him avail himself of every advantage within his reach. Thus the natural abilities of Charles were cultivated and developed by constant intercourse with all that boasted of rank and refine-

* Jan. 22, 1735.

† State Papers, Tuscany, Feb. 5, 1735. Walton invariably speaks well of the Princess. "*La Princesse Sobieski*," he writes in one of his earlier letters, "*est fort aimée et estimée ici à cause de son esprit et savoir vivre, et c'est elle qui maintient au Prétendant le peu d'amis qui lui sont restés parmi les cardinaux et prélats depuis la mort de Clement XI.*"—ROME, Feb. 28, 1722.

ment in Rome. As Prince of Wales, among those who acknowledged the royalty of his descent, he was brought up in a school where he early acquired that charm of manner and courtly air which always characterised him, and which tended not a little to win the adherence of those with whom he came in contact. We learn that both he and his brother, being passionately fond of music, were in the habit of giving a concert once a week to the *élite* of the Roman world, when Charles played the violoncello, and was considered for so young a man a finished musician. "Yesterday I entered the room as they were executing the celebrated composition of Corelli, the *Nocte di natale*," writes Charles Desbrosses, first President of the Parliament of Dijon, in his agreeable letters upon Italy, "and expressed my regret at not having heard the commencement. When it was over they were going to begin a new piece, when Prince Charles stopped them, saying, 'Stop, I have just heard that Monsieur Desbrosses wishes to hear the last composition complete.' I give this little anecdote with pleasure, as it manifests at once a true spirit of politeness and a kindness of disposition."

Good-looking, amiable, and endowed with social qualities which, had he not been a Prince, would have been in themselves a recommendation, we are not surprised to learn from Walton's letters that Charles was the *bien venu* in Roman society. He was a frequent diner out, and devotedly fond of dancing. The three relaxations he chiefly indulged

in were, boating with his brother on the Lake of Albano, riding, and shooting the covers of the Villa Borghese.

Early in 1737 James, in order to form the Prince, sent him on a tour throughout the chief Italian capitals, giving directions that he was to be received with every distinction. Assuming the title of Count Albany, Charles quitted Rome on the 22nd of April, accompanied by Dunbar, Sheridan, and a suit of twelve persons, of whom five were in livery. On his arrival at Bologna, he was complimented by a deputation from the Senate, and a guard of honour, composed of twenty-four Swiss and two officers, told off to attend him to his palace, an escort which Charles, however, declined to accept, as he was travelling *incognito*. At Bologna he made a stay of a couple of days, and a public ball was given in his honour at the splendid palace of the Marquis of Tibbia. On the evening of the 6th of May he arrived at Parma, where apartments had been prepared for him in the Benedictine Convent by order of the Duchess Dowager Dorothea. Most flattering was the attention paid him here. On his presentation to the Duchess Dowager she greeted him most warmly, and begged him to accept a gold snuff-box set with diamonds. Charles bowed his acknowledgments and took the gift; then, in company with Her Highness and the Bishop of Parma, he visited the churches, the picture galleries, and his attention was specially directed to the Veronese marble of the splendid baptistry near the Cathedral. The next day he was invited

by the Dowager Duchess to a state dinner, and in the evening a ball, which was brilliantly attended, was given in his honour. On the morning of his departure for Piacenza, he inspected the troops at a review, and on bidding the Dowager Duchess farewell, Her Highness presented him with a valuable diamond ring.*

After a brief sojourn at Piacenza, where a ball was again given in his honour by the orders of his kind friend the Dowager Duchess, he travelled on till he reached Genoa, where apartments had been prepared for him in the Franciscan Convent. Here he was visited by the Spanish envoy, and became the special guest of Cardinal Spinola, who treated him with every attention. After the usual programme had been gone through of dinners, dances, and receptions, he proceeded on his way to Milan, where he was lodged in the Benedictine Convent, and freely entertained with true Milanese hospitality. All vied with each other in showing the young man honour save the Imperial officers, who had received express orders from Vienna not to visit him or pay him the slightest attention.† From Milan Charles proceeded to Venice, where the gorgeous gondola of the French ambassador was placed at his disposal. Here, for the first time on his tour, distinction due to Royalty was shown him. He paid a visit to the Assembly of the Grand Council, where he sat on the Bench of Princes, and a Knight *della Stuola d'Oro* was ordered to attend him. He then entered the Hall of Scrutiny, and was presented

* State Papers, Florence, C. Fane, May 21, 1737.

† *Ibid.*, May 27.

to the Doge, when reciprocal compliments passed between them. During his stay he made the acquaintance of the Duke of Bavaria, who, like himself, was passing through Italy *incognito*, and together they went to the play, and from the deck of one of the gondolas belonging to the Republic witnessed the sight of the Doge's marriage. After a stay of several days, which were occupied in the customary festivities, he took his departure for Florence.*

Passing through Padua, Ferrara, and again through Bologna, where his progress was one succession of triumphal honours, the Prince reached Florence on the 23rd of June, attended by the coaches of the Nuncio, and was lodged at the Corsini Palace. Now Mr. Fane, the English envoy at Florence, to whose letters I am indebted for my information, was by no means pleased at the distinction with which Charles was received by the different Italian cities. He therefore resolved that, though Bologna and Genoa, Milan and Venice, had treated Charles with every respect and attention, it should be from no fault of his if the "Young Pretender" was not snubbed at Florence. No sooner did he hear that the Prince was meditating taking Florence on his way, than Fane called upon the Secretary of the Grand Duke, and desired that no celebration should take place on the arrival of the young man at Florence. The Secretary assured the English envoy that he had heard nothing of the intended visit of Charles to Florence; that such a visit would not be

* State Papers, Florence, June 18, 1737.

agreeable to his royal master, and that, should the Prince come to the place, no "improper mark of distinction would be paid him."*

Satisfied with this reply, Fane took his departure, and wrote home that, whatever reception the other Italian capitals had accorded Charles, Florence would, at least, set an example of devotion to the House of Hanover. Judge, then, of our envoy's indignation when he heard that on the approach of the Prince to Florence, the coaches of the Grand Duke had been sent forward to meet him! In no gentle mood Fane called upon the Secretary to remind him of the promise he had made but a few weeks before. The Secretary was all apologies, and replied that the ministers had never sanctioned the departure of the coaches, but that the blame lay entirely with Mr. Tyrrell, the Master of the Ceremonies of the Grand Duke, who had taken upon himself to show this respect to the stranger. Without a moment's delay Fane visited Tyrrell. The courtly official received him politely, listened to his remonstrances, but said he had not acted in this matter on his own responsibility, as the ministers had given him orders to despatch the royal carriages to meet the Prince.

It was not for the envoy to decide between such contradictory statements, but he again strongly urged upon the government of the Grand Duke the policy of not acting in any measure so as to mar the friendly relations that existed between the Court of His Highness

* State Papers, Florence, May 18, 1737.

and that of St. James's. The suggestion of Fane was accepted : the ministers promised not to recognise the Prince officially, and the carriages were at once ordered to return to the town. Still Charles had no reason to complain of the reception he received. Save by the Court, he was entertained magnificently by the Florentine aristocracy, and fascinated all who met him. "It is not so much the attentions themselves which are shown to the Prince," said Lord Dunbar to an official of the Grand Duke, in the hearing of Walton, "that displease the English Court, as the manner in which the Prince receives them." Could the voice of Florence have decided the fate of things, the exiled family would soon have been domiciled at St. James's, and "*the King would have his ain again.*"

The Florentines have been called the Parisians of Italy, and we may be sure that to such keen social critics the good looks of Charles, his air of high breeding, and the graceful urbanity which was the charm of his manner, did not fail to make a most agreeable impression. The Grand Duke himself, though his courtiers prudently remained aloof, had heard so much in favour of Charles, that his curiosity was excited, and he wished very much to see him. But Fane was true to the interests of his master, and when his opinion was asked by one of the officials of the Court, gave an answer in the negative. "But you know how curious His Highness is?" pleaded the Florentine. "Surely it cannot be considered a grave political offence to permit a brief interview to take place?"

Then the matter was fully discussed, and at last Fane agreed that, provided the Prince was not received publicly, and only entered into the Grand Ducal presence at a time when few people were present, no great harm would ensue. Unfortunately for Charles, however, the Grand Duke fell suddenly ill, and all thoughts of an interview between the two were at an end. Indeed, His Highness died a few days after the departure of the Prince.*

His stay at Florence concluded, Charles returned to Rome by way of Lucca, Pisa, and Leghorn, and throughout his tour was everywhere received with the greatest distinction. Indeed, from the very hour he quitted the palace of his father to the time of his return, his progress through the Italian cities was nothing but a succession of congratulations and princely festivities. So distasteful to the English government were the honours paid him, that Businiello, the Venetian resident in London—Venice having been the only town where Charles had been received as became Royalty—was ordered without ceremony to leave England within three days. The Republic of Genoa was also informed that its interests would be better consulted if it treated the House of Hanover with a little more deference and the House of Stuart with a little less. Had it not been for the jealous supervision of Fane, the same reprimand would in all probability have been forwarded to the ministers of the Grand Duke.

* *State Papers, Florence, June and July, 1737.*

One of the results of this Italian tour was to impress the mind of Charles with the reality of his unhappy position. From early youth he had been accustomed to the etiquette of a Court, and to the homage due to one who was recognised as the Heir-Apparent to a throne. By those who swelled his father's retinue he was styled Prince of Wales, and visitors who were ushered into his presence knelt down and kissed his hand. When he was received in audience by the Pope, an armchair was placed for him, and the Sacred Conclave yielded him precedence. As he grew up to man's estate, and entered into the hospitalities of society, he was shown the honours paid to Royalty. But now he began to see how vain and empty were these attentions, and how false was the position he occupied. His thoughts winged their flight to that country which he had never seen, and over which his forefathers had reigned. And as memory recalled the eventful past and imagined the shadowy future, there rang in his ears the *sic vos non vobis* of the poet. "His father a king without a throne, an exile without a country; he himself an heir-apparent with nothing to inherit! What was England to his House but a geographical fact? His father was styled King James the Third of Great Britain and Ireland, and yet it was treason for him to enter the very dominions whose monarch he pretended to be! Why? Was his father not every inch a king; did he not spring lawfully from the loins of kings, and had not his ancestors ruled over the country that now rejected him?

Could it be disproved that he was not the legitimate representative of English royalty, and that he who reigned in his stead was of the younger branch—a usurper and no lawful monarch? And why should such things be? Did not kings rule by right divine, and know no law but such as was acceptable to their own judgment? When a nation rose in rebellion against their divinely appointed monarch, was it not a most heinous sin? What if his grandfather had chosen to act contrary to the wishes of his subjects; had his subjects the right to dispute those wishes and to decree expulsion? Was a king subject to his people, or his people subject to their king? By what right had his line been ousted from the succession, and the name of his family erased from the roll of sovereigns? By no right. Was the voice of posterity in favour of this iniquitous degradation of a Royal House? If so, what meant the scenes of the year '15? what meant the present intrigues of France and Spain? what meant the devotion of adherents and the loyalty he encountered on all sides? What if the rumours he had heard should ever be realised, and he have to strike a blow for the cause of his line as his father had before him! Why should he tamely acquiesce in the deprivation of his rights? He had seen service in the cause of another at Gaeta, would he not draw the sword in defence of his own? Ay, let the hour come, and he would not fail his friends—only let the hour come!”

“Edward, titular Prince of Wales,” writes the Jesuit

Cordara,* "was reared from infancy never to forego the desire or the hope of recovering the crown, and even in early youth it was his aim to discipline to every kingly art those talents and regal endowments with which nature had furnished him. Features of remarkable regularity and beauty, with a certain princely air ; a noble, generous, and fervid disposition ; a soaring spirit, capable of the loftiest flights ; a nimble yet robust frame, and an equable temperament, were native gifts to which he added a studious acquaintance with all courtly habits and observances, and an admirably gentleman-like and easy manner with an unfailingly joyous and fluent address. Though avoiding all arrogance, he never demeaned himself to folly or trifling. He was averse to idleness, but much more to those sensual indulgences which Rome offered to a youthful prince. He knew several languages, and could converse freely in Italian, Latin, English, and French ; his acquaintance with ancient and modern history was likewise extensive for his years. But the bent of his mind lay enthusiastically towards military life, as the arena of glory and distinction. And although he had nothing to desire in point of station and magnificence at Rome, where the citizens paid him royal honours and deference, yet he was sick of his residence in a community of priests, where, surrounded by peaceful pursuits, he found himself constrained in his prime to drag on an inactive existence . . . He therefore urgently besought

* "La Spedizione di Carlo Stuart."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxix.

his father no longer to keep him lounging at home, but to send him where he could learn the art of war, as it surely was the duty of one born and bred in the expectancy of a crown to be a soldier ere he became a king, since that was the only path that could lead him to substantial sovereignty. Whilst secretly approving this youthful ardour, his parent mildly restrained such premature outbreaks, pleading the necessity of succumbing to circumstances and to evil times. This, however, the Prince re-argued, saying that, on the contrary, we ought to struggle against adverse events, and by our own energy repair the injustice of fortune."

Meditating upon the future, Charles was entirely absorbed with matters touching upon the past and present of Great Britain. We learn that now everything relating to the kingdoms his grandfather had lost possessed a deep interest for him. His presence was never denied to those of his countrymen who craved audience with him. The deeds of Englishmen on the battle field, the romance of the feudal system in Scotland, the supremacy of the British flag, were subjects that always fascinated him. He never wearied when the conversation touched upon the fidelity of the Irish to his grandfather, the events of 1715, the loyalty of "his brave Scotch," and the chances of the restoration of his House. Ardently he longed to assume his rightful position among the monarchs of Europe, and be no more the titular prince of a titular king. So passionately did he brood over

this subject, that we read in the pages of Desbrosses that he felt "deeply the oppressive character of his present position, and should he not one day be relieved from that oppression, a want of enterprise will certainly not be the cause."

But the clouds were gathering which were to break into the storm.

CHAPTER III.

INTRIGUE.

“ The only way relief to bring,
And save both church and steeple,
Is to bring in our lawful king,
The father of his people.
Ne'er can another fill his place,
O'er right divine and civil.”

THE birth of Prince Charles had revived the drooping spirits of the Jacobite party, which the successful administration of Lord Stanhope had crushed not a little. “ It is the most acceptable news,” writes Bishop Attenbury “ which can reach the ears of a good Englishman. May it be followed every day with such other accounts as may convince the world that heaven has at last undertaken your cause and is resolved to put an end to your sufferings ! ” * An active correspondence now ensued between James and his adherents in England, who were controlled by a council composed of the Earls of Arran and Orrery, Lords North and Gower, and the famous Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. The great object of the party was to obtain a foreign force, of some five thousand men, to land in England, from any government which would

* Hist. of England, Stanhope, vol. ii. p. xiii. Appendix.

encourage the idea. For this purpose Ormond was intriguing in Spain, and General Dillon in France.

A plot charming in its simplicity was at last hit upon. The King of England was expected to visit Hanover in the summer, and his absence was full of hope to the conspiring mind. It was decided that immediately on his departure the foreign legion was to land in Sussex, accompanied by the inspiring presence of James. At once the head of the House of Stuart was to be proclaimed king throughout the country. The Tower was to be seized, and the bullion in the Bank and the Exchequer was to defray the expenses of the cause. These measures carried out, it was confidently expected that the nation, groaning under the bondage of Hanoverian oppression, would declare for the old line. But unfortunately for the Jacobites, this very practicable scheme got wind, and the conspirators were brought to trial. Sentence of deprivation and banishment was passed upon Atterbury, whose connection with the plot was discovered, thanks to the now historical dog Harlequin.

Three years after this fiasco, another scheme was set on foot. James assured his followers that the Emperor would espouse his cause "in a very particular manner," and proposed that the pulse of the people should again be felt. A trusty Jacobite, one Allen Hay, was therefore sent over to Scotland to prepare the Highlands for a rising. The result of his mission was to inform James that the party in his favour had not decreased, that the Union was cordially hated, and

that the people at large were ready to repeat the events of '15. In England, also, James was assured that he had a large band of followers. One condition, however, it was necessary to insist upon. Without the aid of a foreign power, no attempt in favour of the cause could possibly be successful.

Again, therefore, every court in Europe had its Jacobite agent intriguing for arms and money. Atterbury was plotting at Versailles, Ormond and Wharton at Madrid, whilst inferior partisans were engaged at Vienna and elsewhere. And again foreign cabinets amused themselves by making promises which were only made to be withdrawn, and only withdrawn to be repeated. On the death of George the First, however, the hopes of the Jacobites ran high. It was known how the incoming king hated Walpole, and the Tories expected a powerful majority. But such hopes were soon doomed to disappointment. After the brief reign of Compton, Walpole was restored and the influence of the Whigs stronger than ever. So confident had James been at this time of a prosperous issue to his cause that he hastened from Bologna to Nancy to confer with his adherents and to be ready to seize upon the advantages that it was expected would offer themselves. But his followers, aware that no definite promise of foreign aid had been given, and now fully alive to the fact that the signs of discontent which they had anticipated were wanting, opposed entering into hostile proceedings. The advices, both from Paris and London,

were unanimous that the hour was not ripe for any desperate undertaking.

At first James seemed to have been resolved to repeat at all hazards the experiment of '15, and to repair to the Highlands with any who would support him, and it was only after the strong expressions of disapproval both from Lockhart and Atterbury that he was induced to abandon his rash idea. After English pressure had forced him to quit Lorraine and subsequently Avignon, he returned to Rome. "Thus in my present situation," he writes to Atterbury, "I cannot pretend to do anything essential for my interest, so that all that remains is the world should see that I have done my part." *

And so years passed on. Scheme after scheme was proposed, discussed, and then fell to the ground. Wandering agents, bent on the restoration of the Stuarts, were to be found in every capital, weaving their empty plots one after the other. The little court of James was ever swelled by the arrival of some impulsive Jacobite, who had endless plans for the future, which had only to be propounded, however, to be rudely dismissed. Meanwhile the old leaders of the party—men like Mar, Atterbury, the faithful Lockhart, and the Duke of Wharton—had died, and their mantle had fallen on unscrupulous exiles, and hot-headed *militaires*. Thus twelve years of idle plotting and self-seeking intrigue sped on. At last the hour arrived when it was thought the tide of fortune, taken at the flood, would lead the party on to victory.

* Stanhope, vol. ii. p. 122.

On the 20th of October, 1740, Charles the Sixth, the last German emperor of the male line of the proud House of Hapsburg, died, leaving a daughter, the afterwards heroic Maria Theresa, to mourn his loss. It had been the one object of the father that there should be no dispute touching the right of his child to succeed to the throne, and he had hoped that by the Pragmatic sanction all opposition to her claims had been removed. The Imperial orphan, however, had barely ascended the throne, when the spark was kindled which was afterwards to lead to a general conflagration. Frederick the Second, destined to be the founder of Prussian military renown, invaded Silesia on the pretext that part of its territories were secured him by certain old treaties of co-fraternity, and prosecuted his conquest with great rapidity. The example set by successful aggression has never lacked followers, and it was not long before Bavaria, Spain, Naples, Saxony, and Sardinia, laid claims to portions of the fair dominions of the unfortunate Maria Theresa. Such aggressive conduct could not but lead to a general war. France, deeming the present a fitting opportunity to humble Austria, espoused the cause of Bavaria, and the treaty of Nymphenburg was the result of her support. In Italy the King of Sardinia declared for Austria: the Republic of Genoa was in favour of France; the Pope, Venice, and Tuscany, were neutral; the King of Naples resolved to support the claim of his family to the Austrian dominions in Italy, and, strengthened by the forces of

his mother, the Queen of Spain, began to make vigorous preparations. Hanover and the States-General were augmenting their forces ready for any contingency that might arise. Russia and Sweden were on quarrelsome terms. Seldom has Europe been in such a state of disturbance.

The heroic conduct of Maria Theresa and the fidelity of her gallant Hungarian subjects, who, almost single-handed, had to resist the attacks of France, Bavaria, Poland, and Prussia, excited a strong feeling in favour of the Queen of Hungary in England. For a time Walpole was successful in preventing the king from actively interfering with the struggle; but on war being declared against Spain for her interference with our commercial interests, the Court of St. James's resolved to support the Court of Vienna. A fleet was sent into the Mediterranean to compel the king of Naples to desist from hostilities, and subsequently an Anglo-Hanoverian force, known as the Pragmatic army, was assembled in the German provinces of George the Second, who, shortly after its collection, joined it in person.

Whilst these events were occurring, a young man of good birth and fortune, whom Jacobite song has immortalised as the Judas of the cause, came to Rome with the intention of passing the winter. He was the son of Sir David Murray, a respectable Scotch baronet, and on his mother's side was connected with the Scotts of Ancran. Having passed creditably through the University of Edinburgh, it

was considered desirable for the completion of his education that he should make the grand tour. Accordingly early in 1741 he visited France, and after a brief stay in the different foreign capitals that fell within his route, found himself at the latter end of the year in Rome. Here, in common with all visitors to the Eternal City, he spent much of his time in the endless galleries criticising the paintings and the sculpture. One morning, whilst so engaged, two gentlemen came up to him and asked him whether he would like to see the Palace of the Santi Apostoli, the residence of his Majesty King James. Murray replied in the affirmative, and after being shown over the palace asked his guides whether his Majesty would permit him the honour of kissing hands. In response the guides said that his Majesty was always most gracious to those who regarded him as their sovereign, but that at present the court was at Albano; however, on his Majesty's return, his wish would be laid before the proper quarter. A few days after this conversation, Murray had the honour of being introduced to James, and was presented to the Princes. Charles and he being much of an age, a strong intimacy soon sprang up between them. Murray was fascinated with the Prince, and from the very moment of his introduction became fully impressed with the justice of the Stuart cause, and enrolled himself amongst its most devoted adherents. Charles, in his turn, was equally struck with his new friend, who was a man of a certain amount of culture, of a handsome appearance, and with very

prepossessing manners. Murray now became a daily guest at the Palace, and was taken notice of not only by the Princes, but by James "in such a manner as excited too much gratitude in him, and made him imagine the service of his whole life, and even life itself, scarce an equivalent for the condescension he received." Gradually he acquired the fullest confidence of James, and was soon taken into the secret of all the schemes and intrigues which, owing to the position of European affairs, were then being hotly plotted. The climax of favouritism was reached when, by a special writ of James, John Murray of Broughton was constituted Secretary for Scottish affairs.

It was but natural that Murray, after the favour he had received, should write home the most enthusiastic accounts of the Court of James, and especially of his august friends, the young Princes. The terms in which he institutes a comparison between Charles and his brother, in a letter to his married sister, Lady Polmood, though highly coloured by the rosy hues of friendship, is not wanting either in truth or historical interest. "Charles Edward," he writes, dating from the year 1742, "the eldest son of the Chevalier de St. George, is tall, above the common stature, his limbs are cast in the most exact mould, his complexion has in it somewhat of an uncommon delicacy; all his features are perfectly regular and well turned, and his eyes the finest I ever saw. But that which shines most in him, and renders him without exception

the most surprisingly handsome person of the age is the dignity that accompanies his every gesture; there is indeed such an unspeakable majesty diffused through his whole mien as it is impossible to have any idea of without seeing, and strikes those that do with such an awe as will not suffer them to look upon him for any time, unless he emboldens them to it by his excessive amiability.

“Thus much, Madam, as to the person of the Prince. His mind, by all I can judge of it, is no less worthy of admiration; he seems to me, and I find to all who know him, to have all the good nature of the Stuart family blended with the spirit of the Sobieskis. He is, at least, as far as I am capable of seeing into men, equally qualified to preside in peace and war. As for his learning, it is extensive beyond what could be expected from double the number of his years. He speaks most of the European languages with the same ease and fluency as if each of them was the only one he knew, is a perfect master of the different kinds of Latin, understands Greek very well, and is not altogether ignorant of Hebrew. History and philosophy are his darling entertainments, in both of which he is well versed. The one, he says, will instruct him how to govern others, and the other how to govern himself, whether in prosperous or adverse fortune. Then for his courage; that was sufficiently proved at Gaeta, when, though scarce arrived at the age of fifteen, he performed such things as in attempting made his friends and enemies alike tremble, though from different

motives. What he is ordained for we must leave to the Almighty, who alone disposes all: but he appears to be born and endowed for something extraordinary."

Murray's opinion of the younger brother is equally laudatory, though, oddly enough, he considers the future ecclesiastic as the more warlike of the two.

"Henry Benedict, the second son, has also a very fine person, though of a stature somewhat lower than his brother, and his complexion not altogether so delicate; he is, however, extremely well made, has a certain agreeable robustness in his mien, and a more than common sparkle in his eyes. Many of those perfections I have, though faintly, described as appertaining to the one are equally the due of the other — 'tis hard, indeed, to say which of them has most applied himself to all the branches of those kinds of learning which enable a man to be useful to his fellow-creatures. The difference I make between their tempers is this, that the one has the agreeable mixture of the Stuart and Sobieski, as I have already said, and the other seems actuated more entirely by the spirit of the latter; all the fire of his great ancestors on that side seems collected in him, and I dare believe that should his arm ever be employed in so warrantable a cause as that which warmed the breast of his glorious progenitor, when a hundred and fifty thousand Turks owed their defeat to the bravery of a handful of Christians led on by him to victory,* this warlike

* Alluding to the conduct of John, King of Poland, at the siege of Vienna.

young prince would have the same success. His martial spirit discovered itself when being no more than nine years old at the time his brother accompanied the young King of Naples to enforce possession of his dominions, he was so much discontented at being refused the partnership of that glory and that danger, that he would not put on his sword till his father threatened to take away his Garter too, saying it did not become him to wear the one without the other.”*

In another comparison between the brothers, written at the same time as that of Murray, I find it said that “the two young gentlemen are very pretty figures as to their persons. The elder has much better parts and a quicker apprehension than the younger, who, sensible of his inferiority in that respect, makes it up by greater application. The last is more lively, the other the more considerate, and never speaks without thinking, which makes him always reasonable in his conversation and actions, and has given him the habit of keeping a secret. They are both virtuous, and as likely as any young men to bear up against the corruption of idleness, the only quarter from which there appears any danger. They are both exceedingly good-natured and well bred, and their sweetness of temper and accomplishments of address and good breeding gain them the affections of all that converse with them. The elder, who is the more reasonable, and has the better knowledge and judgment, does not show any

* “Genuine Memoirs of John Murray, Esq.”

attachment to any particular mode of religion, to which the younger seems more disposed.”*

Shortly after Murray's introduction to James, the same honour was also asked by a young man then wintering at Rome, whose family had always been most loyal to the Jacobite cause. Lord Elcho, the eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss, had just completed his studies at Winchester School, and, as with Murray, was giving his education a finishing touch by foreign travel. The old Earl had been repeatedly offered posts under the Hanoverian government, but invariably refused to take the oath of allegiance, preferring the society of Paris to that of his own country. As soon as his son reached boyhood he sent him to Winchester, where, if we can credit the Diary of Lord Elcho, the discipline enforced was not of the strictest character. The boys played cards, haunted taverns, and their morals were anything but carefully looked after. “We did not learn,” frankly writes Lord Elcho,† “Latin and Greek as well as we should have done had we been placed with a private tutor, but we were taught how to live as men of the world, and made acquaintances which, if cultivated, could be very useful to us in after life.” Among these useful acquaintances were the sons of the Dukes of Hamilton, Devonshire, and Queensborough, and the Earls of Exeter, and Coventry. As in the outer world the school was divided into Jacobites and Hanoverians,

* State Papers, Domestic, 1745, No. 79. Papers relating to the Pretender and his son, communicated by Gen. Dalzell.

† Journal MS. in the possession of Mrs. Erskine Wemyss, of Wemyss Castle.

and frequent conflicts ensued between those who supported "King Jamie" and those who gave in their adherence to the "Wee, wee German lairdie."

On quitting Winchester Lord Elcho returned to Paris, and being now twenty years of age—indeed he was born in the same year as the Prince—his father sent him, in the winter of 1740, to Rome. Shortly after his arrival he desired the honour of being introduced to the Chevalier, and James graciously appointed a morning for the visit. On Lord Elcho presenting himself the head of the House of Stuart received him most kindly, bade him sit down by his side, and said that he was well aware of the loyalty of the Earl his father, and hoped when he ascended the throne of Great Britain to be able to repay with interest such attachment. He then sent for the Princes and introduced them to his visitors. Prince Charles and Lord Elcho being about the same age, James made them stand back to back to see which was the taller, and Charles had slightly the advantage.

With the Chevalier Lord Elcho seems to have been much struck, and calls him "a very affable, well-informed and sensible Prince." Of Charles he did not think as highly, considering him not nearly so polite or agreeable as Henry. "Prince Edward," as he invariably calls him throughout the pages of his journal, "did not speak much to those who called on him," he writes, "but chiefly amused himself in shooting thrushes and blackbirds and playing 'golf' in the grounds of the Villa Borghese; Prince Henry, on the contrary, knows

how to converse, and takes a keen interest in English affairs." But whenever Lord Elcho makes mention of Charles it is necessary to receive his account with more than the ordinary grains of salt allowed for prejudiced writers. The Journal from which I quote was written years after the rebellion of '45 when Lord Elcho entertained the most bitter feelings towards the Prince, whom he accused of not paying what he borrowed, and of having sacrificed his Scottish friends for a coterie of scheming Irishmen who completely enslaved him by their counsels. The statement that Charles was cold and reserved in the presence of his visitors is so at variance with all that we hear of the Prince at this time, that we shall not be wrong in regarding the assertion as one of the many instances in which Lord Elcho, when commenting upon his former master, prefers spite to veracity. From this Journal we learn that though it was easy for visitors at Rome to pay their respects to the young princes, it was high treason, save under special circumstances, to talk to their father : hence the difficulty that attended a presentation to the Chevalier.

Lord Elcho and Murray of Broughton had been introduced to each other, and were most constant in their attendance at the court of James. Murray was, however, the favourite both with the Chevalier and his sons, and an opportunity soon offered itself for the display of his newly born devotion. The year before the arrival of these young men at Rome, certain Scottish Jacobites had formed themselves into an Associa-

tion with the object of restoring the House of Stuart. The chief members of this society were Lord Lovat, the Duke of Perth, the Earl of Traquair, Sir James Campbell of Auchinbreck, Cameron of Lochiel, Lochiel the younger, Lord John Drummond, and John Stuart, Lord Traquair's brother. One William Drummond, *alias* Macgregor of Bohaldie, was constituted the agent of the party, and was despatched to Rome to acquaint James with the existence and object of the Association. After an interview with the exile, during which he greatly raised James's waning hopes, Drummond went to Paris and saw Cardinal Fleury. Here the agent presented matters in the most favourable light. He told the pacific Cardinal that Scotland was ripe for rebellion, that 20,000 men would appear for the cause of the Stuarts, that there was a large Jacobite party in England, and that all that was required to ensure success was the support of France. The Cardinal was far from being averse to the proposal, and an active correspondence ensued between Drummond, directed by a mischievous, egotistic person, called Lord Semple, the agent of James at Versailles, and the members of the Association. Early in 1742 Drummond returned to Scotland, and declared to the Association that the cardinal was a staunch friend to their cause, and that provided encouragement were received from England, troops would be sent over from France in the autumn.

Everything being now dependent upon the state of feeling south of the Tweed, Lord Traquair came at once to London to sound Sir John Hinde Cotton, Sir

Watkin Wynn, and Lord Barrymore, who occupied the same position in England as the members of the Association did in Scotland. These persons declared their readiness to give every assistance in their power the moment troops were landed in England, but declined to promise anything in writing. With regard to the question of money, Sir Watkin said that if he were expected to contribute heavily he should decline ; for though his estate was a large one, it was encumbered, and he had very little to spare. On hearing this Lord Barrymore at once said that there need be no difficulty on that score, as he would take care to have the money ready when it was required. Whilst this interview was taking place, the Duke of Perth came in, having returned from York, where he said the Mayor and corporation were Jacobite to the backbone, and had promised, if a sufficient body of troops came into their country, to join them with 10,000 men.

During the elaboration of these intrigues, James despatched Murray of Broughton to Paris, to see how matters stood with the Cardinal, and thence to proceed to Scotland to ascertain how far the clans might be depended upon. Shortly after the young Secretary's arrival at Paris, Cardinal Fleury, who with true French policy had been temporising in the affair, died, and Cardinal Tencin was appointed his successor. The accession of Tencin was most favourable to the Jacobite cause. The new minister was warmly attached to the Stuarts, to whom he had been indebted for his Hat, was of a scheming, enterprising temper, and possessed

little of that dilatory prudence which had always been the characteristic of Fleury. He at once took the matter up vigorously. After a long interview with Murray, his Eminence agreed that, as soon as the affairs of France permitted, 3000 French troops should be sent to Scotland under Lord Marischal, 1500 of which were to land at Inverness, where they were to be joined by Lord Lovat and the Frasers, whilst the other 1500 were to land on the west coast: the Macleans were to be raised in the Isle of Mull; the Macdonalds and the Macleods were to march through Ross-shire to join the Frasers; and Count Saxe was to land with 12,000 men within two or three days' march of London. From Paris Murray now started for Scotland, where he seems to have been successful in engaging the clans to promise to support the expected invasion.* As an agreeable relief from the anxieties attendant upon dynastic intrigues, he now paid his attentions to a young lady of great beauty, and shortly afterwards married her.

In order that there should be no delay in the execution of the proposed scheme, it was thought advisable that Charles should be on the spot to take his place at the head of the expedition. Accordingly, Tencin wrote to James, desiring him to allow the Prince to start at once for Paris; but the father, who had so often been led to rely on promises that were never fulfilled, wrote back that it would be better for his son to defer his

* Exam. of John Murray, Aug. 13, 1746. *State Papers, Domestic.* Further exam. Nov. 17, 1746.

departure until the preparations were fully completed. His suggestion was complied with, and it was not till troops were assembled at Dunkirk, and a fleet ready to sail from the harbours of Brest and Rochefort, that James, seeing that France was really in earnest, gave his son the requisite permission.

The parting between the two was affecting.

"I go, Sire," said Charles, embracing his father, "in search of three crowns, which I doubt not but to have the honour and happiness of laying at your Majesty's feet. If I fail in the attempt, your next sight of me shall be in my coffin."

"Heaven forbid!" cried the father, bursting into tears, "that all the crowns of the world should rob me of my son!" Then, tenderly embracing him, he added, "Be careful of yourself, my dear Prince, for my sake, and, I hope, for the sake of millions!"*

Thus they separated.

On the departure of Charles from Rome the greatest care was taken to shroud his movements in the most complete secrecy in order to baffle the vigilance of the English government. But the watchful John Walton was ever on the alert, and fully equal to the occasion. Of late this pattern of diplomatic espionage had been unable to send home news of any great importance. He regretted that the Jesuits around the Pretender so absorbed all the secrets of the household that hardly any found their way into his despatches.†

* "Genuine Memoirs of John Murray, Esq."

† State Papers, Tuscany, May 31, 1739.

He, however, constantly states that the affairs of the Jacobites are at a great crisis; that they are plotting something of importance; and not infrequently mentions the general fact that there is a good deal of talk about sending Charles to France. It also appears that, at a ball given at the Palazzo Pamphili, the young Prince wore a Highland dress which had been sent him from Scotland, and which being a costume unknown in Italy attracted considerable attention.* Charles, conscious of the admiration the bright tartan of his ilk created, swaggered about the rooms and chatted in terms of enthusiasm about Scotland and its people. Walton regarded the wearing of this kilt as a very suspicious circumstance, and as an indication of the bent of the young man's thoughts. He felt sure, too, that the activity displayed by the Jacobites at Rome was fraught with conspiracy. "The great precautions," he writes, "taken by the ministers of France and Spain in order to hide the most trifling steps of the Pretender's son are a certain argument that they intend to make him play an important rôle shortly upon the world's theatre—both courts being infatuated with the false idea that nothing in the world would more embarrass the British government than an invasion in which the eldest son of the Pretender would be at the head, and the perpetual representations made by the Scotch Jacobites let them imagine that such an enterprise would be very easy to put into execution." †

* *State Papers, Tuscany, Feb. 18, 1741.*

† *Ibid.*, July 8, 1741.

Aware from the frequent communications between France and Rome that something important was on the *tapis*, Walton redoubled his vigilance, and took a keen interest in all the moves that were being played within the walls of the Palazzo of the Holy Apostles. The result was that, careful and elaborate as had been the schemes of Charles and his friends to hide the fact of his departure, he had not travelled many leagues before the news of his intended visit to France was speeding as fast as the post could carry it to the official regions of Whitehall. Three months later Walton writes that James, fully alive to the difficulties in the way of this intended expedition, had strongly opposed the departure of his son, and indeed only finally consented at the powerful instances of the Pope and Cardinal Acquaviva.*

The flight of Charles, in spite of its discovery, was however managed very cleverly. The Prince had given out that he intended going boar-hunting with his brother and several friends on the 11th of January, 1744, at Cisterna, and a few days before the day appointed sent on his horses and baggage ready for the expedition. Having obtained all the necessary facilities for his departure by the gate of St. John, he rose from his bed in the middle of the night of the 9th, leaving his brother Henry still fast asleep, and softly descended the staircase. At the porch, Dunbar was in waiting for him with a post-chaise and two saddle-horses led by a groom. Charles got into the chaise and gave directions to drive to Albano, but after posting several miles he


* State Papers, Tuscany, March 31, 1744.

complained of the cold, and said that he would rather ride than drive. The groom who had been trotting behind with the led horse was accordingly hailed, and Charles at once jumped into the saddle. Leaving Dunbar in the chaise, the Prince now rode on followed by his servant, who was a faithful Norman and fully in the secret, till he came to the cross-road which leads to Frascati. Here he pulled up and waited for Dunbar. On the arrival of the chaise he complained of having hurt his foot from a bad fall that he had just received. Dunbar, with well-feigned surprise, at once advised the Prince to re-enter the carriage, but Charles said he preferred remaining on horseback, as he could get over the ground faster, and that after his accident he wanted rest. It had been previously arranged that, when Henry awoke and inquired after his brother, he was to be told that Charles, owing to his passion for sport, had gone on before, but would meet him at Albano. In consequence of his accident the Prince now told Dunbar that it would be impossible for him to proceed to Albano as he originally intended, but that he would take the road to Marino, and go straight to Cisterna, where he would lie down for a few hours. He advised Dunbar however to hasten to Albano to explain matters to Henry. The object of this by-play was to throw the postilions and servants, who thought they were driving Charles to early sport, off the scent.

On Dunbar's arrival at Albano, Henry, who had not been let into the secret, naturally inquired after his

brother. At first the acting was kept up, but afterwards Dunbar told the whole truth, and advised Henry to talk openly about the accident and to begin boar-hunting without Charles. His advice was acted upon, and so well was the ruse maintained that every day Dunbar called upon the Duke of Sermoneta, to whom Cisterna belonged, to give him an account of the progress that Charles was making. The Duke was especially desired not to mention the accident in any of his letters to Rome, for fear it should come to the ears of James, and thus cause the Chevalier needless anxiety, but to say that the brothers had very good sport and spent their time very well. Whether His Grace of Sermoneta was so accommodating, we know not, but in order the better to keep matters dark at Rome, hampers of wild boar, pretending to come from the brothers, were sent to the Pope, to Acquaviva, and other friends.

Thus the sham went on till the 17th instant, when a letter purporting to have been written by Charles was received by Dunbar, saying that the Prince had recovered from his accident, but that, as the weather was bad, he did not care for hunting, but would go back to Rome instead. On the receipt of this intelligence, the party broke up and returned to the Eternal City, Dunbar having planned that a young man who closely resembled Charles should be by his side so as to preserve the secret still from the people. Two days afterwards James despatched Dunbar to the Vatican to inform the Pope that Charles had left for Paris, and that he had not acquainted his Holiness



with the fact earlier "because he thought thus to prevent the umbrage of those who might have hoped to stop this motion." On the news being publicly known that the Prince had safely reached his destination, James received the congratulations of the ministers of France and Spain, and of all those interested in the welfare of his cause.*

Meanwhile Charles had been pushing on to France. Here is his portrait on the road as forwarded by Horace Mann to the Duke of Newcastle. "The young man is above the middle height and very thin. He wears a light bag-wig; his face is rather long, the complexion clear, but borders on paleness; the forehead very broad, the eyes fairly large, blue, but without sparkle, the mouth large with the lips slightly curled; and the chin more sharp than rounded." †

Until his arrival at the Tuscan frontier, Charles had given out that he was a Neapolitan courier, travelling to Spain, and for that purpose wore on his breast the badge then exhibited by the Italian couriers. On reaching Tuscan territory he removed the badge, and showed a passport which the Cardinal Acquaviva had obtained from the minister of the Grand-duke, in which Charles was represented as an officer in the Spanish service under the name of Don Biagio. Furnished with this important document he rode, still attended by his faithful Norman, through Sienna,

* "Spedizione di Carlo Stuart." "Secret Intelligence from Rome." Stanhope, "Hist. of England," vol. iii. Appendix. John Walton, Jan. 28, 1744. State Papers, Tuscany.

† State Papers, Tuscany, Jan. 11, 1743.

Castel Firentino, Pisa, until he arrived at Carrara. Here a Maltese bark was in waiting for him, and after a voyage of a few hours he reached Genoa. But the excessive cold and the fatigue of the journey, during which he had never once taken off his clothes, was now too much for him, and he had to keep his bed a day and night. From Genoa he hastened on to Savona, where he remained some six days, for what reason we know not, and then, embarking in a small vessel, ran cleverly through the English fleet and arrived at Antibes. Once on French territory, he posted night and day, with a brief interval of rest at Lyons, till he reached Paris, which city he safely entered eleven days after his flight from Rome.*

On his arrival at Paris, Charles rode straight to the house of his father's unscrupulous agent, Lord Semples, where he remained for about a fortnight, and then proceeded to Gavelines, attended by Drummond, Buchanan, a former steward of the banker Macdonald, and one or two servants. Here he took the keenest interest in the preparations for the descent upon England, and so little was he known that, putting up once at one of the ordinary cabarets, with which the port abounded, he was compelled to leave by the proprietor threatening to give him a thrashing—under what provocation is not stated.† Curiously enough, in spite of the friendship pretended to be felt by the French court for Charles, during the whole of the

* State Papers, Tuscany, Jan. 28, 1744; also Feb. 4, 1744.

† Exam. of Aeneas Macdonald. State Papers, Domestic, Sept. 17, 1746.

time that he spent at Paris and at Gavelines, neither the King nor his ministers nor any persons of distinction took the slightest notice of him.* So marked was this neglect that the Jacobites at Paris augured unfavourably for the success of their cause. Lord Elcho laughed at the reports Semple was industriously circulating, that there would be a general rising in London on the approach of the Dunkirk expedition, whilst many, among them the Duke of Ormond, openly stated that they did not believe that the expedition was ever intended on behalf of the young Prince.†

That Charles at this time was in rigid seclusion is evident from his letters to his father. "The situation I am in is very peculiar," he writes, "for nobody knows where I am, or what is become of me ; so that I am entirely buried as to the public, and cannot but say that it is a very great constraint upon me, for I am obliged very often not to stir out of my room for fear of somebody's noting my face. I very often think you would laugh very heartily if you saw me going about with a single servant buying fish and other things, and squabbling for a penny more or less."‡ A few days afterwards he continues, "Everybody is wondering where the Prince is : some put him in one place and some in another, but nobody knows where he is really ; and sometimes he is told news of himself to his face, which is very diverting."§ He was,

* Exam. of *Aeneas Macdonald*. State Papers, Domestic, Sept. 17, 1746.

† *Ibid.* ‡ Stuart Papers, April 3, 1744. § *Ibid.*, April 16, 1744.

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the team.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources needed to complete each task.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress regularly to ensure that the project is on track.

5. The final step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves comparing the actual outcomes with the objectives and goals to determine the effectiveness of the project and identify areas for improvement.



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however, not idle, but busy with the plans of the future. "I have every day," he writes, "large packets to answer, without anybody to help me but Bohaldie. Yesterday I had one that cost me seven hours and a half." * This must have been no little effort to a man who so cordially hated correspondence that it was always a matter both of physical and mental difficulty.

And now the long-talked-of expedition was put into motion. The squadrons at Brest and Rochefort had combined, and, led by Admiral Roquefeuille, were sailing up the Channel. The English fleet, commanded by Sir John Norris, which had hitherto lain at Spithead, was sheltering in the Downs, expectant of the foe. As Roquefeuille neared the Isle of Wight, he was on the look-out for the fleet, which, he had been informed, was anchored off Spithead, but to his astonishment not one English frigate was to be seen. With the impulsiveness of his nation, he at once jumped to the conclusion that owing to stress of weather the English fleet had sought the safety of Portsmouth Harbour. Instantly he sent intelligence of the fact to Dunkirk, and urged that the expedition should take place without delay. His advice was only too welcome, and in a few hours 7000 troops were embarked under Marshal Saxe, with whom was Prince Charles, and the transports were crowding all sail for the shores of Albion.

Meanwhile Roquefeuille, coasting along, had met

* Stuart Papers, March 6, 1744.

almost athwart his bows the squadron under Sir John Norris. An engagement would have been attended with the worst consequences to the French, but the English commander, what with the state of the tide and the approach of night, thought it prudent to defer the battle till the next morning. But the French Admiral, actuated by a still sounder prudence, and seeing that the English were vastly his superiors in number, quietly weighed anchor during the night and hastened back to his own country. The fates, however, were against him ; a fearful storm arose ; the wind blew dead on to the French coast, and the waves ran as if lashed by a hurricane. Many of the ships belonging to the retreating squadron were severely damaged, but the greatest sufferers were the transports now ready for the conquest of England in the port of Dunkirk. These were well-nigh totally shipwrecked. Some of the largest ships were lost with all the troops on board ; others were dashed against the coast, and their men saved with difficulty ; whilst of those vessels which had already put out to sea in the hopes of shortly sighting the shores of Sussex, but few regained the harbour. Happily the transport in which Marshal Saxe and Charles had sailed succeeded in putting into port without receiving much damage.

This disaster was a terrible blow to Jacobite hopes. The French ministers were sorely discouraged, and abandoned all idea of a further attempt until a

more propitious occasion ; Marshal Saxe was appointed to the command in Flanders ; the army was withdrawn from Dunkirk, and England felt that all prospect of an invasion was for the moment removed. To Charles, who had been panting with the ardour of youth for military distinction, and who had hoped in a few short hours to have loyal subjects rallying round his standard, this fiasco was a bitterness worse than death. Had it not been for the wise counsels of Lord Marischal, he would have chartered a small fishing-smack, and sailed for Scotland alone, there to be joined by any friends who would support him. Nay, he even offered to enter the French army and fight against that England which had exiled his race, and called his father Pretender ; most indignant too was he that this wish also was thwarted by Lord Marischal. Nor was James a whit less disappointed than his son. So certain had he been that the expedition would be crowned with success that he had ordered new liveries for the servants of his household to be put on for the first time when the news reached him that Charles had made his triumphant entry into London.* But now he and his adherents seemed stunned at the sudden collapse of all their bright hopes, and so keenly did the Chevalier feel his mortification that he shut himself up for days in the most rigid seclusion.

It was not to be expected that the English government would permit Charles to find a home in France

* State Papers, Tuscany, April 14, 1744.

without remonstrance. No sooner was it known that the young Prince had left Rome meditating a visit to Paris than the Duke of Newcastle wrote to Mr. Thompson, the English secretary at the Court of Versailles, and desired him to call at once upon M. Amelot, the French minister for Foreign Affairs, and to say that the King of Great Britain, mindful of the treaties that existed between France and England regarding the Pretender, fully expected that his Most Christian Majesty would not permit Charles to remain in French territory or countenance him in any way. M. Amelot, however, did not view the matter in the same light, and returned so "injurious and offensive" an answer that Mr. Thompson received orders to quit France immediately without taking leave of the Court, and war was openly declared.*

On the failure of the Dunkirk expedition, and the effect it produced upon the enthusiasm of France, Buchanan, the ex-steward of Macdonald, was sent over to England by the Paris Jacobites to tell their brother intriguers that nothing more could be expected at present from the French ministry, but that it was hoped fortune soon would be more propitious. After a brief stay in London, Buchanan returned to Paris, and was at once met by Lord Semples. This scrupulous member of a titular aristocracy appears to have regarded truth as a virtue utterly unworthy of his notice, for he had concocted a pretty little story, which the recent visit of Buchanan to London rendered not improbable.

* State Papers, France, Feb. 3, and March 6, 1744.

He arranged to introduce Buchanan to Messieurs Amelot and D'Argenson, who was then to tell them that he had just returned from England, where he had been visiting the Lord Mayor and several people of consequence, and that the country was so strongly opposed to the Hanoverian succession, that there were 20,000 men ready to join Prince Charles the moment he should cross the Channel. Buchanan willingly entered into the spirit of this audacious hoax. Accordingly these two honourable supporters of the House of Stuart being ushered into the presence of MM. Amelot and D'Argenson, Semple was the spokesman, and made out that England was in such a state that it only wanted the merest spark to put the whole country into a conflagration. Honest Buchanan, sitting by his side, was constantly referred to, and confirmed whatever his lordship advanced. It is not, therefore, very surprising to learn that the French ministers were much pleased with Lord Semple's account of English domestic affairs, and thought that something might yet be done to atone for the recent catastrophe at Dunkirk.*

During this time Charles had taken lodgings at Gavelines, where he was living, according to his own account, the life of a hermit,† but after a while he returned to Paris, and was known by the title of Baron Renfrew. Here he now made the acquaintance of a young banker, Æneas Macdonald by name, to whose

* Exam. of Æneas Macdonald, Sept. 17, 1746. State Papers.

† Stuart Papers, June 1, 1744.

subsequent confessions I am indebted for my present information, and the two soon became great friends, frequently going out together on "parties of pleasure." Upon the one subject which must have incessantly absorbed his thoughts, we learn that Charles maintained a rigid silence. Friendly as the two young men were, the Prince never alluded to the schemes of his adherents, never mentioned the names of those who supported his interests, and, whenever the conversation touched upon England, invariably changed the topic.* No doubt this reserve was due in some measure to the bitterness of disappointment. When Drummond was at Rome on one of his special expeditions, he had spoken enthusiastically to Charles upon the help to be received from France, showed him a list, which afterwards turned out to be false, full of distinguished English names anxious to enrol themselves in his cause, and, in short, deceived the young Prince as grossly as Buchanan had deceived the French ministers. Full of hope, and confident that the promises made would be fulfilled, Charles had arrived at Paris. And what was the result? The Dunkirk expedition a failure, with no present probability of further aid. The promised adherence of those influential friends conspicuous by its absence, for, save from his staunch partisans in Scotland, he had received no encouragement from England. His openly avowed supporter, the King of France, not taking the slightest notice of him—indeed, His Majesty had openly shunned him at

* Exam. of Æneas Macdonald, Sept. 17, 1746.

two or three *bals masqués* at Versailles to which he had gone with Macdonald. Where were the assurances of support upon which he had built so many brilliant castles in the air? Well, indeed, may he have said that "there was no believing a word that either Semple or Drummond said."*

Aware of Semple's unscrupulous character, and that Drummond was not the most fitting companion for the Prince, Lord Marischal and the other more respectable adherents of the cause did their best to remove Charles from the intimacy of these men. Drummond was sent to Holland on a pretended mission to buy arms, and the Prince, in order to make the acquaintance of the Irish officers in the French service—men like Lord Tyrconnel, Lord Clair, and Colonel Dillon—who were not cordially disposed towards Semple, quitted Semple's roof, whose guest he had lately been, and took lodgings for himself at Paris in a street called the *Petite Écurie*. It was now through the interest of Cardinal Tencin, who had been worked upon by O'Brien, Kelly, and Sheridan, whom James had despatched to Paris, that Charles received an allowance from the French court of 5000 livres a month.

About this time John Murray, who had been busy in the interests of James both in England and Scotland, came to Paris to see how affairs stood at the French Court. Charles had a long conversation with him, expressed impatience at this dallying with

* Exam. of *Æneas Macdonald*, Sept. 17, 1746.

fortune, and said that he was determined to go over to Scotland, even if he took only a single footman with him. Murray tried to dissuade him, but finding it useless, promised to talk the matter over with the leaders of the party, and ascertain how far they thought such an attempt feasible. On his return, therefore, to Scotland, he mentioned the intention of Charles to the Council of Seven. All, with the exception of the Duke of Perth, opposed it. Cameron of Lochiel thought it "a rash and desperate undertaking;" Macleod was of the same opinion, and said that no one would join the Prince. Murray in his turn was not favourable to the scheme, and wrote a strong letter to Charles, advising him to abandon the idea, but the letter being delayed by private hands, never reached its destination. So little chance did Murray think there was of an invasion, that he was trying for employment in the Dutch service.*

Not so Charles. The more he thought of visiting the land of his ancestors, and of following the example his father had set him thirty years before, the more the idea began to assume a definite form, and the greater seemed to him the prospect of success. Though England might stand aloof, he was sure of his own country. He knew that the moment he landed in Scotland stalwart adherents from its rocky glens and heather-crested hills would flock round his standard and support the old line. England, it is true,

* Exam. of John Murray, Aug. 13 and Nov. 17, 1746. State Papers, Domestic.
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was cold now, but would she so continue? What said the proverb?—

“ He that would England win,
Must with Scotland first begin ? ”

Once let his kilted friends enrol themselves in his service, and fight under his banner, as they had fought in years bygone under that of his ancestors, and his cause would be far from hopeless. But come what may, let them have the opportunity of seeing their future King, and of offering or withholding their obedience. He was tired of these fruitless promises of France; she was engaged in her own cause, and had no time to think of his; besides, it had always been his wish to restore his royal father by means of his own subjects alone. Let him, then, place the fullest trust in that loyalty to his house which he had been so frequently assured every true Scotchman felt. At all events, he would not shrink from hazarding his life and fortune to win the object of his ambition. “ Whatever I may suffer,” he writes to his father, “ I shall not regret in the least as long as I think it of service for our great object. I would put myself in a tub, like Diogenes, if necessary.” *

He was now stopping at Fitzjames, the seat of the Duke of Berwick, a few miles from Paris, and he began to put his schemes vigorously into action. He was surrounded by several Irish officers, who strongly encouraged him in his resolve, and willingly co-operated with him. Indeed Æneas Macdonald says,

* Stuart Papers, Jan. 3, 1745.

“the expedition to Scotland was entirely an Irish project.”* He used every effort to procure arms. He borrowed 180,000 livres from two of his adherents, the bankers Waters and Son, and gave orders, without expressing any definite reasons, that his jewels at Rome should be pawned. By the aid of two merchants at Nantes, Rutledge and Walsh, he obtained two vessels—the one a man-of-war, which had been granted to Rutledge by the French Court to cruise on the coast of Scotland; and the other, a small brig, which belonged to Walsh, and which had been fitted out against the British trade. The name of the man-of-war was the *Elizabeth*, and the name of the brig, *La Doutelle*. The *Elizabeth* lay at Belleisle, and had on board all the arms Charles had been able to obtain,—1500 fusees, 1800 broadswords, twenty small field-pieces, and ammunition. The *Doutelle* was at Nantes.

All things being ready on the Wednesday before Ascension Day, Charles came to the lodgings he still kept on in Paris, and invited Æneas Macdonald to dinner. The invitation was accepted. After dinner Charles said to his guest, who was then on the eve of visiting Scotland about a law-suit in which he was engaged: “I hear, Macdonald, that you are going to Scotland: I am going there too—we had better bear each other company?” Macdonald was quite agreeable, and after a little discussion it was decided that

* Further Exam. of Æneas Macdonald, Jan. 12, 1748. State Papers, Domestic.

Macdonald should proceed to Nantes and there wait for the Prince. "After the Prince had settled everything for his subsequent undertaking," writes Macdonald, in his narrative, "the gentlemen who were to accompany him in his voyage took different routes to Nantes, the place appointed to meet at, thereby the better to conceal their designs. During their residence there, they lodged in different parts of the town; and if they accidentally met in the street, or elsewhere, they took not the slightest notice of each other, nor seemed to be any way acquainted, if there was any person near enough to observe them. During this time, and whilst everything was preparing to set sail, the Prince went to a seat of the Duke of Bouillon, and took some days' diversion in hunting, fishing, and shooting—amusements he always delighted in, being at first obliged to it on account of his health. By this means he became inured to toil and labour, which enabled him to undergo the great fatigues and hardships he was afterwards exposed unto."*

At Painbœuf Charles was joined by Sir Thomas Sheridan, Kelly, O'Sullivan, Buchanan, Sir John McDonald, and Francis Strickland. On arriving at Nantes, they all embarked on board *La Doutelle*, which lay in the mouth of the Loire, and sailed for Belleisle, where they were to be joined by the *Elizabeth*. On this brief voyage the Prince suffered much from sea sickness. At Belleisle they remained eight days, taking in provisions, and on the *Elizabeth* coming

* *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 1.

up, sailed in earnest for the shores of Scotland, July 13, 1745.*

All these preparations had taken place without the knowledge or consent of France. The arms had been shipped by Walsh under a false statement made to the Minister of War, that they were intended for his own plantations in Martinique. The *Elizabeth* had been lying by out of commission when Rutledge obtained her from the Minister of Marine, to fit her out as a privateer—a custom then common in France when men-of-war were not actually in service. We are assured that had the Court of France been acquainted with the design of Charles, he would not have been suffered “to execute so wild a project.”† Nor had James been admitted into the secret. It was not till the *Elizabeth* had cast off her moorings in the harbour of Belleisle, and was in full sail for Scotland, that the father was informed of the perilous resolve of his son. The letter of Charles on this occasion is worthy of insertion. It is dated from Navarre, a chateau near Evreux, belonging to the Duc de Bouillon, who was a most enthusiastic friend of the Prince, and with whom Charles was then staying.

“NAVARRÉ, June 12, 1745.

“SIR,—I believe your Majesty little expected a courier at this time, and much less from me, to tell you a thing that will be a great surprise to you. I have, above six months ago, been invited by our

* Exam. of *Æneas Macdonald*, Sept. 17, 1746. State Papers, Domestic.

† Further Exam. of *Æneas Macdonald*, Jan. 12, 1748. State Papers, Domestic.

friends to go to Scotland,* and to carry what money and arms I could conveniently get ; this being, they are fully persuaded, the only way of restoring you to the crown, and them to their liberties.

* * * * *

“ After such scandalous usage as I have received from the French Court, had I not given my word to do so, or got so many encouragements from time to time as I have had, I should have been obliged, in honour, and for my own reputation, to have flung myself into the arms of my friends, and die with them, rather than live longer in such a miserable way here, or be obliged to return to Rome, which would be just giving up all hopes. I cannot but mention a parable here, which is, that if a horse which is to be sold if spurred does not skip, nobody would care to have him, even for nothing ; just so my friends would care very little to have me, if, after such usage as all the world is sensible of, I should not show I have life in me. Your Majesty cannot disapprove a son’s following the example of his father. You yourself did the like in the year ’15 ; but the circumstances now are indeed very different by being much more encouraging, there being a certainty of succeeding with the least help ; the particulars of which are too long to explain, and even impossible to convince you of by writing, which has been the reason that I have presumed to take

* Charles here drew upon his imagination to excuse his project. His friends never advised him to visit Scotland ; on the contrary, as we shall see, they were strongly opposed to such a step. In their opinion the time had not yet arrived for the enterprise.

upon me the management of all this without even letting you suspect there was any such thing a-brewing, for fear of my not being able to explain and show you demonstratively how matters stood, which is not possible to be done by writing, or even without being upon the place, and seeing things with your own eyes: and, had I failed to convince you, I was then afraid you might have thought what I was going to do to be rash, and so to have absolutely forbidden my proceedings.

* * * * *

“I have tried all possible means and stratagems to get access to the King of France, or his minister, neither could I get Littleton (Sir Thomas Sheridan) an audience, who, I was sure, would say neither more nor less than what I desired him, and would faithfully report their answer. As for Wright (the Cardinal), he is not much trusted or well looked upon by Adam (the King of France), who is timorous, and has not resolution enough to displace him. Now, I have been obliged to steal off without letting the King of France so much as suspect it, for which I make a proper excuse in my letter to him,* by saying it was a great mortification to me never to be able to speak and open my heart to him; that this thing was of such a nature that it could not be communicated to any of the ministers, or by writing, but to himself alone—in whom, after Almighty

* At Belleisle Charles had despatched Rutledge to the French Court with a letter to the King, explaining the nature of the intended expedition. (Exam. of *Æneas Macdonald*, Sept. 17, 1746.)

God, my resting lies, and that the least help would make the affair infallible. If I had let the French Court know this beforehand, it might have had all these bad effects:—1st. It is possible they might have stopped me, having a mind to keep measures with the Elector, and then, to cover it over, they would have made a merit of it to you, by saying they had hindered me from doing a wild and desperate thing. 2ndly. My being invited by my friends would not be believed, or, at least, would have made little or no impression on the French Court.

“I have sent Stafford to Spain, and appointed Sir Thomas Geraldine to demand succours in my name to complete the work, to whom I sent letters for the King and Queen, written in the most engaging terms, to the same purpose. Let what will happen, the stroke is struck, and I have taken a firm resolution to conquer or to die, and stand my ground as long as I shall have a man remaining with me.

“I think it of the greatest importance your Majesty should come as soon as possible to Avignon, but take the liberty to advise that you would not ask leave of the French Court; for if I be not immediately succoured they will certainly refuse you.

“Whatever happens unfortunate to me cannot but be the strongest engagements to the French Court to pursue your cause. Now if I were sure they were capable of any sensation of this kind, if I did not succeed, I would perish, as Curtius did, to save my

country and make it happy ; it being an indispensable duty on me as far as lies in my power.

“ Your Majesty may now see my reason for pressing so much to pawn my jewels, which I should be glad to have done immediately, for I never intend to come back, and money, next to troops, will be the greatest help to me. I owe to old Waters about 60,000 livres, and to the young one about 120,000 livres. I and Sir Thomas will write more fully to Edgar about these matters, both as to the sum I carry with me and arms, as also how I go. I write this from Navarre, but it won't be sent off till I am on shipboard. If I can possibly I will write a note and send it from thence at the same time. I have wrote a note and sent it to Lord Marischal, telling him to come immediately, and giving him a credential to treat with the minister for succours.

“ To the Duke of Ormond I have writ a civil letter, showing a desire of his coming here immediately, but at the same time leaving it to his discretion so to do.

“ I should think it proper (if your Majesty pleases) to be put at his Holiness's feet, asking his blessing on this occasion ; but what I chiefly ask is your own, which I hope will procure me that of Almighty God upon my endeavours to serve you, my family, and country, which will ever be the only view of

“ Your Majesty's most dutiful son,

“ CHARLES P.”*

* Stuart Papers.

During the passage Charles wore the habit of a student of the Scots College at Paris, and the better to conceal his features, allowed his beard to grow. None of the crew were conscious of the rank of their distinguished passenger.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RAISING OF THE STANDARD.

—♦—
“ the array
That around the royal standard
Gathered on the glorious day,
When, in deep Glenfinnan's valley,
Thousands on their bended knees
Saw once more that stately ensign
Waving in the northern breeze !
When the noble Tullibardine
Stood beneath its weltering fold,
With the ruddy Lion ramping
In its field of treasured gold !
When the mighty heart of Scotland,
All too big to slumber more,
Burst in wrath and exultation
Like a huge volcano's roar ! ”

Four days after quitting Belleisle the *Elizabeth* fell in with an English man-of-war, called the *Lion*, commanded by Capt. Brett, the officer who, in Anson's expedition, stormed Paita. An engagement was inevitable, and after a desperate, but singularly equal conflict, which lasted some six hours, both vessels retired, each considerably shattered. In the struggle the *Elizabeth* lost several of her men, and her captain was wounded ; it was therefore necessary for her to change her course and run into Brest to refit:

Fortunately Charles and his companions were on board *La Doutelle*, the captain of which, though repeatedly urged by the Prince to bear down to the aid of the *Elizabeth*, resolutely refused. Too staunch a Jacobite, and too conscious of the responsibility devolving upon him, Walsh had no intention of putting in danger the royal person of his young master. On the contrary, instead of taking any part in this engagement, he crowded all sail, and under cover of the insignificance of his own vessel, made straight for the West of Scotland.*

As the return of the *Elizabeth* to France had made the party lose nearly all the arms and ammunition which it had cost Charles such efforts to obtain, the banker, Æneas Macdonald, advised the Prince to put back to Nantes, and defer the expedition to a more convenient season ; his advice was supported by Strickland and Sir John M'Donald, the latter stating that it was a "desperate undertaking." But Charles, who, when once his mind was made up, was inflexibility itself, turned a deaf ear to all their counsels, and scorned to return any other answer than "You will see! you will see!"†

Burning no light at night, and ever keeping due course, *La Doutelle*, after a brief chase by an English man-of-war, which she managed to escape by her superior speed, anchored on the 2nd of August, 1745, off the island of Erisca, one of the islets of the

* "Journal of the ship the young Pretender came to Scotland in," July 2, Aug. 5, 1745, State Papers, Domestic.

† Exam. of Æneas Macdonald, Sept. 17, 1746. State Papers, Domestic.

Hebrides, situated between Barra and South Uist. An eagle, frightened from his eyrie, came hovering round the ship. "Here," said Tullibardine, pointing upwards, "is the king of birds come to welcome your Royal Highness to Scotland!"

The laird of this district was young Macdonald of Clanranald, "an indolent, head-strong boy, guided by the priests," as Murray of Broughton called him,* but one whom Charles knew to be devoted to his interests. A messenger was immediately despatched, to inform him of the arrival of the Prince. The young chieftain happening to be absent on the mainland, his uncle, Macdonald of Boisdale, received the news in his stead. At once Boisdale went down to the coast, and was rowed on board *La Doutelle*. His visit was not encouraging. He assured Charles that the enterprise must end in disaster; that his friends had all along told him that without arms and men from France a rising was nothing less than insanity; and that without foreign aid not a chieftain would summon a single man or wield a single claymore. The old chief ended by advising Charles to return to France, and not to ruin matters by an impatience which was as dangerous to himself as it was to his cause. The Prince, however, had resolved to pay no heed to all such timid counsels; he was bent on landing, and even if every clansman shunned him he would yet unfurl his standard. With all his persuasive arts Charles

* "Account of the Clans," by John Murray of Broughton. State Papers, Domestic, Aug. 22, 1746.

tried to represent the expedition in a glowing light, and win over the opposition of the sturdy chief; but Boisdale was too hard-headed to be imposed upon. He gave a decided no as his answer, and rowed back to his island more obstinate and unconvinced than ever. "With 6000 troops and 10,000 stand of arms at his back the Prince had a chance of success, but not unless," he growled.

Charles, however, was not to be daunted. He had entered upon the undertaking well aware of the obstacles he would encounter, and he was resolved that nothing short of death should deter him from the object he had in view. Let Boisdale remain in the safety of seclusion, let others follow his example, still he was sure that deserters from the standard he had come to unfurl would be the exception, not the rule. "I am come *home*," he cried, "and I will entertain no notion of returning to the place from whence I came: for I am persuaded that my faithful Highlanders will stand by me!"* He trusted his loyal Scotch, and those who had left sunny France with him for these bleak western shores would soon see that his confidence was not misplaced. But if the worst came to the worst, rather than return he would roam through the wilds and glens of those glorious Highlands, and beat up for recruits himself whilst making the echoes resound with the slogan of his cause. Was he to be deterred by a first rebuff? If the tributaries were dry, let them see how fared it with the parent stream. If the Isles

* *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 12.

refused homage to their true lord, let them appeal to the loyalty of the mainland. And *La Doutelle* altered her course for the rugged coast of Inverness, and in a few hours entered the rocky basin of Lochnahuagh, between Moidart and Arisaig.

As at Erisca, a messenger was now sent to apprise Clanranald of the arrival of his distinguished visitor. A large tent was rigged up on deck, and beneath the awning the choicest vintages of France stood in tempting companionship with the stronger spirits of the country the party had come to explore. Charles, seated in the tent ready for the interview, was dressed in a black coat, "with a plain shirt not over clean, a cambric stock fixed with a plain silver buckle, a fair round wig out of the buckle, a plain hat with a canvas string, having one end fixed to one of his coat buttons, and black stockings, with brass buckles to his shoes." This sober attire well suited the character he assumed before the ship's crew of an English clergyman on a visit to the Highlands. Around him were his trusty Counsel of Seven, not a little anxious to know whether the conduct of Macdonald of Boisdale was to be imitated on this occasion.

On receiving the summons, Clanranald, attended by several of his tribe, especially by Macdonald of Kinloch-Moidart, the brother of the banker Æneas, and by the Lairds of Glenaladale and Dalily, at once came on board and did homage. Charles immediately plunged in *medias res*, and urged the same arguments that he

had shortly before used to Boisdale; but, to his mortification, only with a like result. The only answer the young chief returned was that the hour was not fitting, that his resources were too slender, and that foreign assistance was indispensable for a rising. Precisely the echo of the words of Boisdale.

Again and again Charles pleaded his cause, but still failed to alter the decision of the chieftain. In the earnestness of argument he paced up and down the deck, and whilst trying to force his views upon his visitors, noticed a young Highlander, who had been attentively listening to all that had been said, with flushed cheek and sparkling eye. He was dressed in the tartan of the Macdonalds of Kinloch-Moidart, and was indeed a younger brother of the chief of that ilk. To him the hesitation of Clanranald and of Kinloch-Moidart was cowardice unworthy of their clan. The son of their lawful king plead for aid, and be refused—appeal to a subject and meet with no response—approach the shores from which he had been so long exiled, and be bidden to withdraw! It was treason and disloyalty of the blackest, and the young man looked as if for very shame he could have buried his face in the plaid around him. Charles marked the agitation working in this loyal breast, saw the chord of sympathy his words had struck, and at once rushed forward with hands extended:

“You, at least, will not forsake me?” he cried.

“I will follow you to death, were there no other to draw a sword in your cause,” was the eager reply.

The enthusiasm of the answer passed into the hesitating chiefs, and they declared that since their Prince was resolved, it became them ill to dispute his pleasure. Henceforth they were his vassals.

Charles now landed, and was at once installed at Borrodaile, a neighbouring farm-house belonging to Clanranald, in one of the wildest parts of Inverness-shire. With him disembarked the aged Marquis of Tullibardine, called by all true Jacobites the Duke of Athol, though he had been attainted for his share in the insurrection of 1715, and the dignity had descended to a younger brother; Sir Thomas Sheridan, the Prince's tutor; Sir John Macdonald, an officer in the Spanish service; Kelly, a nonjuring clergyman, who had been concerned in Atterbury's plot; Francis Strickland, an English gentleman; Buchanan, the messenger, and Æneas Macdonald, the banker. These have been called the "Seven Men of Moidart," and, save the name of one, whatever curiosity has preserved of them exhibits, in no doubtful colours, their unswerving fealty. But a Judas was in their midst.

With the caution of commerce, Æneas Macdonald, as soon as the effect of excitement had worn off, had by no means approved of being mixed up with dynastic intrigues. His pursuits were mercantile not military, and he regretted that it should be his lot to share in the efforts of revolution. But the fates were against him, and he had been compelled to act that most unhappy of all characters, the unwilling accomplice of a distasteful enterprise. Shortly after landing he had

been asked to visit Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, the Laird of Macleod, Maclean of Coll, and several other lairds in the Isle of Skye, and inform them of the arrival of the Prince, and bid them assemble their men. But Macdonald, finding that Sheridan, who proffered the request, had no letters from these chieftains authorising such an appeal, declined to undertake the embassy. Indeed, so far from becoming an advocate in the cause of the Prince, the young banker used the influence his name possessed in those parts to dissuade the people of Moidart from having anything to do with the meditated rising of the clans.* And at a later period we find him acting the part of a traitor in the camp, by sowing the seeds of discontent among the followers of Charles. For Æneas had wished, when he saw the undertaking assuming a formidable character, to sever his connection with it altogether; but a warrant had been issued for his apprehension by the law officers in Edinburgh, who, aware that he was one of the Seven Men of Moidart, had deemed him a Jacobite staunch and true. Thus self-preservation, more than anything else, made him cling to the ranks of the Highlanders. Nay, he would have surrendered, only self-interest stood in the way, for being the deputy of a M. Dubernay, purveyor-general of the French army, he feared that such a course would militate against him with the French Court, as they had it in their power to ruin him.†

* Exam. of Æneas Macdonald, Sept. 17, 1746. State Papers, Domestic.

† *Ibid.*; also Exam. Jan. 12, 1748. State Papers, Domestic.

This lukewarm calculating position soon exposed itself. It was not long before Charles and his friends heard reports not very creditable to the banker's loyalty; they were believed, and Æneas was sent to Coventry. The banker, though he must have been perfectly aware of the grounds he had given for just offence, wrote a piteous letter to the Prince, complaining of the treatment he received.* He denied that he had been disloyal, or had attempted to tamper with the soldiers, but that on the contrary "No servant could ever serve a prince with greater fidelity and attachment," and that he was "quite grieved to the heart to see himself so much wronged when he deserved a quite different treatment." This letter did not have the effect intended. Macdonald remained with the Prince during the march into England, but the ban under which he lay seems never to have been removed. On being taken prisoner he willingly gave his evidence. His is not the only instance in History of one who steers a middle course in the stormy seas of political intrigues, only to land in safety with the loss of all that men hold most dear.

But such treachery was the exception throughout the Forty-Five. Those who wore the white cockade well knew at what peril to life and property they rallied round their Prince; but once having declared themselves in his favour they supported him with the strictest loyalty, and met their death like men. And of all these followers second to none was the brave

* Æneas Macdonald to the Prince, Sept. 10, 1745. *State Papers, Domestic.*

Cameron of Lochiel, the Bayard of the expedition. "He was a man of pretty good understanding," says Murray of Broughton, condescendingly, "though of no learning, and esteemed by everybody to be in private life a man of strict honour."* He soon received his summons to attend, and waited upon Charles immediately. Like Boisdale, he was fully convinced of the rashness of the enterprise, and intended to advise the Prince to return to France. "If such is your purpose, Donald," said his brother, Cameron of Fassiefern, "write to the Prince your opinion; but do not trust yourself within the fascination of his presence. I know you better than you know yourself, and you will be unable to refuse compliance." Lochiel declined to accept the advice. He visited Charles, and before the fascination of the Prince his resolve melted like snow in the sunshine. As long as Charles confined himself to the coldness of mere argument, Lochiel was firm, and saw the weak points in the enterprise, but when the Prince made an appeal to his feelings the wariness of the chief was at once conquered.

"I have come hither," said Charles, "with my mind unalterably made up, to reclaim my rights or to perish. Be the issue what it will, I am determined to display my standard, and take the field with such as may join it. Lochiel, whom my father esteemed the best friend of our family, may remain at home, and learn his Prince's fate from the newspapers."

* "Account of the Clans," by John Murray. State Papers, Domestic, Aug. 22, 1746.

The chief was moved. "Not so," he replied, "if you are resolved on this rash undertaking, I will go with you, and so shall every one over whom I have influence."

This answer was full of importance to the interests of the Prince. No man possessed more authority in the Highlands than Lochiel, and had he refused his support, not a chief would have risen in favour of the House of Stuart. "Thus," writes Sir Walter Scott, "was Lochiel's sagacity overpowered by his sense of what he esteemed honour and loyalty, which induced him to front the prospect of ruin with a disinterested devotion, not unworthy the best days of chivalry. His decision was the signal for the commencement of the rebellion."*

Lochiel had been gained, but there were others whose adherence was of equal moment. Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, and Macleod of Macleod were two of the greatest chieftains in the Hebrides, and their joint forces were estimated at more than three thousand men. The hereditary sympathies of these two powerful families had been Jacobite, and it is said they had hinted to the members of the Association, that, provided the Prince landed with sufficient foreign support, they would go over to his side. If such a promise had ever been made, when put to the test, it was unhesitatingly withdrawn.

Clanranald was sent to Mugstat, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald, where Macleod happened also to be staying, and begged the chieftains to raise their followers. He said that the Prince expected their

* "Tales of a Grandfather," vol. iii. p. 161.

adherence, that the clans already assembled were eagerly waiting their reply, and that their active support would set an example of incalculable value to the cause. The chiefs returned a decided refusal, and, in spite of the promises they are said to have made, but which they denied having made, not only declined to be mixed up in any way with the rebellion, but did their best, and apparently at first not without success, to dissuade their kinsman Clanranald from having anything to do with it. "It is certain," writes Macleod to Duncan Forbes,* "that the pretended Prince of Wales is come on the coast of South Uist and Barra, and has since been hovering on parts of the coast of the mainland . . . His view, I need not tell you, was to raise all the Highlands to assist him. Sir Alexander Macdonald and I, not only gave no sort of countenance to these people, but we used all the interest we had with our neighbours to follow the same prudent method; and I am persuaded we have done it with that success that not one man of any consequence benorth the Grampians will give any sort of assistance to this mad rebellious attempt Young Clanranald has been here with us, and has given all possible assurance of his prudence." A few days later Sir Alexander Macdonald wrote in the same strain to the Lord President,† declaring that he would not have the slightest connection "with these madmen," but regretting that "young Clanranald is deluded notwithstanding his assurance to us lately."

* Aug. 3, 1745, Culloden Papers. † Aug. 11, 1745, Culloden Papers, p. 207.

At the same time Sir Alexander also wrote to General Guest, then in command of the Castle, vindicating his loyalty in case it should be unjustly aspersed. "Before this reaches you," he says, * "the delusion of some Highlanders must be known to you. The good nature of mankind will probably report me as making a part of that mob against the government, though I never had (and indeed never will have) any concern with these people. I hope, Sir, you will readily believe me when I assure you that this island is quiet, and will continue so. Dare I venture to beg the favour of you, Sir, to say so to Sir John Cope, to whom I have not the honour to be known; if you are so good as to put this confidence in my veracity, I shall look upon it as a piece of kindness as well as honour done to me."

An eminent historian has to my mind judged the conduct of these two chieftains on this occasion very unfairly. "Their object being," writes Earl Stanhope,† "to wait for events and to side with the victorious, they professed zeal to both parties." I certainly fail to see the "zeal" evinced for the cause of Charles. Nothing can well be stronger than the loyalty expressed towards the Hanoverian government by Sir Alexander Macdonald and Macleod of Macleod, in their letters to the Lord President. To the Prince they did not, though more than once appealed to,

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† "The Forty-Five," p. 24.

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The defections of these two powerful chiefs, if defection it can be called, for, from their subsequent conduct, it seems very doubtful whether they ever pledged themselves to adherence, was a great blow to the Prince; but he resolved not to be discouraged. Conscious that his hopes of success depended entirely upon the support of the Highlands, he did everything in his power to ingratiate himself with the people. He was affable to all, and denied his presence to none who wished to visit him. He joined in their sports, and won their hearts by trying to talk Gaelic. As George the Third piqued himself upon being an Englishman, so Charles wished to be thought a Highlander. Taking up his abode in the very centre of those tribes which had ever been loyal to his House, his manly, frank disposition, the quiet dignity of his manner, his handsome bearing, and last, but not least, his adoption of the national costume, soon won the hearts of those who had always called his father, king.

" Oh ! better loved he canna be ;
 Yet, when we see him wearing
 Our Highland garb sae gracefully,
 'Tis aye the mair endearing.
 Though a' that now adorns his brow
 Be but a simple bonnet ;
 Ere lang we'll see of kingdoms three
 The royal crown upon it."

Not many days succeeded his landing, before clan after clan promised to come down from their mountain fastnesses to swell the ranks of his followers.

The feudal authority of the Scottish chieftains was still unbroken, and still as strong as ever. The civilisation, which was working its healthy way in the Lowlands, had not yet penetrated the Highland wilds. There, in their pathless woods and gloomy valleys, the inhabitants still adhered to the customs of their forefathers, still wore the garb which for centuries had been their characteristic, and still spoke the language of Erse. That patriarchal system, so dear to Stuart monarchs, still pervaded every clan. The chief was the leader in war, the judge and protector in peace, and the whole income of the tribe paid into his purse, served to maintain that rude, but generous hospitality which was meted out to the poorest of the clan. The value of an estate was never estimated according to its rental, but according to the number of men that it could raise. The story is told of Macdonald of Keppoch, who, entertaining some Lowland gentry with great hospitality at his Highland seat, was asked by one of the guests, with blunt curiosity, "What was the rent of his estate?" "I can raise 500 men," was the only answer. The men thus raised were often idle, haughty, and warlike—their only occupation fighting or hunting, their only law the command of their chief.*

* The following is a list of the clans, and of the number of men it was in the power of their chieftains to raise. The list was forwarded by the Duke of

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 Yet, when we see him wearing
 Our Highland garb sae gracefully,
 'Tis aye the mair endearing.
 Though a' that now adorns his brow
 Be but a simple bonnet ;
 Ere lang we'll see of kingdoms three
 The royal crown upon it."

Not many days succeeded his landing, before clan after clan promised to come down from their mountain fastnesses to swell the ranks of his followers.

The feudal authority of the Scottish chieftains was still unbroken, and still as strong as ever. The civilisation, which was working its healthy way in the Lowlands, had not yet penetrated the Highland wilds. There, in their pathless woods and gloomy valleys, the inhabitants still adhered to the customs of their forefathers, still wore the garb which for centuries had been their characteristic, and still spoke the language of Erse. That patriarchal system, so dear to Stuart monarchs, still pervaded every clan. The chief was the leader in war, the judge and protector in peace, and the whole income of the tribe paid into his purse, served to maintain that rude, but generous hospitality which was meted out to the poorest of the clan. The value of an estate was never estimated according to its rental, but according to the number of men that it could raise. The story is told of Macdonald of Keppoch, who, entertaining some Lowland gentry with great hospitality at his Highland seat, was asked by one of the guests, with blunt curiosity, "What was the rent of his estate?" "I can raise 500 men," was the only answer. The men thus raised were often idle, haughty, and warlike—their only occupation fighting or hunting, their only law the command of their chief.*

* The following is a list of the clans, and of the number of men it was in the power of their chieftains to raise. The list was forwarded by the Duke of

pected. As I have not yet set up the standard I cannot tell the number, but that will be in a few days, as soon as the arms are distributed, at which we are working with all speed. . . if they all join, or at least all those to whom I have sent commissions at request, everything will go on to a wish. . . . The worst that can happen to me, if France does not succour me, is to die at the head of such brave people as I find here, if I should not be able to make my way. . The French Court must now necessarily take off the mask, or have an eternal shame on them; for at present there is no medium, and we, whatever happens, shall gain an immortal honour, by doing what we can to deliver our country, in restoring our Master, or perish with sword in hand." *

The news of the landing of Charles tended entirely to dissipate the melancholy which had reigned in the little Jacobite Court at Rome since the failure of the Dunkirk expedition. James was in the highest spirits, and confident of his son's success. His paternal anxiety was greatly relieved by Charles having taken the precaution of enrolling himself, before quitting France, as an officer in the Spanish service, and thereby rendering himself liable, if captured, only to the treatment of a prisoner of war.† Pope Benedict XIV., however, seems not to have placed much faith in the virtue of this foreign commission, for in conversation with some of his confidential prelates, who were

* Stuart Papers, Aug. 4, 1745.

† State Papers, Tuscany, Aug. 24, 1745.

disputing whether the Prince had set foot in Scotland or no, His Holiness said, "He certainly has set foot there, and what is more may also leave his head there!"*

The day was rapidly approaching for the unfurling of the Royal Standard, when an event occurred which was regarded by the followers of the Prince as a good beginning to the expedition. It so happened that the English governor of Fort Augustus, suspecting matters were not quite so peaceable in the Highlands as they might be, had determined to send, on the 16th of August, a reinforcement of two companies of the Scots Royal, under the command of a Captain Scott, to Fort William. These two forts had been erected under the direction of General Wade for the purpose of keeping the Highlanders in check, and were united by a military road running between the mountains and the banks of the lakes Loch Oich and Loch Lochy. Captain Scott, on receiving his orders, marched his men without molestation for some twenty miles, and was expecting to reach Fort William in a few hours, when all of a sudden he was beset in the narrow ravine of Spean Bridge by an armed body of Keppoch's Highlanders. A fierce but short engagement ensued. From the mountain heights a destructive fire poured down on the English; the report of the musketry attracted other Highlanders to the spot, and soon Keppoch's men were swelled by a body of the Lochiel clansmen. The odds were heavy

* State Papers, Tuscany, Oct. 5, 1745.

against Scott, whose men were not only fatigued by a long march, but had also wasted much of their ammunition on an invisible foe. After a brief struggle, Scott gave the word to beat a retreat; then, harassed by an incessant fire, he felt it prudent at last to surrender. The contest had not been bloodless. The loss of the English was about five killed and as many wounded; Captain Scott was among the latter, being slightly wounded on the top of the shoulder. The prisoners, who were eighty-two in number, were treated with great humanity, the wounded being carried to Lochiel's own house at Auchnacarrie, whilst Captain Scott was sent to Fort Augustus on parole to receive surgical aid; the governor of that fort not permitting the surgeon to issue from the walls to attend upon the captured officer.*

This affair, though slight in itself, led the Highlanders to believe that, though their mode of warfare was irregular, and their arms rude, they had nothing to fear from disciplined troops.

And now the day dawned when the Royal Standard was to be erected, and the liege men of the Prince to march down their clans for the great cause of the Restoration of the Stuarts. The 19th of August had been the date fixed upon, and the spot chosen for the impressive scene was Glenfinnan, a narrow vale in which the river Finnan runs between high and craggy mountains, whilst at both ends of the glen the view dissolves into the blue waters of Loch Eil and Loch

* Letter to Lord-Advocate, Aug. 20, 1745. *State Papers, Scotland.*

Shiel. Before the appointed day, Charles had received the promise of fealty from more than one Chief, and his heart beat high with hope. In the early morn of the 19th, true to the punctuality he always practised, he took up his stand at the place of rendezvous. He had expected to find the whole valley alive with variegated tartans, and the echoes ringing with the welcome pibrochs. Save a company or two of Macdonald's, he was alone. Had his true men failed him? Were his subject Chiefs making sport of his cause? Were their promises only made to be broken, and was insult thus to be added to disloyalty? For two hours he remained in a state of the most painful anxiety, the neighbouring mountains echoing no tread of marching men; then his fears were set at rest. Cresting the hills appeared Lochiel and his Camerons, above six hundred in number, advancing in two lines with the prisoners they had taken at Spean Bridge between them.

On the gathering of these men, Charles bade the Standard be unfurled. The aged Tullibardine, supported by an attendant on each side, obeyed the order, and soon the "white, blue, and red silk" unspread its folds and floated in the breeze. Then "such loud huzzas and schiming of bonnetts up into the air, appearing like a cloud, was not heard of, of a long time." *

"O high-minded Moray!—the exiled—the dear!—
In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear!
Wide, wide on the winds of the North let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh.

* Culloden Papers, p. 337.

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
 Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake ?
 That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye,
 But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O sprung from the kings who in Islay kept state,
 Proud chiefs of Clanranald, Glengary, and Sleat !
 Combine with three streams from one mountain of snow,
 And resistless in union rush down on the foe !

True son of St. Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
 Place thy targe on thy shoulder, and burnish thy steel !
 Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
 Till far Coryarrack resound to the knell !

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
 Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale !
 May the race of Clan-Gillian, the fearless and free,
 Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee !

Let the clan of grey Fingon, whose offspring has given
 Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
 Unite with the race of renowned Rorri More,
 To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar !

How Mac-Shiemie will joy when their chief shall display
 The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of grey !
 How the race of wronged Alpine, and murdered Glencoe,
 Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe !

Ye sons of brown Dermid who slew the wild boar,
 Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More !
 Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
 For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awake !

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
 Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake !
 'Tis the bugle,—but not for the chase is the call ;
 'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons,—but not to the hall !

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
 When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath ;
 They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
 To the march and the muster, the line and the charge !

To the brand of each chieftain, like Fin's in his ire,
 May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire
 Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore,
 Or die like your sires, and endure it no more !” *

* *Flora Macivor's Song.* Waverley.

When the enthusiasm had subsided—the prelude to such misery and bloodshed—the Manifesto of James, and the Commission of Regency granted to Prince Charles, were read. This formal proceeding ended, Charles stepped forward and addressed his followers. He had come to Scotland, he said, to vindicate his rights, and restore happiness to the people groaning under Hanoverian oppression. Rather than in England, rather than in Ireland, he had preferred to land in Scotland, knowing that he should there find a population of brave men who would be as willing to live and die with him as he was resolved to conquer or to perish. He felt sure that his cause, being in the eyes of Heaven a just and righteous one, must be triumphant. Then turning to an English officer who had been taken prisoner in the Spean Bridge affair, he said, “Go, sir, to your general! Say what you have seen; and add that I am coming to give him battle!”

And now pouring into the valley assembled those clans whose Chiefs had promised obedience. There with his 250 men was Stuart of Appin, “a bashful man of few words and but ordinary parts,”* his clan “chiefly of the Church of England, and esteemed the least given to theft of any in the Highlands,”^o commanded by Stuart of Ardsheel. There with his 150 men stood Macdonald of Glencoe, “very proud, and his people false and traitorous.”* And there with but 300 of his men was the Protestant

* Account of the Clans, by John Murray. State Papers, Domestic, Aug. 22, 1746.

Keppoch, whose Roman Catholic clan, taking offence at not being allowed the privilege of a priest to accompany them, had shorn their strength by numerous desertions. Conspicuous by their absence were the vassals of Macdonald of Sleat, and Macleod of Macleod.

These important Chieftains still sternly held aloof from the undertaking, and refused permission to their men to attend. Their isolation was so grave a misfortune for the cause of the Prince that his followers again resolved to remonstrate with them. Accordingly, the day after the unfurling of the standard, a letter was drawn up by the Highland Chiefs and despatched to the now Hanoverian lairds in the Isle of Skye. "We cannot but express," the Chieftains wrote,* "the greatest surprise as well as concern at your manner of acting on the present occasion, than which no two subjects ever had a greater to deserve eternal honour or eternal infamy. The King's Restoration or the ruin of his Family; the liberty or destruction of your country will lie chiefly at your door. Consider how often you have expressed your readiness to join the Prince, though he should come alone to deliver his country from the oppression it has so long groaned under. Consider how much the influence of men of your figure have drawn others in to think you were in earnest, and resolved to do the same. The case has now happened. The Prince, upon the repeated assurances of the disposition of his

* State Papers, Domestic, 1748, No. 93.

faithful Highlanders, has thrown himself into our arms with a firm resolution never to abandon us. He has been received by us and others whom we expect to-day or to-morrow with the greatest joy, and we have with the greatest alacrity undertaken his cause. We have already drawn the sword, and are resolved not to sheathe it till death or victory shall free us from a foreign yoke. You may easily foresee the consequences of the one or the other. And it would be very extraordinary in men of your judgment to imagine that you alone could be safe when the rest of us are rooted out. We desire you to think seriously of this, as well as of the assurances you have lately given to some of us who have spoken to you. The Prince has written to you twice and received no answer. Should we meet with the same usage, we should think it, however, very extraordinary. But we still hope for better things."

They hoped in vain.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE MARCH.

“ Wha' wadna fecht for Charlie,
Wha' wadna draw the sword ! ”

At this time the post of Secretary of State was filled by one of the fussiest and most incompetent ministers that ever held the seals. It would be difficult to find, in the whole annals of Parliamentary History, a statesman more entirely indebted to the influence which rank and riches command, for the lofty position he was called upon to occupy, than Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle. Without his high-sounding title and boundless wealth, he would never have risen even to the level of ordinary mediocrity. Shallow, perfidious, and offensively egotistical, he owed the favours that fortune lavished upon him to the mere accident, and to that alone, of birth. “ I am compelled,” said George the Second, who cordially disliked his Grace, “ to take the Duke of Newcastle to be my minister, though he is not fit to be Chamberlain in the smallest court of Germany.”

Utterly unprincipled, and conscious of his intellectual

disadvantages, Newcastle had recourse to those favourite weapons of the weak—treachery and cunning. He cringed and intrigued, deceived and lied whenever he thought flattery or disloyalty, falsehood or servility, would attain his ends. And he did attain them. Now leaguings himself with one minister, and then, when calculation prompted, making terms with an opponent, he ascended step by step the political ladder. The one creed of his life was that politics should mean office, and that all labour was in vain unless it identified his own interests with those of the nation. Indeed deception had become at last so much the creature of habit, that if he could have gained his purpose by a lie as well as by the truth, he would have preferred the falsehood. “His name is Perfidy,” said Sir Robert Walpole, with whom he had been leagued, and whom he had forsaken. “He is a very great liar,” said the frank Lord Chatham.

Nor had the Duke of Newcastle any qualities to compensate for his vices. It is not exaggeration to say that he was incapable of even that knowledge which is more the result of routine and constant surroundings than of intellectual exertion. In spite of the political atmosphere he was incessantly breathing, he never acquired the capacity which even the feeblest Parliamentary hack, when occasion requires, can display. He was a miserable speaker, and though he seldom addressed the House, he never rose on his legs without contradicting what he had previously

asserted, and leaving their lordships more confused after a ministerial statement or explanation than they had been before.

Neither, like many men who fail in oratory, was he characterised by sound, shrewd, business habits. Whenever he sat upon a committee, or had to do the duties on a commission, he put questions which even a Boswell would have hesitated to ask, and never offered a suggestion unless to reveal the meagreness with which his head was furnished. And yet with that restless energy which is so often the intellectual activity of the incompetent, he was never content unless he supervised every petty detail of official work. Never was he idle, and yet the result of his labours was absolutely nil. With him work had no distinctions, was divided into no degrees: he wrote a request to his gardener to attend to the orchids at Claremont, with the same painstaking incapacity as he would compose a state paper which might set Europe in a blaze. He did everything, as he did nothing, with an unmanly anxiety and a spinster fussiness. "He loses half an hour every morning," said Lord Wilmington, "and runs after it during the rest of the day without being able to overtake it." "If one could conceive a dead body hung in chains," says Horace Walpole, "always wanting to be hung somewhere else, one should have a comparative idea of him."

Much of this restless conduct was due to his intense timidity. In an age which put as high a value upon personal bravery as it did upon wit, the cowardice of

his Grace of Newcastle was always a fruitful theme for the satirists. Of all cravens he was the most abject. He had an awful dread of the sea, and when it was necessary for him to accompany his royal master to Hanover, the agony of his fear was something too terrible to be ridiculous. Until he married, a manservant always slept in the same room with him, for during the silent hours of darkness he was the victim of a dread which most boys, ere they go to a public school, leave behind them in the nursery. But the *bête noire* of his life was perhaps his dread of catching cold. Had he been a popular singer he could not have been more careful of himself. The slightest draught left by an half-closed door or an open window, any inattention paid to the airing of his linen, any neglect by which a sudden check to the action of the pores could be created, unnerved him as much as the dangers of the ocean or the imaginary terrors of darkness. It is recorded that on the occasion of his first visit to Hanover, with his royal master, he was accompanied by Sir Joseph Yorke, then ambassador to the Hague. On the first night of their travelling companionship Sir Joseph retired to his couch at an early hour, and was soon comfortably asleep. Suddenly he was aroused by the curtain of his bed being drawn, and a valet of the Duke's making his appearance. As the servant hesitated, and looked considerably dumbfounded, Sir Joseph jumped to the most alarming conclusion that his loyal mind could suggest. "For God's sake," he cried, "what is the

matter? Is the King ill?" The man replied that his Majesty was in perfect health, but still hesitated to give the message it was evidently his duty to deliver. At last he blurted it out. "When Sir Joseph had sufficiently aired the bed, would he kindly turn out and let his Grace take possession of the couch?" History does not give us Sir Joseph's answer.

It was this susceptibility of his nervous system that never permitted the Duke of Newcastle to say no to a man's face. He would promise the same thing to fifty, and disappoint all because he dared not gratify one. To an official who had been called upon to resign, he would write a letter full of regrets and honeyed phrases, and at the same time abuse his incompetency to the more fortunate successor. Never was he frank and true. He ruled the country not in the spirit of an English gentleman, but in the letter of a pettifogging attorney. No more miserable example of the exclusiveness of the Parliamentary Government of those days exists than that such a man should have been entrusted, for sixteen long inglorious years, with the guardianship of the State.

Had it not been for the able mind of Henry Pelham, the country would have been, at the outbreak of the rebellion, in a most critical state; for the time Prince Charles had chosen to carry on his expedition was not ill calculated. England was immersed in an anxious foreign war. The King was in his German dominions. The Duke of Cumberland, and most of

the forces, were on the Continent. The defeat at Fontenoy had dealt a severe blow to the Government, and damped the spirits of the people. The administration of affairs was in the hands of not the most competent of Lord Justices. Parliament was up, and the Privy Council, with the rest of the advisers of the Crown, were passing their holidays at their country seats. The coast was poorly guarded by an inconsiderable part of the navy. The militia of the different counties was unprepared for any sudden emergency. London was wholly defenceless. Had France really been in earnest in her support of the House of Stuart, she was now in possession of an opportunity not likely to be renewed. That she neglected such a moment is a proof, in spite of her protestations to the contrary, of her coldness and indifference.

But the Duke of Newcastle believed in the hostility of Versailles. His agents abroad had assured him that France was meditating a sudden descent upon our shores; that the Court of Versailles had resolved to make a diversion in England, and take every advantage of her present defenceless condition; that the young Pretender was being furnished with a large body of troops and a formidable stand of arms, and would soon set sail for the western coast of Scotland; and that shortly the Government might expect all the horrors of an invasion. By many, these reports were not credited; but by the Duke of Newcastle they were fully believed in. This new complication springing up on the political horizon at such an unfortunate

moment, was not to be lightly treated. Frequent, therefore, were the consultations between his Grace and his brother, Mr. Pelham—the “my brother” who figures so often in his correspondence—and still more frequent were the letters that passed between him and Scotland.

Affairs in the North were at this time conducted by six important persons. Lord Tweeddale was the Scottish Secretary of State in London. The celebrated Duncan Forbes, whose name will never die as long as Scotland values patriotism, uprightness, and humanity, was the Lord President of the Court of Session. Andrew Fletcher, Lord Milton, an able man, and indefatigable in the Hanoverian cause, was Lord Justice Clerk. William Grant was the Lord Advocate. Sir John Cope, whose military shortcomings have earned an unenviable notoriety in Jacobite song, was the Commander-in-Chief. Whilst last, but not least, the Duke of Argyle, whose services in 1715 had been so basely ignored by the Government, exercised that influence in all the departments which was due to his high rank and previous experiences. The moment had now come when the united ability of this Council of Six was to be called forth and its energies tested to the utmost.

On the 1st of August the Duke of Newcastle had written to the Duke of Argyle that he had received a letter from Lord Harrington, his brother secretary, stating * “that the king had undoubted intelligence

* State Papers, Scotland, Aug. 1, 1745.

that the resolution was actually taken at the Court of France to attempt immediately an invasion of his Majesty's British dominions. This intelligence came through such a channel that they have not the least doubt of it. . . Our advices, for some time past, from the ports and the coast of France, show that steps are actually taking to put that design in execution. My Lord Harrington wrote immediately, by the king's order, to the Duke of Cumberland to have a body of troops ready to send here in case of necessity, and we have been using our utmost endeavours to get together a good squadron in the Channel (though I am very sorry to say we have made but little progress in it as yet), which is to be commanded by Admiral Vernon. His Majesty has been so good as to declare that if the scheme of an invasion should go on, and that it should be thought absolutely necessary for the public service that he should return immediately to England, he would begin his journey on the first notice. In answer to which I wrote to my Lord Harrington on Friday last, in the name of his Majesty's servants here, humbly to entreat his Majesty not to defer putting those, his gracious intentions, in execution. All this happened before Sunday last, when we had an account from Mr. Trevor that Van Hoey [the ambassador of the Netherlands at Paris], had despatched an express to the States acquainting them that the Pretender's eldest son embarked on the 15th of July, *n.s.*, at Nantes, on board a ship of about sixty guns, attended

by a frigate loaded with arms for a considerable number of men, and that it was universally believed that they were gone for Scotland. . . This account was laid before the Lord Justices on Tuesday last, and it was thought necessary that my Lord Tweeddale should immediately send directions to Sir John Cope to assemble the troops in proper places, and to order the dragoon horses to be taken up from grass. Sir John Cope is also to concert with the Lord Justice Clerk and the Lord Advocate what may be proper to be done for securing the public peace and tranquility, and disappointing these designs. . . We have this day signed a proclamation offering £30,000 for apprehending the Pretender's son in case he should land in any part of his Majesty's dominions."

In these days of steam and electricity, when a speech delivered by a leading statesman at the Wick Burghs can be read within a few hours in a remote Cornish manor house, it is difficult to understand how so important an event as the landing of a rival Prince on our own shores, should have given rise for any length of time to doubt and conflicting statements. And yet for many days the fact of Charles' arrival in Scotland was denied in Edinburgh, though it seems to have been pretty well credited in London. "I cannot believe," writes the Lord-Advocate to Tweeddale on the 6th of August,* "the intelligence you have of his being actually landed." "It is possible that this piece of intelligence may not be true," says the Lord

* State Papers, Scotland, 1745.

Justice Clerk the following day.* “I consider the report as improbable,” writes the Lord President† on the 8th of August, “because I am confident that young man cannot with reason expect to be joined by any considerable force in the Highlands. Some loose, lawless men of desperate fortunes may, indeed, resort to him. But I am persuaded that none of the Highland gentlemen who have aught to lose, will, after the experience with which the year 1715 furnished them, think proper to risk their fortunes in an attempt which to them might appear desperate, especially as so many considerable families have lately altered their sentiments.” And even when Charles was quietly ensconced in the house of Kinloch Moidart and counting the days that intervened before the raising of his standard, we find Tweeddale on the 13th of August‡, still cautiously writing to Lord Harrington, whilst enclosing intelligence from Scotland, “though it does not yet appear absolutely certain from these informations that the Pretender’s son is actually landed there, yet they confirm in general the first intelligence we received.” Three days later he gravely writes, § “Upon the whole I am of opinion that it is probable the Pretender’s son may be landed in Scotland.” Only probable even then! Nay, Charles had assembled his men, and was marching south, and still Tweeddale|| thought it prudent to put himself in communication with the Lord Justice Clerk in order

* State Papers, Scotland, 1745.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Ibid.*

§ *Ibid.*

|| *Ibid.*, Aug. 29, 1745.

to obtain "more particular accounts as to the young Pretender himself, since there are several letters in town absolutely contradicting the accounts sent to the Government here from Scotland, of his ever having landed there." Certainly those who administered the affairs of Scotland at that time cannot be congratulated upon their expedition in receiving or circulating intelligence.

Whilst these nebulous statements were being passed to and fro, Government thought it proper to take precautionary measures. Sir John Cope was ordered to dispose of his forces as he deemed best, to secure the forts and garrisons in the Highlands, and to take the dragoon horses from grass.* The Lord President, doubtful whether this rumour of an invasion was true or not, hurried down to his seat in Inverness-shire, and used all his influence to confirm the well-affected and awe the Jacobites. He entered into communication with the Earl of Sutherland, Lord Reay, Sir Alexander Macdonald, the Laird of Macleod, and with the chieftains of the Grants and Munros. All these promised, when occasion required, adherence to the Government of King George. He then agitated the question of obtaining commissions for the raising of twenty companies, and put himself actively in communication with Whitehall. By his industry and ability he was the most formidable enemy the House of Stuart at this time possessed.

But the Duke of Newcastle, especially as matters

* Tweeddale to Cope, Aug. 2, 1745. State Papers, Scotland.

on the Continent were not so happy as had been expected, refused to be comforted. "Your Grace will allow me to assure you in confidence," he writes to Argyll* "that I never was in so much apprehension as I am at present . . . the loss of all Flanders, and that of Ostend (which I am afraid must soon be expected) will, we apprehend, from the great superiority of the French in Flanders, be soon followed by some embarkation from Ostend or Dunkirk, or both. And there is reason to believe that the French and Spanish ships which are now in the Western ports of France, and in the Bay of Biscay (amounting to between twenty or thirty, twenty of which are of the line) may be intended to support the embarkation either by coming up the Channel where at present we have not a squadron sufficient to oppose them. Or (as I find is apprehended by some), by coming north, about Scotland to Ostend. Seven French men-o'-war sailed from Brest about five weeks ago. It is thought possible they may be somewhere lying to the westward to wait there till Ostend shall be in the hands of the French, and then proceed round Scotland thither. We are getting our ships ready, and I hope we shall soon have a tolerable squadron in the Channel. But if the French should come north about, they might surprise us. We are sending transports for 10,000 men to Campveer and Flushing, in order to bring part of our army from Flanders, if it should be necessary for the defence of this kingdom."

* Newcastle to Argyll, Aug. 14, 1745. *State Papers, Scotland*

Frequent as were the appeals from Whitehall to Edinburgh, the Government was anything but prompt in following the advice of the Duke of Argyll, the Lord President, and the Lord Justice Clerk. By the Act for disarming the clans, the friends of the Hanoverian cause in the Highlands were rendered useless for an emergency like the present. The disaffected clans, as I have said, had managed to evade the Act by secreting their serviceable arms, whilst the well-affected had on the contrary given up their weapons unreservedly. Should a struggle therefore ensue, the clans attached to the House of Hanover would be powerless to assist the Government unless the Act was suspended, and they were again permitted to bear arms. The advisers in Edinburgh repeatedly urged the Ministry to adopt such a course, and give "legal strength to the friends of the Government in the Highlands." "It is men, money, and ammunition;" writes the Lord Justice Clerk,* "it is *timely* and *properly arming* the King's friends and faithful subjects that can only resist the enemies of the Government in time of invasion." A fortnight later† he again mentions the subject, and offers it as his opinion that regular troops will be useless in the inaccessible parts "without the help of the friends of the Government, who remain *still without arms or power to make use of them.*" The Duke of Argyll, the Lord President, and the Lord Advocate reiterated

* Letter to Tweeddale, Aug. 4, 1745. State Papers, Scotland.

† *Ibid.*, Aug. 18.

the same advice, and yet, as we shall see, weeks elapsed before proper attention was paid to their remonstrances.

Meanwhile Sir John Cope had received instructions from Tweeddale to set out at once for the rendezvous of the rebels. Having concentrated his troops near Stirling, he proposed to begin his march into the Highlands on the very day that Charles had chosen to unfurl his standard at Glenfinnan. His forces, however, were not very formidable—barely 3000 men—two regiments of dragoons, Gardiner's and Hamilton's, three newly-raised regiments, several companies of a Highland regiment under Lord Loudoun near Inverness, and a few troops in the garrison. As the numbers of the followers of the Prince had been grossly exaggerated, there were those in Edinburgh who thought the commander-in-chief might meet with more difficulties than his light-hearted advisers anticipated. It may also be that Cope, who was one of those dull officers whom routine and interest promote to a conspicuous position, as if for the purpose of proving their utter unfitness for the advancement, did not inspire the fullest confidence in his proceedings. "I pity poor him," writes Horace Walpole,* "who with no shining abilities, and no experience, and no forces, was sent to fight for a crown. He never saw a battle but that of Dettingen, where he got his red ribbon. Churchill, whose led captain he was, and my Lord Harrington, have posted him up to this misfortune."

* *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 68.

That in Cope's setting out to engage the Prince there was the possibility of failure, is plainly seen from the correspondence between Edinburgh and the Government.

"Sir John Cope will march as he is ordered," (in the direction of Fort Augustus), writes Argyll to Newcastle,* "though I am not sure *that such a march is practicable*; for if the rebels can come near with the numbers they say they were to have this day at the setting up their standard, the advantage those Highlanders will have in the mountains inaccessible to regular troops, *may produce a very bad effect*; and if they can actually defeat him in an action, I fear that very few of all the men he has with him can escape to the Low Country. In that case they will immediately have possession of all Scotland. On the other side, if he can arrive at Fort Augustus with the 1500 foot he has with him, it will cast a great damp on the rebellion, though, even in that case, he cannot pursue them through the mountains without Highlanders, the raising of which," he continues sorely, "is criminal till the militia is called out by royal authority, and arms must be delivered to them before they can act. As to all this the time is far spent."

"Sir John Cope," writes the Lord Justice Clerk to Tweeddale,† "will have no small difficulty in getting at the rebels with regular troops in so inaccessible a country, or preventing them from *getting betwixt him and the Low Country* without the help of the friends

* State Papers, Scotland, Aug. 19, 1745.

† *Ibid.*, Aug. 19.

of the Government, who remain still without arms, or power to make use of them."

"I hope you will forgive me," says the Lord Advocate to the same,* "to suggest it, *that if any rub should happen to Sir John Cope, and the chance is the greater that his troops are but new raised*, and he is not very well supported with many officers of rank or of military experience. . . . I hope his Majesty's servants will not grudge some expense to make provision even *for the worst and most unexpected events*."

The Commander-in-Chief, however, did not share these fears. He believed that his sudden march to the mountains would throw the enemy into the greatest consternation, and that on his route his ranks would be swelled by hundreds of eager volunteers. His preparations were being busily carried out. Bread and biscuit were largely baked at Perth and Stirling for the troops. Orders were sent for the two companies of Lord John Murray's regiment to join the main army. At the foot of the Highlands Cope was to be met by eight companies of infantry stationed at Perth. Perth and the surrounding country were to be protected by four troops of dragoons, whilst several regiments of cavalry were to be quartered in the neighbourhood of the capital. Lord Loudoun's troops were ordered to keep watch about Inverness, and arms had been sent to that garrison. Some artillery had also been despatched to Stirling.†

* State Papers, Scotland, Aug. 22, 1745.

† Cope to Tweeddale, Aug. 10. State Papers, Scotland, 1745.

All these arrangements completed, save the arrival of the troops he had asked for the protection of Edinburgh, Sir John quitted the capital in the early morning of the 19th with some 1500 men, his two regiments of dragoons, and a vast quantity of baggage, and the following day entered Stirling. Here, as forage was difficult to obtain, and cavalry would be useless in the mountains, he left his dragoons behind for the protection of the Lowlands. After a couple of days' easy marching he reached Crieff, and now it was that he began to perceive the difficulties of his expedition. Expecting to be joined by the loyal youth of the parts he passed through, he had brought an extra thousand stand of arms for these recruits of the future. To his astonishment not a volunteer presented himself, and as the additional arms were found to be very cumbersome, he contented himself with only retaining a quarter of their number, "in hopes of some few more men of Lord Loudoun's and some of the Duke of Athol's" entering his ranks, and sent the remainder back to Stirling.* On the 22nd he arrived at Amolrie, where he was forced to encamp for the night, "though I did intend to go further," he writes to Tweeddale; "but the difficulty of getting horses to march at daylight, and they, being weak, keep the men so long on the march that I must leave many behind (which I can't well afford) if I made long marches."† Five days afterwards he reached Dalwhinnie, having encountered no slight difficulties in his march from the want of horses

* Cope to Tweeddale, Aug. 22. State Papers, Scotland, 1745. † *Ibid.*

to carry provisions. His zeal was also greatly cooled from the fact of "not one single man having joined him since he set out." "Nothing," he writes to Col. Guest, who then was in the command of the castle at Edinburgh,* "but the strongest orders received at Edinburgh, and since received at Crieff would have prevailed with me to have come further than Crieff; but I had no choice left me to make, therefore," adds he, as if coming events were casting their shadows before, "consequences I am not accountable for." Here matters for the first time in the campaign looked serious.

In the meantime the Prince had not been idle. As soon as he heard of the advance of Cope, he began his march south eager for the contest, and determined to anticipate the tactics of his foe. Resolved not to imitate the dilatory policy of Mar in the '15, he was anxious to strike whilst the iron was hot, and to take every advantage of the *élan* and new-born ardour of his men. His troops, increased by the clansmen of Glengarry the younger and by the Grants of Glenmorrison, now numbered nearly 2000 men, and were all keen for conflict. On hearing of the proclamation which set a price upon his head, Charles had at first refused to retaliate. In his eyes—always accustomed to view matters in an amiable and humane light—such a proceeding was "unusual among Christian Princes," and he had no intention of imitating so "infamous an example." But at last he found it necessary to

* State Papers, Scotland, Aug. 27, 1745.

comply with the wishes of those around him. Accordingly, from his camp at Kinlocheil a counter-proclamation was issued in the name of the "Regent of the Kingdoms of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland," and signed by the secretary Murray. It ran as follows:—

"Whereas we have seen a certain scandalous and malicious paper published in the style and form of a proclamation, bearing date the 1st instant, wherein, under pretence of bringing us to justice like our royal ancestor, Charles the First, of blessed memory, there is a reward of £30,000 sterling promised to those who shall deliver us into the hands of our enemies. We could not but be moved with a just indignation at so insolent an attempt. And though from our nature and principle we abhor and detest a practice so unusual amongst Christian Princes, we cannot but out of a just regard to the dignity of our person promise the like reward of £30,000 sterling to him or them who shall seize and secure till our further orders the person of the Elector of Hanover, whether landed or attempting to land in any of his Majesty's dominions. Should any fatal accident happen from hence, let the blame be entirely at the door of those who first set the infamous example." *

About the same time as the issue of the proclamation, those chiefs who had taken the field under the banner of the Prince, drew up an Association, pledging themselves never to abandon Charles whilst

* State Papers, Domestic, August 22, 1745.

he remained in the realm, and never to lay down their arms or make peace without his express consent. One great Laird, however, still refused his open adherence. Of all the Highland chieftains none, from his rank and the number of vassals which he could bring into the field, possessed greater influence than the notorious Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat. In addition to his own clan, which he kept in a high state of military discipline, he exercised no little authority over the Laird of Cluny, his son-in-law, and chief of the Macphersons; over the Macintoshes, the Farquarsons, and the other clans in the neighbourhood of Inverness. It was very natural therefore that the Prince should be anxious to secure his fealty. But Lovat aimed at steering that middle course, by which the cunning and the unscrupulous so love to attain their ends. Discontented with the Government for depriving him of his Independent company, he had long declared his intention of embracing the cause of the House of Stuart. Anxious to become Duke of Fraser and Lord Lieutenant of the shire of Inverness, he had made a bargain with James, when signing himself as an adherent in 1740, that, provided those honours were conferred on him, he would uphold his cause. Accordingly when the Prince lay at Invergarry, Lovat despatched one Fraser of Gortuleg, his especial confidant, to beg for the patent of the Dukedom and the lieutenancy which King James had promised him. But the cannie chieftain, though he was anxious that the promise made to him should be fulfilled, had no intention—until matters

assumed a more definite form—of carrying out his own stipulations. He expressed his heartfelt loyalty for the cause of the Prince, but deeply regretted that his age and infirmities would not permit him at present to assemble his clan. As Sir Walter Scott puts it, he wanted the bait without any chance of being caught by the hook. But he was a bite worth playing, and the bait was given him. And so standing in this slippery middle position, he amused himself for a time by reaching out to both sides. Now he was offering his services to the Prince, and mourning that all that he could give at present in the great cause were his prayers; and then in the same breath was writing to the Lord President, calling Charles “a mad and unaccountable gentleman,” and vowing his “zeal and attachment for his Majesty’s Government.” Such duplicity seldom fails to meet with its own reward, and the subsequent fate of Lord Lovat proves no exception to the rule.

Fortunately for the Prince the men under his command were made of truer stuff than he who was the chieftain of the Frasers. The clans who followed the fortunes of the silken banner that had been raised in the valley of Glenfinnan, were heart and soul as brave and single-minded an army as ever wooed the dangers of battle. Impressed with the righteousness of their cause, and inspired by no mean or mercenary ambition, they exchanged the peace of their mountain homes for the most terrible rigours of the law, in order that the royal rights which they held were the

due of him who had landed in their midst, should be asserted and restored. They knew that the odds were heavy against them, but never once did disloyalty rise within their stalwart breasts; on the contrary, they counted the hours until they should meet face to face their Lowland foes, and prove their superiority in the field. At last they believed the long looked for moment had arrived.

On the morning of the 26th of August, the Prince reached Aberchalder, within three miles of Fort Augustus, and halted for the evening. Scouts and deserters now told him that Cope was approaching Dalwhinnie, and that an engagement in the hills would be inevitable. Much, therefore, depended upon gaining the command of the situation. Before him lay the steep mountain of Corryarrack, with its tortuous paths winding their difficult way to the broken crest of the hill. Intersected by deep ravines, and flanked by huge boulders of rock, the rugged sides of the mountain offered excellent protection to sharpshooters, whilst the points where a safe ambush could be lodged were innumerable. At this time the pass over the Corryarrack was the chief means of communication between the Eastern and Western Highlands, and to secure such a position was therefore a matter of extreme importance. Cope with his men would have to scale the south side of the mountain; Charles the north side; the struggle would thus, in all probability, take place in the pass, and the Corryarrack be another Thermopylæ. The Prince, fully alive to his

situation, and aware that promptness in his measures might give him a most appreciable advantage, resumed his march early next morning, and hastened to ascend the hill on the northern side. He was full of hope at the coming contest, and while pulling on a new pair of Highland brogues, said in great glee, "Before I throw these off, I shall fight with Mr. Cope!"

As he toiled up the base of the mountain, he sent on Macdonald of Lochgarry and Secretary Murray to reconnoitre the position of the enemy, and to give timely warning. It was expected that the two armies would come into collision about midday. But what was the astonishment of the Prince, when, instead of hearing it reported that the zigzag paths on the south were thronged with redcoats, he learnt that the view in front was wrapped in silence and solitude; that not an English soldier was visible, and that deserters had just brought in the intelligence that Cope had altered his tactics and was in full march for Inverness! From the top of the hill the panting Highlanders gazed on the desolate plain below with feelings in which disappointment and congratulation were struggling for the mastery. They had been prepared for battle, and were eager for the fray, but they had never expected an English general would hold their numbers in dread and beat a retreat. And the more they dwelt on the strangeness of the fact, the more they felt that such a flight was a compliment to their prowess, which even victory itself could not have offered. With a cheer they threw their bonnets into

the air, and like hunters baffled of their prey, called unanimously to follow the retreating commander and force him to fight. But prudence waited upon enthusiasm, and after a council among the chiefs, it was resolved to leave the English general unpursued, and to march at once upon the unprotected Lowlands.

To return to Cope. Shortly after reaching Dalwhinnie, he heard that the Highlanders were in possession of the pass of the Corryarrack, and he was at a loss how to proceed. To attack an irregular army, accustomed to mountain warfare, posted in a defile, was ridiculous. To reach Fort Augustus by the pass in front of him was, as he wrote to General Guest, simply to court the utter destruction of his troops.* To return to Stirling would be ignominious. To remain where he was would be culpable inactivity. He had heard that his foes were far more in number than he had been led to expect, and now they were entrenched in a commanding position. What should he do? In the multitude of counsellors there was wisdom. He would call a council of war.

His chief officers assembled in his tent, and he laid before them the situation of affairs. Whoever had informed him either of the movements or the condition of the enemy it is evident had grossly exaggerated matters. He began by saying that on each side of the Corryarrack there were 400 men lying concealed ready to spring upon the King's troops as soon as they entered the pass. Every winding of the zigzag path in

* State Papers, Scotland, Aug. 27, 1745.

front of them was commanded by the enemy's cannon ; thus an ascent could only be made in the very teeth of hidden guns, and under a terribly rakish fire. At the base of the mountain were 800 men waiting in concealment to attack the rear of the troops ; on the summit, entrenched as in a fortress, were some 1600 ; whilst at Snugborough a large force was assembled ready for attack. Moreover, all the bridges over the deep ravines and mountain torrents were cut down. Under these circumstances, it was nothing short of madness to march to Fort Augustus by the Corryarrack. What course did they advise ? To fall back upon Stirling would only encourage the disaffected in the north who as yet had not taken up arms. To remain here or at Garviemore would not prevent the enemy marching into the Lowlands, as they could go by other routes—by the head of Loch Tay for instance. In his opinion they should proceed at once to Inverness. His advice was taken.*

Nothing more clearly proves the incapacity of Cope for the position he held than his conduct on this occasion. It is extremely doubtful whether, with his small force, he should ever have suggested a march into the Highlands. The formation of a camp at Stirling, a few men-of-war stationed in the Forth to prevent the Prince crossing the estuary, and troops sent by sea to Inverness and further north to raise the well affected would have perhaps been a more prudent course to adopt. But having once marched

* State Papers, Scotland, Aug. 27, 1745. Council of War at Dalwhinnie.

towards the Highlands, nothing short of actual defeat should have made him relinquish his purpose. That he was right in not courting an engagement in a mountain pass is evident, but had he remained in the neighbourhood of Dalwhinnie, he could either have given battle on his own terms, or have been content with hemming the Prince in, and making him suffer from the want of money and provisions. In starting for Inverness, he certainly adopted the worst of the three courses open to him.* "The military men here are of opinion," writes Tweeddale to the Lord President,† "that though it might not have been fit for His Majesty's service for Sir John Cope to attack the rebels when they were posted on the Corryarrack, or that it was even practicable for him to have marched that way to Fort Augustus after they were possessed of that pass, yet they think that he ought to have stayed somewhere about Dalwhinnie; and in that case it would not have been easy for the rebels to have made such a progress into the south before him."

For thus deserting his position, Cope has been branded a coward and a traitor. Yet he erred neither from timidity nor from treachery; he was a plain stupid soldier, with courage enough to follow, and capacity [enough to fill a subordinate post, but utterly unsuited for the position and responsibility of command. Like many of his class, he was so burdened by the authority entrusted

* *Tales of a Grandfather*, vol. iii. p. 174.

† Sept. 10, 1745. *Culloden Papers*, p. 399.

to him, and so fearful of failure, that he deemed an engagement only justifiable when victory was reduced to the most perfect certainty. Believing that the enemy greatly outnumbered him—as the Highlanders themselves believed that he greatly outnumbered them—he considered it good generalship to hasten to Inverness in order to swell his ranks with the well-affected clans, and then to give battle to the foe, which he believed would never do otherwise than follow him in the same direction. He little thought that, whilst his red coats remained in their rear, the Highlanders would dare to descend upon the Lowlands. He was mistaken.

Charles was not slow to take advantage of the retreat of the English General. After an unsuccessful attempt to surprise the barracks of Ruthven, he marched at once southward upon Garviesmore. Two days carried him through the passes of Badenoch, and on the third his men looked down upon the fertile vale of Athol, spread out before them like a map. Ere the month of August had come to a close, he was entertained at Blair Castle by his aged follower, Tullibardine, whose younger brother, the Duke of Athol, hastily fled at the approach of the insurgents. "He stayed some time at the Duke of Athol's," writes Horace Walpole,* "whither old Marquis Tullibardine sent to bespeak dinner; and has since sent his brother word that he likes the alterations made there. The Prince found pine apples there, the first he ever

* Letters, vol. ii. p. 62.

tasted." Whilst Charles remained here more than one Jacobite of note hastened to his standard. Viscount Strathallan and his son; Oliphant of Gask and his son; Mr. Murray, the brother of Lord Dunmore; John Roy Stewart, and others eagerly pressed themselves into his service. Strengthened by these new allies, he resumed his march, and in the soft light of an early September evening entered the walls of the ancient city of Perth.

On his march, the Prince had again made overtures to Lovat, but the old chief thought it still better to play his waiting game. He was not yet sure how far the tactics of the Prince would be crowned with success. It was true that the Highland clans were rallying in numbers round the exiled line, captivated by the fascination of its young chief; but it was also true that the Lord President was busy in the North raising independent companies, and soliciting government for arms. He did not, therefore, yet know how matters would turn out; but though he was pursuing a double and neutral policy, he was at the same time preparing to throw his weight on to the winning side. Meanwhile Charles had gained an important acquisition in the person of Macpherson of Cluny, Lovat's son-in-law, who had been carried off prisoner at Ruthven. Cluny had been appointed by the government Captain of one of the independent companies, but after a few interviews with the Prince, renounced his Hanoverian allegiance, and swore fealty to the Stuarts. As an excuse for this transfer of sentiment,

he admitted that the personal pleading of Charles was so irresistible that, "even an angel could not resist such soothing close application!" His adherence was no light thing, for his clan was among the most civilized in the Highlands, whilst he himself was a man of both sense and activity, and exercised a control over his vassals such as no chief then possessed.*

At Perth Charles was met by the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, the two most important accessions to his strength which he had yet received. As a mark of his appreciation both were created Lieutenant-Generals in his service. The Duke of Perth was grandson of James, fourth Earl of Perth, who, on following James the Second to France, had been created Duke of Perth. He had been educated in France, and his manners bore all those signs of breeding for which the court of Versailles and the halls at Marli were then famous. A man of much amiability of character and command of temper, he was yet too young and too unskilled for the position in the field which the Prince had been pleased to confer on him. Shortly after the landing at Moidart a warrant had been issued for his apprehension, though he was then living quietly at Drummond Castle, as it was well known that his proclivities were in favour of the exiled family. Fortunately, by a clever piece of presence of mind, he managed to effect his escape, and withdrew to the

* Account of the Clans, by Murray of Broughton. State Papers, Domestic, Aug. 22, 1746.

neighbouring Highlands, where he remained concealed, in spite of all the vigilance of the government, until the approach of Charles, whom he hastened to meet with some 200 men he had succeeded in raising. In the opinion of his enemies Perth did not stand very high. Horace Walpole* calls him "a silly race-horsing boy;" whilst Tweeddale, in commenting upon his escape from Drummond Castle, writes to Lord Harrington, that "as he is a man of so little spirit, and has no great following in the Highlands, he cannot be of any great consequence."†

Lord George Murray was a very different man. He was both an able and experienced soldier, and undoubtedly the best officer the Prince possessed. Like his brother, the Marquis of Tullibardine, his sentiments were Stuart, and he had been engaged in the affair of 1715. He had also been present at the battle of Glenshiel, in 1719, and subsequently served for some years in the Sardinian army. On being pardoned by the government, he married, and passed his days quietly upon his property; but on the invasion of the Prince, his old feelings of loyalty became as vivid as ever, and he hastened to join his young master on the war path. Unfortunately, the adherence of Lord George was not an unmixed advantage. Conscious of his military capacity and of his past services, he held in no little contempt the rude simple men who called themselves his brother officers, many of whom could not even relieve guard without making blunders which would

* Letters, vol. ii. p. 69.

† State Papers, Scotland, Aug. 9, 1745.

draw a smile from the rawest recruit. Thus his military superiority, coupled with a hot and haughty temper, led him often into collision with those around him. Almost from the very first day of his assuming command a jealousy sprung up between him and the Duke of Perth, and throughout the campaign an ill-timed rivalry was ever at work between the two. Nor was this all. As Lord George made himself as personally objectionable in the council chamber as he did in the field, he soon created a party hostile to him. Murray of Broughton and Sir Thomas Sheridan were the two who became his most bitter enemies. It so happened that some years ago Lord George had asked for a commission in the British army, but had been refused; Murray accordingly took every opportunity of poisoning Charles against his new lieutenant, by insinuating that he was not so zealous in the good cause as he should be, and so far effected his purpose that the Prince, in spite of all the services rendered him by Lord George, never quite believed in the sincerity of his Lieutenant's devotion.

"Lord George Murray," writes the Chevalier de Johnstone, "possessed a natural genius for military operations, and was a man of surprising talents; which, had they been cultivated by the study of military tactics, would unquestionably have rendered him one of the greatest generals of his age. He was tall and robust, and brave in the highest degree; conducting the Highlanders in the most heroic manner, and always the first to rush sword in hand into the

midst of the enemy. He used to say, when we advanced to the charge, "I do not ask you to go before but merely to follow me." He slept little, was continually occupied with all manner of details, and was altogether most indefatigable, combining and directing alone all our operations; in a word, he was the only person capable of conducting our army. He was vigilant, active, and diligent; his plans were always judiciously formed, and he carried them promptly and vigorously into execution. However, with an infinity of good qualities, he was not without his defects. Proud, haughty, blunt, and imperious, he wished to have the exclusive ordering of everything; and feeling his superiority, he would listen to no advice. Still it must be owned that he had no coadjutor capable of advising him, and his having so completely the confidence of his soldiers, enabled him to perform wonders. He possessed the art of employing men to advantage without having had time to discipline them; but taking them merely as they came from the plough, he made them defeat some of the best disciplined troops in the world. Nature had formed him for a great warrior;—he did not require the accidental advantage of birth."

At Perth Charles remained a week. Here he spent his time in drilling his newly raised troops, and adding to his exhausted exchequer, by levying the cess and public revenue in those towns—Dundee, Montrose, and the Lowland towns north of the Tay—where his authority dared not be disputed. The gaols were

forced open and the prisoners set free. Parties were sent throughout Angus and Fife to proclaim King James VIII., and busily enlisted followers. At the same time Charles was exercising his social qualities and winning golden opinions on every side. He was courteous to all, and permitted no theft or rapine to take place without swift punishment visiting the offender. A fair being held in Perth at this time, he granted passports to all strangers, protecting their persons and goods from violence or depredation. Balls were given in his honour, and the Prince, well trained by the handsome beauties of Rome and Venice, soon obtained the verdict of the fair sex in his favour. But still aware that grave work, and not amusement, was his chief duty, he never allowed the charms of society to interfere with his heavier labours. Indeed he offended more than one fair dame by neglecting her charms for a military inspection. Whenever he rode through the town he was greeted by loud huzzas, and the inhabitants struggled amongst themselves to obtain a good view of him. As for his followers the more they saw of him the more they idolised him. "His fine person, his affability, and, above all, his putting on the Highland dress; marching at the head of his infantry, and being the first to plunge into any river they were to pass, charmed them to such a degree, that I believe there was scarce a man among them that would not have readily run on certain death, if by it his cause might have received any advantage; but as their lives were of much greater service, they testified their love

and admiration of him by huzzas and acclamations that even rent the sky whenever they saw him, and by making songs in his praise, and singing them among themselves when they saw him not." *

It was whilst staying at Perth that the Prince penned the following encouraging letter to his father, who was watching keenly the progress of his son :—

"Since my landing, everything has succeeded to my wishes. It has pleased God to prosper me hitherto even beyond my expectations. I have got together thirteen hundred men ; and am promised more brave determined men, who are resolved to die or conquer with me. The enemy marched a body of regular troops to attack me, but when they came near they changed their mind, and, by taking a different route and making forced marches, have escaped to the north, to the great disappointment of my Highlanders ; but I am not at all sorry for it—I shall have the greater glory in beating them when they are more numerous and supported by their dragoons.

"I have occasion to reflect every day on your Majesty's last words to me, that I should find power, if tempered with justice and clemency, an easy thing to myself, and not grievous to those under me. 'Tis owing to the observance of this rule, and to my conformity to the customs of these people, that I have got their hearts, to a degree not to be easily conceived by those who do not see it. One who observes the discipline I have established, would take my little army

* "Genuine Memoirs of John Murray."

to be a body of picked veterans ; and, to see the love and harmony that reign amongst us, you would be apt to look on it as a large well-ordered family, in which every one loves another better than himself.

“ I keep my health better in these wild mountains than I used to do in the Campagna Felice, and sleep sounder, lying on the ground, than I used to do in the palaces of Rome.

“ There is one thing, and but one, in which I had any difference with my faithful Highlanders. It was about the price upon my kinsman’s head, which, knowing your Majesty’s generous humanity, I am sure will shock you, as it did me when I was shown the proclamation setting a price upon my head. I smiled and treated it with the disdain I thought it deserved ; upon which they flew into a violent rage, and insisted upon my doing the same by him. As this flowed solely from the poor men’s love and concern for me, I did not know how to be angry with them for it, and tried to bring them to temper by representing that it was a mean, barbarous principle among princes, and must dishonour them in the eyes of all men of honour ; that I did not see how my cousin’s having set me the example would justify me in imitating that which I blame so much in him. But nothing I could say would pacify them. Some went even so far as to say, ‘ Shall we venture our lives for a man who seems so indifferent of his own ? ’ Thus have I been drawn in to do a thing for which I condemn myself.

“ Your Majesty knows that in my nature I am

neither cruel nor revengeful; and God, who knows my heart, knows that if the prince who has forced me to this (for it is he that has forced me) was in my power, the greatest pleasure I could feel would be in treating him as the Black Prince treated his prisoner, the King of France—to make him ashamed of having shown himself so inhuman an enemy to a man for attempting a thing, whom he himself, if he had any spirit, would despise for not attempting.

“I beg your Majesty would be under no uneasiness about me. He is safe who is in God’s protection. If I die, it shall be, as I lived, with honour; and the pleasure I take in thinking I have a brother, in all respects more worthy than myself to support your just cause, and rescue my country from the oppression under which it groans (if it will suffer itself to be rescued), makes life more indifferent to me. As I know and admire the fortitude with which your Majesty has supported your misfortunes, and the generous disdain with which you have rejected all offers of foreign assistance, on terms which you thought dishonourable to yourself and injurious to your country; if bold but interested friends should at this time take advantage of the tender affection with which they know you love me, I hope you will reject their proposals with the same magnanimity you have hitherto shown, and leave me to shift for myself, as Edward the Third left his brave son, when he was in danger of being oppressed by numbers in the field. No, sir, let it never be said that, to save your son, you

injured your country. When your enemies bring in foreign troops, and you reject all foreign assistance on dishonourable terms, your deluded subjects of England must see who is the true father of his people. For my own part, I declare, once for all, that, while I breathe, I will never consent to alienate one foot of land that belongs to the crown of England, or set my hand to any treaty inconsistent with its sovereignty and independency. If the English will have my life, let them take it if they can ; but no unkindness on their part shall ever force me to do a thing that may justify them in taking it. I may be overcome by my enemies, but I will not dishonour myself ; if I die, it shall be with my sword in my hand, fighting for the liberty of those who fight against me.

“ I know there will be fulsome addresses from the different corporations of England ; but I hope they will impose upon none but the lower and more ignorant people. They will, no doubt, endeavour to revive all the errors and excesses of my grandfather’s unhappy reign, and impute them to your Majesty and me, who had no hand in them, and suffered most by them. Can anything be more unreasonable than to suppose that your Majesty, who is so sensible of, and has so often considered, the fatal errors of your father, would, with your eyes open, go and repeat them again ?

“ Notwithstanding the repeated assurance your Majesty has given in your declaration that you will not invade any man’s property, they endeavour to

persuade the unthinking people, that one of the first things they are to expect will be to see the public credit destroyed; as if it would be your interest to render yourself contemptible in the eyes of all the nations of Europe, and all the kingdoms you hope to reign over, poor at home and insignificant abroad. They no doubt try to frighten the present possessors of church and abbey lands with vain terrors, as if your Majesty's intention was to resume them all; not considering that you have lived too long in a Catholic country, and read the history of England too carefully, not to have observed the many melancholy monuments to be seen there of the folly of those pious princes, who, thinking to honour religion, have lessened it by keeping superstitious rites in the church, whereby they have insensibly raised up a power which has too often proved an over-match for their successors.

“I find it a great loss that the brave Lord Marischal is not with me. His character is very high in this country, and it must be so wherever he is known. I had rather see him than a thousand French, who if they should come only as friends to assist your Majesty in the recovery of your just rights, the weak people would believe came as invaders.

“There is one man in this country whom I could wish to have my friend, and that is the Duke of Argyle, who, I find, is in great credit amongst them, on account of his great abilities and quality, and has many dependents by his large fortune; but I am told

I can hardly flatter myself with the hopes of it. The hard usage which his family has received from ours, has sunk deep into his mind. What have those princes to answer for, who by their cruelties have raised enemies, not only to themselves but to their innocent children?

"I must not close this letter without doing justice to your Majesty's Protestant subjects, who, I find, are as zealous in your cause as the Roman Catholics, which is what Dr. Wagstaff has often told me I should find when I came to try them. I design to march to-morrow, and hope my next shall be from Edinburgh."*


The hope with which this letter concluded was not falsified. The English General on reaching Inverness was deeply hurt at finding his tactics so completely frustrated by the descent of the Highlanders. Aware how unprotected was the condition of Edinburgh, he at once assembled his men and marched straight for Aberdeen, where he intended to embark and sail south as swiftly as the winds would carry him to defend the capital. For this purpose he wrote to the Lord-Advocate, desiring that 2000 tonnage of shipping should be despatched from the Forth, for the purpose of transporting the troops on their arrival at Aberdeen. But various difficulties encountering him on the line of march, he was not able to make the rapid progress he expected. The officials at Edinburgh, now fully alarmed, wrote, urging him to hasten south

* Stuart Papers, Perth, Sept. 10, 1745.

persuade the unthinking people, that one of the first things they are to expect will be to see the public credit destroyed ; as if it would be your interest to render yourself contemptible in the eyes of all the nations of Europe, and all the kingdoms you hope to reign over, poor at home and insignificant abroad. They no doubt try to frighten the present possessors of church and abbey lands with vain terrors, as if your Majesty's intention was to resume them all ; not considering that you have lived too long in a Catholic country, and read the history of England too carefully, not to have observed the many melancholy monuments to be seen there of the folly of those pious princes, who, thinking to honour religion, have lessened it by keeping superstitious rites in the church, whereby they have insensibly raised up a power which has too often proved an over-match for their successors.

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[illegible]

border-lifting, availed themselves of what loot they came across, but that when opportunity offered they should have been so moderate in their theft, and so merciful in their behaviour.

Rapidly passing over ground every inch of which was fraught with memories of Scottish history,—Sheriffmuir, where thirty years before the Stuart cause had struggled for its rights—Stirling, whose every battlement spoke of sieges, victories, and surrenders—Bannockburn, where English and Scotch met face to face, and the Saxon had to bite the dust—Falkirk, on whose plains the great Wallace had been taught the bitter lesson of defeat and desertion—Linlithgow, in whose palace the unhappy wife of Darnley first saw the light, and on whose bridge Angus and Lennox waged mortal combat,—the Prince halted his men within a few easy miles of Edinburgh.



CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST VICTORY.

“The battle of Gladsmuir it was a noble stour,
And weel do we ken that our young Prince wan ;
The gallant Lowland lads, when they saw the tartan plaids,
Wheel'd round to the right, and away they ran :
For Master Johnnie Cope, being destitute of hope,
Took horse for his life, and left his men ;
In their arms he put no trust, for he knew it was just
That the King should enjoy his own again.”

NOTHING could exceed the consternation of the good people of Edinburgh at the progress of the Highlanders. At first the news of the invasion had been received with contempt and derision. It was an undertaking unworthy of serious attention, and would no sooner raise its rebellious head than be crushed in the bud. “The Highlanders,” sneered the Edinburgh Evening Courant, “were only a pitiful crew, good for nothing, and incapable of giving any reason for their proceedings, but talking only of tobacco, King James, the Regent, plunder, and new brogues.” But when such confident folk heard that Cope had refused to encounter this “pitiful crew,” and that the Prince had already reached Perth, matters assumed a more serious aspect. It was now thought advisable, however

contemptible might be the foe, to take some active measures to defend the city, and not to be entirely behindhand in preparations for resistance.

Such precautions were not premature. In a military point of view no town was worse protected than Edinburgh. It is true that it possessed defences, but these were of so ancient a character as to be useless in the hour of danger. A high solid wall enclosed the city from the West Port to the Potterrow Port, but though it looked a showy object of fortification, it was too narrow for mounting cannon, and, save at one or two points, exhibited neither turret nor redoubt from which the defensive line could be flanked or defended. In addition to this, it was out of repair in several places, and could be easily scaled from more than one spot. Nor were the gallant defenders of the city in a much more serviceable condition. By the name of Trained Bands, the different townspeople capable of bearing arms, had been from time to time embodied, and served with firelocks which were kept in the town's magazine. But no military discipline being maintained, this institution—like the late National Guard in France—was looked upon as a harmless corps, which had no other object in view than to display its military ardour on all festive but peaceful occasions. There were also the Town Guard, and a few volunteers; but except the two regiments of dragoons which Cope had left behind him for the protection of the Lowlands, no regular troops remained to dispute the passage of the Prince.

It was evident that if resistance was to be seriously thought of, there should be no time lost in making the needful preparations. A meeting was held and measures of defence passed. Volunteers were enrolled; fortifications were added to the walls under the direction of the celebrated M'Laurin, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh; cannon were mounted on available parts; the city guard was doubled, all the vessels in the Frith were brought over to the Edinburgh side, and the wheat stored in Leith was ordered to be housed in the capital.*

But careful as these measures were, the government in Scotland, which had never been blind to the dangers which faced them, still viewed matters very seriously. There were many in the city strongly in favour of the Prince, and who only hid their hopes under cover of the ridicule and irony with which they interrupted all means taken for the protection of the town. The Lord Provost himself was more than suspected of being a Jacobite. Should Cope therefore be anticipated by the arrival of the Highlanders, it would go hard in the present defenceless state of affairs with the Hanoverian cause in the north. The secret Jacobites lurking in the town and the neighbourhood, only wanted a little encouragement to proclaim openly their adherence. Let the Prince once gain possession of the capital, and Scotland would be his. Hundreds who now held back from fear, both in the north and the south, would hasten

* *Tales of a Grandfather*, vol. iii. p. 182. *State Papers, Scotland*. Lord-Advocate to Tweeddale, Sept. 5 and 10, 1745.

to join the ranks of him whom they regarded as their lawful liege, and whose name was so closely identified with the history of their country.

All this the Scottish Law officers represented to those who presided at Whitehall ; and yet the English cabinet took no pains to protect its interests across the Tweed. The Chieftains of the well-affected clans had written to Edinburgh begging that arms might be supplied to their people, and explaining under what disadvantages they laboured from the disarming clauses, but the Duke of Argyll and the Lord Justice Clerk had been forced to reply that they were powerless to act in the matter—they had expressed their views to the Ministry in London, but no attention had been paid either to their remonstrances or their advice ; the Chieftains must do the best they could. Still, in spite of the past, the Lord Justice Clerk determined to make one further appeal to those at the helm of government. It was not pleasant to keep on reiterating demands persistently refused, but high-minded men, anxious for the welfare of their country, never permit personal feelings to stand in the way of the national good.

“ Your lordship will be pleased to reflect,” he therefore writes to Lord Tweeddale,* “ on the state of this country at present at the beginning of this rebellious insurrection, which began about six weeks ago and at this hour is holding in dread the capital of this part of the kingdom. Scotland may be divided into two parts, the one disarmed and the other unarmed. By the

* State Papers, Scotland, Sept. 16, 1745.

former I mean the Highlands, and by the latter the Lowlands. The former produces as good a militia as any in Europe, the latter (with which your Lordship and I are most acquainted) are neighbourlike, but little accustomed to the use of arms till they are employed in a military manner. The Highlanders again may be divided into three classes. First, what I shall call the Whig clans, who have always borne that character since these names and distinctions were among us. Of this sort your lordship, and every one acquainted with this country, knows the chief are the Campbells, the Sutherlands, the Grants, the Monroes, the Mackays. The second class are the clans still professedly Jacobites, and who at this moment are giving proof of it, viz., the Camerons, the Macdonalds of Clanronald, Keppoch and Glengary, and a few more of lesser note. The third class is made up of those who were engaged in the late rebellion, but whereof the chiefs now profess and practise submission and obedience to the government. Among these may be accounted the Mackenzies, Macleods, Gordons, Macdonald of the Isles, *the behaviour of which last has been most exemplary and meritorious on this occasion.* By an act of the first of the late King, intituled 'An Act for the more effectual security of the peace of the Highlands,' the whole Highlanders, without distinction, are disarmed for ever and forbidden to use or bear arms under penalties. This Act has been found by experience to work the quite contrary effect from what was intended by it, and in reality proves a means for more effectually disturbing

the peace of the Highlands and of the rest of the kingdom, and His Majesty's government by and through those Highlands, and the cause of this operation is now plainly visible. For all the disaffected clans retain their arms, and either concealed them at the first disarming or have provided themselves since—at the same time that the dutiful and well-affected clans have merely submitted to this measure of the government and act of the legislature, and are still disarmed or have no quantity of firearms amongst them. The fatal effects of this difference at the time of a rebellious insurrection must be very obvious and but too clearly seen, and by us in this country felt at this hour: I pray God they be felt no further south. By that disarming act, as it stands, there is still room left for arming occasionally even the Highlands or prohibited countries, and this method reserved or excepted from the prohibition is, when by His Majesty's orders and out of his arsenal the people are called out, and armed by the Lord-Lieutenant of the counties, then they may lawfully wear and use such arms during such number of days and space of time as shall be expressed in His Majesty's orders." On this point the Lord Justice Clerk dilates at length, and urges Tweeddale to impress upon the government not only the necessity of arming the Whig clans, but also the Lowland militia in the southern and western counties. "If this had been done," he continues in a spirit of just indignation, "it is as clear as any moral demonstration to every man in Scotland that this, at first pitiful, and now ugly insur-

rection, would have been dissipated and crushed at once . . . instead of which, what do we see? Scotland seemingly reduced under the obedience of the Pretender! And by what force? The dregs and scum of two or three petty Highland gentlemen—the Camerons and a few tribes of Macdonalds!”

Meanwhile the “dregs and scum” were pushing on to Edinburgh. The King’s dragoons, who had been left behind by Cope, with a consistency which marked their movements throughout the campaign, rapidly retreated before the onward march of the troops of the Prince. In every quarter of the capital grave fears were entertained. All depended upon the movements of Cope. Would he be able to land his troops before the arrival of the Prince? That was the question. The secret Jacobites in the town were sanguine of their cause, and felt that, thanks to the rapid marching of the Highlanders, the English general was at a disadvantage. “I look upon Scotland as gone,” writes Horace Walpole.* “I think of what King William said to the Duke of Hamilton when he was extolling Scotland: ‘My lord, I only wish it was a hundred thousand miles off, and that you was king of it!’”

But at last it was resolved to stem the tide of rebellion. The dragoons of Colonel Gardiner were within three miles of the city, and had now summoned up courage to make a stand at a place called Corstorphine. The second regiment of dragoons, known as Hamilton’s, were quartered at Leith;

* Letters, vol. ii. p. 60.

orders were at once despatched for them to form a junction with Gardiner, and to collect as many volunteers, on their march through Edinburgh, as the town could supply. Hamilton did as he was requested. As the men rode through the city, loud were the huzzas that rang through the streets, whilst the volunteers, who hastily enrolled themselves under the cavalry colonel, aware that fair eyes beamed upon them from every casement, were brave with the pride that casts out cowardice. On marched the cavalry, clanking their swords and shouting that the Highlanders would soon get their deserts; on marched the volunteers, with colours flying, the band playing, and all the charms of the panoply of war, till the more fashionable parts of the town had been passed. But the courage that is animated by the presence of spectators is somewhat apt, when that presence is withdrawn, to ooze away. As the brave volunteers approached the city gates, and felt that they were about to engage in stern earnest with the furious Highlanders—the Highlanders whom report and romance depicted as the most awful of monsters, whom even regular troops feared!—they began to regard matters more from a personal than a patriotic point of view. The ranks became thinner and thinner as the march proceeded. One by one the men dropped off, till at last, when their gallant commander had passed the gates, and was about to inspect his courageous followers, a miserable dribble of some two dozen men only met his eye. It was, therefore,

thought better that this gallant remnant should be dismissed, and the cavalry proceed unsupported. The advice was acted upon.

But the example was infectious. On the morning of the 16th of September, General Fowkes, who had been appointed to supersede Gardiner, drew up his men near the north end of the Colt Bridge, which crosses the Water of Leith some two miles from Corstorphine. Here the troops remained in a fever of expectancy, and soon showed the stuff of which they were made. It so happened that the Prince, according to his wont, had despatched a party of mounted officers in advance to reconnoitre; these gentlemen, seeing a body of dragoons in their front, rode up, with a coolness which more than one Englishman must have then envied, and discharged their pistols almost in the faces of the cavalry. And now a most humiliating scene ensued. The dragoons, terrified beyond measure at the appearance of these few Highlanders, were seized with a sudden panic, and thrown into disorder; in vain their officers tried to rally them; commands or curses were powerless to restore courage, and at last every man turned tail, buried his spurs in his horse and fled for dear life. On they galloped in full view of the city they had vowed to defend, and of the inhabitants, whose cheers still seemed to resound, until they reached Leith. But even here they were not safe; a cry was raised that the Highlanders were at hand, and again the bold dragoons jumped into their saddles, and away they sped till

the folds of darkness overtook them, and the gates of Dunbar opened their welcome portals. Such was the "Canter of Coltbrigg"—perhaps the most contemptible instance of military cowardice that the annals of warfare have ever had to record.

The flight of the dragoons—the only regiment Cope had left for the defence of the capital—struck all in Edinburgh but the Jacobites with terror. A few short hours before a message had been delivered to the Provost, purporting to come from the Duke of Perth, stating that if the citizens surrendered, the town would be favourably treated, but that if any resistance was attempted, military execution must be expected. Crowds even then flocked to the Lord Provost, and begged him to yield up the town, and not to shed needless blood. But after the withdrawal of Gardiner and Hamilton's men, few advocated resistance. What means of defence, they said, had they but the City Guard, and a few newly raised recruits? The regular troops had fled: was it not madness to resist? Let the town be delivered up. Such advice was not perhaps unwelcome to the Jacobite Provost; but before acting he said he would assemble the magistracy and take the sense of the meeting. To assist him in his counsels he sent for the Lord Justice Clerk, the Lord-Advocate, and the Solicitor-General; but these important functionaries had wisely quitted the city, and were safely housed at Dunbar. However, in spite of their absence, the meeting was convened, and being packed with

Jacobites and terrified citizens, the cry for surrender was all but unanimous. The volunteers had been drawn up in the street, but as no one came forward to command them, they resolved to disembody themselves, and return their arms to the Castle magazine. This resolution was all the more agreeable as a report had just been spread that the Highlanders were close upon the town, and 16,000 strong.

And now, whilst stormy debate was agitating the Town Council, a letter was brought in from the Prince summoning the city to surrender, and declaring that if he were compelled to enter the place by force, it would go hard with those inhabitants who were under arms. The reception of this epistle only increased the cry against resistance, and after much confusion and rival advice, it was at last agreed that a deputation from the Town Council should be sent to the Prince, who had now taken up his quarters at Gray's Mill, within two miles of Edinburgh, and beg for the suspension of hostilities until the citizens had agreed upon the answer they should return. The members of the deputation were selected, and at once despatched upon their mission.

Shortly after the Prince's arrival at Gray's Mill, Lord Elcho, who had only waited until Charles approached Edinburgh to attach himself to his suite, entered his tent, and declared his adherence to the Stuart cause. Charles received him most cordially, and appointed him his first aide-de-camp, at the same time bidding him not take Lord George Murray into

his confidence, as he knew that Lord George had only joined him to betray him. On conversation becoming more and more confidential between the two, Charles informed his latest supporter that he was in great distress as regards money matters, not having even enough to pay his men. Elcho asked him how much he was in immediate want of. Charles replied that if he could have a sum of 1,500 guineas it would be now of the greatest service to him. It so happened that Lord Elcho, when expressing his intention of joining the Prince to his younger brother, who had inherited a large fortune from his maternal grandfather on taking the name of Charteris, had received from him the exact sum of 1,500 guineas as a present. Elcho now begged the Prince to accept this 1,500 guineas, saying that he was charmed to have it in his power to advance His Royal Highness the money, as there still remained with him some thousand guineas to carry on the campaign. Charles gladly availed himself of Lord Elcho's offer, and thanked his new adherent most warmly for his generosity.* We shall hear more than once of this loan.

Meanwhile the deputation, with all the speed of timidity, were wending their way to Gray's Mill. But now a new complication ensued. Scarcely had the selected suppliants quitted the city, than a report—long expected, but which hope had almost abandoned—circulated like wildfire through the town.

* MS. Journal of Lord Elcho.

It was said that the army of Sir John Cope had just arrived in the transports from Aberdeen, that the fleet was seen off Dunbar, and that the commander-in-chief intended to land his troops and march immediately to the relief of Edinburgh. At once a messenger was sent to recall the deputation, but he failed to overtake them. The council were in a quandary. They dare not adopt any strenuous measures for fear of giving the alarm in the camp of Charles, and having the members of their deputation hanged without ceremony. And yet to be idle at such a crisis was not possible. In another day Cope would enter the city; it was therefore important to use all means to hold out until his arrival. General Guest, who commanded the Castle, was asked to recall the dragoons, but he declined, saying it was better for the service that they should join Cope. The disaffected citizens now begged for a new supply of arms, but Guest, conscious of the irresolution of the volunteers, refused; he however said that the magistrates might arm those whom they could trust from the city's magazine. Whilst these demands were being raised, the deputation sent to the Prince returned. Their mission had not resulted in much good. The reply of Charles was, that before two o'clock in the morning he must have a positive answer to his summons. It was now past ten at night. Both parties, therefore, felt how important an element, in the proper conduct of their tactics, time was. To dally with the hours, the Town Council

resolved to despatch another deputation to entreat for a further suspension of hostilities and a longer time for deliberation. The deputation started off again for Gray's Mill; but this time they were refused admission to the Royal presence, and had to return without an answer. Little did they think what ends their return would further.

Charles, as well aware as the Town Council that time was everything, and also conscious that matters might soon arise which would render his summons for surrender difficult to enforce, had resolved to delay no longer, but steal a march upon the inhabitants of Edinburgh, and secure the city by a *coup de main*. Shrouded by the darkness of night, Lochiel and Secretary Murray, with five hundred Camerons, were sent stealthily forward to reconnoitre the town wall. Arriving at the Netherbow Port, which then closed the head of the Canongate, they halted, and lay in ambush ready for any opportunity that might arise. A piece of good fortune soon favoured them. The rejected deputation had just returned to the city in the same coach which had carried them into the enemy's camp; the driver had put down his fares and was leisurely driving home to his stables in the Canongate. It was necessary for him to pass through the Netherbow Port. He approached the gates utterly unconscious that a troop of Highlanders were secreted close to him, and knocked loudly. It was known by the porter that the coachman had been engaged that night in the service of the magistrates,

and without any ado the gates were opened, and the lumbering coach rolled through the archway. But visitors less peaceful also gained admission. The leaves of the gate had no sooner unfolded themselves, than the Camerons rushed in, when they easily disarmed the few watchmen, and secured the guard-house. The victory was as complete as it was simple. On the inhabitants of Edinburgh awaking a few hours later, they found that the Highlanders were masters of the city. And yet the capture of the town had been managed so quietly that no disturbance was created and no blood shed. As an instance of this it is recorded that a citizen of Edinburgh, taking his customary stroll round the walls on that eventful morning, observed a Highlander seated astride upon a cannon, waving his bare legs to and fro, and solemnly impressed with his duty as a sentinel. The astonished citizen approached him, and said that surely he and his fellows were not the same regiment which mounted guard yesterday? "Och no," replied the Cameronian coolly, "she pe releevèd!"

For this tame surrender of Edinburgh the Lord Provost Stewart, on the overthrow of the rebellion, was brought to trial for high treason. The Lord Advocate on the facts of the case being placed before him for his opinion thus sums up.* "What renders the conduct of Mr. Stewart liable to the worst construction, is the uniformity of his behaviour from the beginning to

* Report of Lord Advocate on the case of Archibald Stewart. *State Papers, Scotland*, Sept. 20, 1746.

the end in discovering a constant unwillingness to provide for, or heartily prosecute the means that were in a manner forced upon him for defence of the city. . . such as taken together afford at least a presumptive evidence of an inclination or formed design upon his part that the city should be suffered to fall into the hands of the rebels at a time when, if he had observed a contrary conduct, there was at least a high probability that it might have been preserved."

Those who read the account of the trial of the Lord Provost carefully, will endorse to a certain extent this opinion. There can be no doubt but that Stewart was a Jacobite, and openly showed his proclivities. At the latter end of August it had been proposed that a thousand men should be raised by voluntary subscriptions to defend the capital: the proposal was received by the Lord Provost "with derision and contempt." On certain volunteers having been enrolled, they were treated with great rudeness by the Lord Provost, who refused to appoint field officers for their direction. The repairing of the city walls was also carelessly superintended by him, and on the 15th, when the rebels were within a few miles of Edinburgh, he refused to give orders for loading the cannon planted on the walls. Again on the evening of the 16th, in spite of the danger that menaced the capital, the captain of the guard was ordered to his post by the Lord Provost with only the usual complement suited for peaceable times. His lordship likewise refused to give orders

that the 1200 city arms should be secured in the Castle.*

Such conduct certainly affords presumptive evidence of treasonable inclinations; but then, on the other hand, does it of itself justify the belief that had more care and promptness been shown the town would have held out? I think not. Edinburgh was an open and unfortified city, and incapable of resisting a siege. At first, when the two regiments of cavalry were quartered in its neighbourhood, there were some who hoped that the town would be enabled to make a stand until the arrival of Sir John Cope; but on the flight of the gallant dragoons it is difficult to see what course, other than the one adopted, could have been pursued by the Lord Provost. He had no regular soldiery to protect the town; the chief advisers of the Crown had fled to Dunbar and he was left to act alone; whilst he was worried on all sides to obey the commands of the Prince and surrender the city. Very wisely he asked time for deliberation; and, on hearing that Cope was marching to the relief of Edinburgh, renewed his application for a further delay of hostilities in the hopes that the regular troops would arrive and save the town. But the Prince, well aware that time was his friend and delay his most dangerous enemy, was too clever for the Lord Provost, and by a secret night attack gained possession of the city. Had Stewart been the most loyal of Mayors, how could he—with his dilapidated walls, his terrified volunteers, and the leaven of

* Report of the Lord-Advocate.

Jacobitism working strongly among the inhabitants—have made any resistance worthy of the name? He showed neglect and delay in making the preliminary preparations for defence, and, so far, was guilty of a betrayal of his trust; but when once the Highlanders were at his gates and Cope's men still miles away, he had no alternative but to try to play a waiting game. Perhaps, too, he would have succeeded had Charles been less prompt in his movements.

In the trial that ensued, the Lord Provost was unanimously found not guilty; the jury was however notoriously packed with Jacobites, and its verdict History need not scruple to reverse. Stewart was guilty of High Treason, inasmuch as he neglected precautions which a loyal subject in the face of an enemy should have—however worthless in the end they might be—scrupulously observed; still it is unfair to attribute the capture of the city to his neglect alone. Edinburgh fell into the hands of the Highlanders, not on account of the treachery or supineness of its Mayor, but because it was ill fortified, ill disciplined, and in want of regular troops. The same result would have been attained, had the Lord Provost been gifted even with the loyalty and ability of the hero of the siege of Londonderry. "Alas, my lord!" writes the Lord Justice Clerk to Tweeddale, "I have grief and not glory that my fears have been more than fulfilled; for more than I feared is come to pass. Yesterday, the two regiments of dragoons fled from the rebel army in the sight of Edinburgh, where many

loyal gentlemen stood armed to defend the city, *which was so dispirited and struck with consternation, that they resolved to open their gates to the rebels, despairing of speedy relief, and unable to make a long defence.*

About noon of the same day as the capture of Edinburgh—the 17th of September—the Prince set out from his camp to enter the capital of his ancestors, and take possession of that palace from whose walls his line had so long been excluded. To avoid the fire of General Guest he made a considerable circuit to the south, and halted in the hollow between Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag. As he approached Holyrood by the Duke's Walk, the favourite promenade of his grandfather, he called for his horse; and, escorted on one side by the Duke of Perth and on the other by Lord Elcho, slowly made his triumphal entry into the palace. Nothing could exceed the warmth of his reception. An immense crowd surged around him, at one time almost endangering his safety. Men and women struggled with each other to get near him so as to touch his clothes or kiss the hand ever readily extended. Huzzas, whose echoes resounded through the walls of the castle, were raised with a cheer which showed that the heart was in unison with the voice. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs and freely displayed in their costume the white ribbons that denoted their adherence to the House of Stuart. Nor was the hero of this ovation one calculated to damp the ardour of this new-born loyalty. Aware of the national pride which

runs strong in all Scotch breasts; Charles had the tact to identify himself by his garb with the ancient nation he had summoned to arms. He was dressed in a short tartan coat and a blue bonnet with a white rose, while the star of St. Andrew glittered on his breast. As men gazed upon his pale handsome face, they compared him with Robert Bruce, whom they said he resembled in the grace of his figure as well as in the charm of his features. Even his enemies admitted that though he did not look like a conqueror he looked like a gentleman.

As the Prince entered the porch of Holyrood, a person stepped from the crowd, bent his knee in homage, and then, with sword unsheathed, marshalled Charles into the halls of his ancestors. This was James Hepburn of Keith, the pink of the Scottish gentry, and one who had taken no inactive part in the struggle of 1715. The arrival of the Prince was the signal for every attention due to his rank and to the important mission upon which he was engaged. With all ceremony—the magistrates in their robes, the heralds and pursuivants in their resplendent official dresses—the father of the Prince was proclaimed King James the Eighth, at the old Cross—site of many a scene recorded in history—and the Royal Declarations and Commission of Regency read amid the cheers of the crowd. The beautiful wife of John Murray of Broughton, sat on horseback close to the Cross, a drawn sword in one hand, whilst with the other she distributed white ribbons to those who pressed around her.

In the evening a ball was held at Holyrood, and the day closed amid the most brilliant festivities.

“ The lamp shone o’er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look’d love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.”

Who knows how many a fair waverer was converted that night to the cause of the House of Stuart by the charms of the Prince ?

But danger was close at hand, and the day that now had dawned was devoted to the sterner details of business. The banner raised at Glenfinnan had been lately joined by the Earl of Kellie, Lord Balmerino, Sir Stuart Threipland, Sir David Murray, Lockhart of Carnwarth the younger, and several Lowland gentlemen of distinction. This accession of strength was now further augmented by the arrival of Lord Nairne with the five hundred men he had been busy collecting in the north. Fortunately for the equipment of these newly-raised troops, a thousand arms which had been lodged in the city magazine by the trained bands, were secured by order of the Prince. At the same time a requisition was laid upon the capital for a thousand tents, two thousand targets, six thousand pairs of shoes, and six thousand canteens. Aware that matters were rapidly coming to a crisis, Charles assembled his clans and passed them in review. A strange sight they presented. The chieftains, dressed in their picturesque costumes, were all well armed, and not one who wore the eagle’s

plume but possessed firelock and broadsword, dirk and target, pistols and the short knife so terrible at close quarters. But with them equipment and uniformity ended. Their brave vassals had to content themselves with whatever weapons they could lay hands on. Those were to be envied who possessed either sword, dirk, or pistol, many had nothing but scythe-blades set straight on the handle—an unwieldy but most murderous implement; whilst not a few were only armed with heavy clubs and cudgels. As the more civilized Lowland crowd watched these ill-clad, ill-armed, ill-fed troops marching past their Prince, some wanting coats, some lacking hose and shoes, some having their hair tied back with a leathern strap, without bonnet or covering of any kind, how many may have observed with Jonathan Oldbuck that they were a proper set of ragamuffins with which to propose to overturn an established government! But, despite their appearance and shortcomings, such was their aim.

And now the news was brought that Cope had landed his troops at Dunbar, and was marching to the relief of the capital. With him were 2000 infantry, the two courageous regiments of dragoons, whose nerves were still shattered with the “Coltbrigg Canter,” and a small body of volunteers—in all some 3000 men and six pieces of artillery. Charles, who well knew what good use might be made of the impetuosity of his men, resolved at once to issue forth to meet the English general and give him battle. He called a council of war, and asked the

opinion of the chieftains. The Protestant Keppoch was the spokesman. "He said all were fully of opinion with their Prince that they should advance and meet the enemy. Everyone around him would answer for the fealty of his clansmen. Each chief would head the attack, and where the chieftain went the vassals would swiftly follow. It was true that but few of their men had ever engaged with regular troops, but his Royal Highness need not fear entrusting his cause to their hands. A Highlander could face death without treachery, and a battle without desertion. The mottoes described on their banners had never yet belied their actions. Let the word be once given for the charge, and the Prince would see of what mettle his troops were made." Charles said that such orders would soon be issued: the foe was in their front, and an engagement would speedily ensue. He himself would lead the van, and set all an example how to fall or conquer. But this resolve the chiefs crushed as soon as it was uttered. On his life the whole success of the expedition depended, and it should not be lightly risked. The Prince, after a discussion in which his followers threatened desertion if he persisted in his intention, had to yield. He determined, however, to lead the second line.

Early on the morning of the 20th, whilst the white mists still curled around the hills, the Highlanders, forming in one narrow column, began their march to meet the English. On putting himself at the head of his army, the Prince drew his sword and said, "Gen-

tllemen, I have flung away the scabbard!" His words were received and answered back by loud cheers. It was expected that the enemy would be encountered about Musselburgh or Inveresk, and so with prudent generalship the Highlanders kept the high ground from Duddington towards Musselburgh, where they crossed the Esk by the old bridge, and then rapidly advanced towards Carberry Hill. On reaching Falside Hill the scouts brought in the intelligence that parties of dragoons had been seen about Tranent, where Sir John Cope, it was said, lay with his whole army. On the receipt of this news Charles gave orders for his army to divide into two columns, and still marching, so as carefully to preserve the upper ground, pushed on till the hill which overlooked Tranent was breasted. As they looked down upon the open plain below them, the heavy folds of mist cleared away, and the Highlanders saw the red coats of the English. A mutual yell of defiance at once burst forth from the ranks of the rival forces. It was the first time the two had met face to face, and each scanned the other with eager curiosity.

Here again the generalship of Cope was at fault. Because a road passing from Seton House to Preston was the usual highway from Haddington, he seems never to have thought that the Highlanders, unencumbered by baggage, and well accustomed to the braes of their hill sides, should have preferred crossing the country and thus keeping the heights, to the plain level road from Edinburgh which lies laong the coast. On the contrary, with the simplicity of the man who

can only look at one side of a question, he expected that the rebels, if they had the hardihood to quit Edinburgh, would meet him on the very road by which he was advancing, and thus engage on equal terms. As it was the Highlanders commanded the situation, and could give battle or avoid it as they pleased. But they had no intention of shunning the conflict.

The two armies were less than a mile apart. On perceiving the Highlanders moving upon the higher ground, Cope immediately changed his front and drew up his troops in order of battle; his infantry in the centre, with a regiment of dragoons and three pieces of artillery on each flank. His right was covered by Colonel Gardiner's park wall, and by the village of Preston. On his left, at some little distance, was Seton House; whilst the sea, with the villages of Preston-pans and Cockenzie, lay on his rear. Immediately separating him from the ridge on which the clans were stationed was a treacherous morass, intersected by ditches and enclosures, and near the bottom traversed by a thick hedge which ran along a broad marshy ditch; this covered the front of the English troops.

It was now past noon, and at the sight of their enemy the clans were eager for instant battle. Charles, always aware how important it was to encourage the impetuous energy of his men—for then, as now, at the charge they were second to none—despatched Ker of Gradon, a soldier of experience, and of iron nerve, to reconnoitre. Mounted on a grey

pony, the chieftain spurred forward, and, in spite of a running fire from the English, keenly examined the ground which divided him from the enemy. With easy coolness he crossed the plain in several directions, made a gap in the rough stone dyke which barred his progress, jumped his pony through the breach and critically investigated the position the foe had taken up. His inspection concluded, he returned to the Prince. He said that the morass was deep and difficult, and could not be passed so as to attack the English in front without sustaining a heavy and continuous fire: aggressive movements for the present were therefore not advisable. It was thought better to defer the attack till the morrow, and meanwhile to pass the night on the ground. This advice was eminently unsatisfactory to the eager Highlanders, who were all for sweeping down upon their prey and atoning for the disappointment of Corryarrack. Indeed, fearful were they that Cope would repeat on the morrow the tactics he had practised at Dalwhinnie and that they were only to suffer an engagement altogether, that they were only to be sent to the westward by Lord Nairne being sent to the westward with 500 men to intercept Cope, if he meditated upon Edinburgh.

The English General, satisfied that his position for the night was unassailable, contented himself with holding on the defensive. In vain Colonel Craik and other officers urged him to give battle and to raise the spirits of his men by dilatory movements, which though they might be safe


for a rabble, were inglorious for an army. Cope was not to be moved from his purpose—if he had one. During that day, save the dislodging a few Highlanders from Tranent churchyard, no hostilities took place ; and, when the white mists rose from the ocean and darkness began to enfold the land, the rival armies prepared to encamp for the night. Charles contented himself with the “broad canopy of heaven,” a shake down of pease straw, and the shoulder of a Highlander for a pillow ; whilst the more luxurious Cope retired to comfortable quarters at Cockenzie.

But rest for a few short hours was all that the Highlanders indulged in. A dilatory policy was evidently so distasteful to the impetuous clans, that the Chiefs held a midnight council, and resolved, come what might, to cross the morass early next morning and attack the English. Whilst their anticipated movements were being discussed, an East Lothian gentleman, one Anderson of Whitburgh, to whom this part of the country was well known, bethought himself of a certain path which led from the heights, on which the Highlanders now lay “thick as leaves in Valambrosa” to the plain below by a circuitous route which avoided to a great extent the dreaded morass. The discovery was at once made known to the Prince, who, starting up from his straw bed, joyfully listened to news which promised him a speedy battle. As eager as his own followers, he advised that no time should be lost—as the night was now far spent,—in collecting the men ; and that, with Anderson for their

guide, they should set out at once and march swiftly upon the enemy. Lochiel and the other chiefs were of the same opinion, and in a very short time the whole Highland army was got under arms and began its downward march with all the stealth of secresy.

According to Highland military tactics it marched in two columns of three men in front. The first column consisted of the following clans :—Clanranald, whose chieftain led the column, then Glengarry, then Keppoch and Glencoe, then Perth with a few Macgregors, then Appin, and lastly Lochiel. The second column led by the Prince was composed of Lord George Murray's Athol men, the regiment of Lord Nairne and the vassals of Menzies of Struan. Lord Strathallan with his small troop of cavalry kept the heights commanding the morass. The force of the Highlanders was estimated at some 3000 men—a number therefore equal in strength but very inferior in equipment to the army of the English general.

Guided by Anderson the clans marched down the silent pathway, crossed the morass, at the present day a fertile field bearing grass and wheat, in which many of the men sunk knee deep, and finally reached in safety the firm ground of the plain. The morning was now breaking, but the white thickness of an easterly haar it was hoped would conceal their movements. Still on the quick ear of the dragoon outposts, ever ready to detect danger even where danger was not, the heavy tread of men marching fell suspiciously—they fired their pistols and galloped off to give the alarm.



And now made aware of the approach of his foe, Cope hastened to draw up his troops in order of battle. Save that the men faced the east instead of the west, he made but little alteration in his tactics. In the rear of his army were the walls of Preston Park and those of Bankton, the seat of Col. Gardiner; his left flank stretched out towards the sea, whilst his right rested upon the morass which had lately been in his front. The infantry were stationed in the centre, the dragoons of Hamilton on the left, whilst Gardiner's men with the artillery in their front, were drawn up on the right next the morass. Gradually the morning mist rolled away, and the sun, shining upon the arms of the regular troops, showed to the eager Highlanders the position and strength of the enemy. Afterwards, when the conflict was over and no harm could result from the confession, not a few of the Prince's followers admitted that when they compared their own men—ill armed and broken into clumps and clusters—with the serried ranks of the English, they expected nothing less than instant defeat and annihilation. As for Cope's army, his officers, in their march from Haddington to Preston, had confidently assured the crowds that followed them, that there would be no battle, as the rebels would not dare to attack so complete a force. But men who talked like this knew very little of the foe they were to encounter.

At the first sight of the glittering array which the English presented, the clans quickly formed, as was their military custom, into a series of phalanxes, so as

the better to carry on their peculiar mode of warfare. Each phalanx was composed of an entire clan; the chief with the best armed of his vassals was placed in the front, whilst the remainder, with their scythes, pruning-hooks, or any weapon that came to hand, brought up the rear. So eager were the men for the charge that they could hardly restrain their impetuosity whilst these movements were executed. No sooner had the shrill pipes given the signal for attack than, pulling their bonnets over their brows whilst a hurried prayer in which mercy formed a scant element rose to their lips, the Highlanders dashed forward with that savage fury which made their charge among the most terrible perils of warfare. Straight upon the artillery, whose cannon were then served not by the regular gunners but by seamen hastily collected by Cope, ran the Camerons and Stuarts, who in a moment stormed the battery by the sheer force of their impetuosity. Away fled the terrified naval volunteers; their example followed of course by Gardiner's dragoons, who, true to their old tactics which made personal safety the first law of warfare, on seeing the Highlanders in their front waving their plaids and brandishing their battle axes, galloped off in every direction with all the speed which characterised them when in retreat; whilst at the same time the Macdonalds, who held the post of honour, darted upon Hamilton's men and scattered them to the winds. Thus in less than five minutes the English infantry, what with the flight of the cavalry and the loss of the artillery, remained uncovered at both flanks;

yet with courage worthy of their country, and which, had it been universal on their side, would soon have told another tale, they stood true to their colours, receiving the centre of the Highland line with a regular and well-sustained fire. But resistance under such circumstances was not possible for long. Utterly indifferent to life, the Highlanders, paying no heed to the musketry of their foe, literally threw themselves, with all a Zouave's devilry, upon the English, parried bayonets with their targets, came to close quarters with their terrible broadswords, and hacked and hewed "sic unco hacks and deadly whacks," raising the while their hideous yell, till the line of the Royal army was broken and the English, no longer able to withstand the awful pressure of a charge which knew no opposition, were forced to *run* when they could no longer resist. So rapid was this onset that in less than five minutes the battle was over.

It was impossible for defeat to be more crushing. The dragoons had fled, and only escaped pursuit from the lack of Highland cavalry. But terrible were the losses sustained by the Infantry. Before going into action, the latter had numbered some 2,500 men : scarce 200 escaped, the rest being either slain or made prisoners. Among the fallen was one whose name biography has done well to preserve. Colonel Gardiner, seeing a small party of foot fighting bravely near him without any officer to head them, cried out, "These brave fellows will be cut to pieces for want of a commander," and spurred on his horse to their

help. "Fire on, my lads, and fear nothing!" said he, encouragingly; but scarcely were the words out of his mouth before a Highlander cut him down with his murderous scythe, whilst the moment he fell, another Highlander dealt him a severe blow on the back of his head. He was carried senseless to the manse of Tranent, where he expired a few hours afterwards. He lies buried in the village church.

"But Gard'ner brave did still behave
Like to a hero bright, man;
His courage true, like him were few
That still despised flight, man.
For king and laws and country's cause,
In honour's bed he lay, man,
His life, but not his courage, fled
While he had breath to draw, man."

His life is well known. In his youth he had been a man of dissipated habits; but one evening, whilst awaiting an assignation with a married woman, he believed he saw the Saviour on the Cross, surrounded by the glory of Heaven, calling him to repentance. So deep was the impression caused by this vision, that the gallant was henceforth transformed into the most earnest and steadfast of Christians. He died as he had lived—as true to the banner of his King as he was to that of his Divine Master.

During the engagement the Prince led the second line, but the impetuosity of his men kept him so near to the first, that to the forces of Cope the Highlanders resembled but one body. The total loss of the clans was but thirty killed and seventy wounded. Besides the moral results of the victory, the bag-

gage that fell into the hands of the Highlanders was of no little value. In the flight of the English everything had been left on the field. The artillery, with colours, standards, and other supplies, became the property of the victors; the baggage and the military chest, containing some £2000, shared the same fate. To many of the uncouth mountaineers the various objects of civilised life that now came into their hands were utterly incomprehensible. We read of their astonishment at the sight of wigs, and other dandy articles of the toilette. One man into whose possession a watch had fallen, being ignorant of the secret of winding it up when it stopped, sold it for a mere pittance, thinking it a "dead beast," and chuckled at his cunning in so neatly doing the innocent customer. Another was so ignorant of the value of things, as to exchange a horse for a pistol. Some, more accustomed to stronger potations, were puzzled at the chocolate contained in Cope's baggage chest, which they hawked about as "Johnnie Cope's salve;" whilst several who were unable to resist the temptations which all this booty offered, fled to their mountain dens, laden with the spoils of war.

Meanwhile some of the dragoons who had escaped from the field turned their horses' heads in the direction of Edinburgh, and rode up the High Street at full gallop. Fearful of the pursuit of the Highlanders they begged admission into the Castle, but the sturdy General Preston, who had succeeded Guest in the command, sent them word to begone, or he would open his guns

on them as cowards who had deserted their colours. On hearing this, the runaways turned tail and rode into the west country as fast as their horses could lay legs to the ground. With the exception of these deserters, Cope, aided by the Earls of Home and Loudoun, managed to collect his shattered cavalry, and conduct them in no very respectable condition by Lauder to Coldstream, and thence to Berwick. Here behind the ramparts of the town he felt safe, and here it was that Lord Mark Kerr received the unfortunate commander, with the well-known sarcasm, "that he believed he was the first General in Europe who had brought the first tidings of his own defeat!"

"When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came
They speer'd at him, 'Where's a' your men!'
'The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' this morning.'
Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

"Now Johnnie, troth, ye wasna blate
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait
Sae early in the morning.'
Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

"'I' faith,' quo' Johnnie, 'I got a fleg (fright)
Wi' their claymores and philabegs,
If I face them again, deil break my legs!
So I wish you a good morning.'
Hey Johnnie Cope, &c."

There was nothing left for the unhappy commander but to make the best of his ignominious defeat, and acknowledge the fact with candour. "This morning, at the dawn of day," he writes to Tweeddale,*

* State Papers, Domestic, Sept. 21, 1745.

“the enemy attacked us; our troops expected the enemy, so that there was no sort of surprise; notwithstanding this, our troops gave way, and all that the officers could do to carry them on, or to rally them was to no purpose, and we lost the day. I tried to rally the foot, but it was impossible. I then tried the dragoons at a considerable distance off the enemy. I prevailed on about 450 to keep together, with which Lord Loudoun, Lord Irvine, and I marched; and as the enemy were partly in possession of Edinburgh and Musselburgh, and being in expectation that the Dutch might soon be expected to land, we thought it most advisable to march this body towards Berwick. The battle was fought on a field near Prestonpans. I have despatched express to the coast, that if it is possible the Dutch may be sent to land southward. I have been unfortunate, which will certainly give a handle to my enemies to cast blame upon me. I cannot reproach myself; the manner in which the enemy came on was quicker than could be described, and (of which the men have been long warned), possibly was the cause of our men taking a most destructive panic. I cannot give any account of the numbers of killed and wounded, the whole baggage taken, and the military chest and papers belonging to it. The fatigue and concern I have had render me incapable of being more particular.”

In another letter, despatched the following day, he, not unjustly, throws the whole blame of his defeat upon the dragoons. “I can only take upon me to say,” he

writes,* "not from my own opinion only, but from that of officers now with me, the fatal accident was principally owing to the ill behaviour of some of the dragoons, in consequence of which the whole line took a panic; nor was it in the power of any officer to bring back or rally a man." In addition to this disgraceful cowardice, Sir John goes on to say, that he was concerned to find that the military management of his enemy was "not at all inferior to that of experienced troops, and from the different manœuvre by changing repeatedly their disposition, gave occasion to our men being continually harassed so as to be in a situation to oppose so many well-concerted schemes." Still he concludes defeat would not have attended them, had it not been for the conduct of the dragoons.

It is difficult to understand what Cope means by the "different manœuvre" and "well-concerted schemes" of the Highlanders. The tactics employed at Prestonpans were of the simplest character—the clans rushed upon the regular troops like demons let loose, knew no fear, suffered no resistance, and in some seven or eight minutes totally routed both horse and foot, and drove them from the field. As a contemporary puts it, the English, meaning we presume only the infantry, "fought very gallantly, but they could not withstand the impetuosity, or rather fury of the Highlanders, and were forced to *run* when they could no longer resist."†

* To Newcastle, State Papers, Domestic, Sept. 22, 1745

† *Scots Magazine*, Sept. 1745.

But as for manœuvres of any elaborate nature there were none. It was a victory attained by a fiendish *coup de main*, and by nothing else.

"The field of battle," says Chevalier Johnstone,* describing the scene after the conflict, "presented a spectacle of horror, being covered with hands, legs, and arms, and mutilated bodies; for the killed all fell by the sword. . . . The panic terror of the English surpasses all imagination; they threw down their arms, that they might run with more speed, thus depriving themselves, by their fears, of the only means of arresting the vengeance of the Highlanders . . . these were, however, the same English soldiers who had distinguished themselves at Dettingen and Fontenoy, and who might justly be ranked among the bravest troops of Europe."

With his characteristic humanity, the Prince gave orders that every care and attention should be paid to the wounded. He remained on the field till midday, superintending the measures he advised for relief, and suffered no distinction to be made between friend or foe, when once mortal agony had levelled the barriers of party. In the first mad excitement of victory, scant quarter had been shown by the Highlanders to their terrified enemy, but Charles, with admirable presence of mind, rode instantly to the front, and commanded that conquest should be tempered with mercy—his men had gained the day, let them not dim their honours by a brutal

* Memoirs of the Rebellion, p. 30.

butchery. To Charles, though the victory was sweet, it was mixed with no little sadness. In a fratricidal war it was impossible that it should be otherwise. "Sir," said one of his staff, coming up to congratulate him, "there are your enemies at your feet." "They are my father's subjects," replied Charles turning away.

The same day of this his first victory, the Prince wrote the following very interesting letter to his father : *

" PINKIE HOUSE, *Sept.* 21, 1745.

" Sir,—Since my last from Perth, it has pleased God to prosper your Majesty's arms under my command, with a success that has even surpassed my hopes. On the 17th I entered Edinburgh, sword in hand, and got possession of the town without being obliged to shed one drop of blood, or commit the least violence; and this morning I gained a most signal victory with little or no loss. If I had had a squadron or two of dragoons to pursue your Majesty's enemy, there would not one man of them have escaped; as it is, they have hardly saved any but a few dragoons, who, by a most precipitate flight, will, I believe, get into Berwick. If I had obtained this victory over foreigners my joy would have been complete; but as it is over Englishmen, it has thrown a damp upon me that I little imagined. The men I have defeated were your Majesty's enemies, 'tis true, but they might have been your friends and dutiful

* Treasury Board Papers, 1745, No. 244. State Papers Domestic. This letter, a copy of which only remains, has never before been published.

subjects, when they had got their eyes open to see the true interest of their country, which I am come to save, and not to destroy. For this reason I have discharged all public rejoicings. I do not care to enter into particulars of this action, I choose rather that your Majesty should hear it from another than myself* . . . [a few words here follow in praise of Stuart, the messenger who takes this letter to Rome]. I have seen two or three gazettes filled with addresses and mandates from the bishops to the clergy. The addresses are such as I expected, and can impose on none but the weak and credulous. The mandates are of the same sort, but more artfully drawn up. They order the clergy to make the people sensible of the great blessings they enjoy under the present Family that govern them, particularly of the strict administration of justice, of the sacred regard that is paid to the laws and the great security of their religion and property. This sounds very well, and may impose on

* "It is impossible for me to give you a distinct journal of my proceedings," he writes a few days later (Oct. 7), "because of my being so much hurried with business, which allows me no time; but, notwithstanding, I cannot let slip this occasion of giving a short account of the battle of Glads-muir, fought on the 21st of September (O.S.), which was one of the most surprising actions that ever was. We gained a complete victory over General Cope, who commanded 3,000 foot, and two regiments of the best dragoons in the island; he being advantageously posted, with also batteries of cannon and mortars, we having neither horse nor artillery with us, and being to attack them in their post, and obliged to pass before their noses in a defile and bog. Only our first line had occasion to engage; for actually in five minutes the field was cleared of the enemies; all the foot killed, wounded, or taken prisoners; and of the horse only 200 escaped, like rabbits, one by one. On our side, we only lost a hundred men, between killed and wounded; and the army afterwards had a fine plunder."—*Stuart Papers*.

the unthinking, but one who reads them with a little care will easily see the fallacy. What occasion has a Prince who has learnt the secret of corrupting the fountain of all law and justice—the Parliament, to pull off the mask by openly violating all the ancient laws, and disturbing the ordinary course of justice? Would not this be to give the alarm, and amount to telling them that he was not come to protect, as he pretended, but really to betray them.

“When they talk of the security of their religion, they take care not to mention one word of the dreadful growth of atheism and infidelity, which I am extremely sorry to hear (from very sensible men) within these few years is grown to a flaming height, even so far as that, I am assured, many of their fashionable men are ashamed to own themselves Christians, and many of the lower sort act as if they were none. Conversing on this melancholy subject I was led into a thing I never understood rightly before, which is, that those men who are louder in the cry of Popery and the danger of the Protestant religion, are not really Protestants, but a set of profligate men, whose good parts and some learning are void of all principle, but pretend to a Republic.

“I asked those who told me this, what should make them so zealous about preferring the religion, seeing they were not Christians? It was answered that it was in order to recommend themselves to the Ministry, which, if they can but write pamphlets for them, or get themselves chosen members of Parliament, will be

sure to provide amply for them ; and the motive for their extraordinary zeal I was told is, that they thereby procure to themselves the connivance at least, if not the protection of the Government while they are propagating their impiety and infidelity. I hope in God Christianity is not at so low an ebb in this country as the account I have had represents it to be, yet when I compare what I have formerly seen and heard at Rome with some things I have observed since I have been here, I am afraid there is too much truth in it.

“The bishops are as unfair and partial in representing the security of their property, as that of their religion, for when they mention it, they don't say a word of the vast load of debt that is increasing yearly, under which the nation is groaning, and which must be paid (if ever they intend to pay it) out of their property. 'Tis true all this debt has not been contracted under the Prince of this Family, but a great part of it has, and the whole of it might have been cleared by a frugal administration during the thirty-six years of profound peace which the nation has enjoyed, had it not been for the immense sums that have been squandered in corrupting Parliaments and supporting foreigners that can never be of any service to these kingdoms. I am afraid I have taken up too much of your Majesty's time about these sorry mandates, but having mentioned them I was willing to give you my sense of them. I remember Dr. Wagstaff (with whom I wish I had conversed more frequently, for he always told me truth) once said to me, that I must not judge of the English

clergy by the bishops, who were not promoted for their piety and learning, but for very different talents, viz., for writing pamphlets, for being active at elections, and voting as the Ministry directed them. After I've won another battle, they'll write for me and answer their own letters.

"There's another body of men amongst whom I am inclined to believe the lowest sort are the honestest, as well as amongst the clergy, I mean the army. There was never a finer body of men than those I fought with to-day, yet they did not behave so well as I expected. I thought I could see plainly that the common men did not like the cause they were engaged in. Had they been fighting against French, come to invade their country, I am convinced they would have made a better defence; the poor men's pay and their low prospect not being sufficient to corrupt their natural justice and honesty, which is not the case with their officers, who, incited by their ambition and false notion of honour, fought more desperately. I asked one of them who is my prisoner, a gallant man, why he would fight against his lawful Prince, and one who was come to rescue his country from a foreign yoke? He said 'he was a man of honour, and would be true to his Prince whose bread he eat and whose commission he bore.' I told him it was a noble principle, but ill applied, and asked him if he was a Whig? He replied 'he was.' 'Well,' said I, 'how came you to look on the commission you bear and the bread you eat to be the Prince's, and not the country's that raised you

and paid you to defend it against foreigners, who come not to defend but enslave it (for that I have always understood to be the principles of a Whig)? Have you not heard how your countrymen have been carried abroad, to be insulted and ill-treated by those pretended defenders, and butchered fighting in a quarrel in which your country has little or no concern, only to enrich Hanover?' To all this he made no answer, but hung down his head. The truth is, there are few good officers amongst them; they are brave, because an Englishman cannot be otherwise; but they have generally little knowledge in their business, are corrupt in their morals, and have few restraints from religion though they would have you believe they are fighting for it. As to their honour they talk so much of, I shall soon have occasion to try it, for, having no strong place to put my prisoners in, I shall be obliged to release them on their parole: if they do not keep it, I wish they fall not into my hands again, for it will not be in my power to protect them from my Highlanders. My haughty foe thinks it beneath him I suppose to settle a cartel: I wish for it as much for the sake of his men as my own; I hope ere 'tis long I shall see him glad to sue for it. I hear there are 6000 Dutch troops arrived, and 10 battalions of the English sent for. I wish they were all Dutch, that I might not have the pain of shedding English blood. I hope I shall oblige them to bring over the rest, which at all events will be one piece of service done my country in the helping it out of ruinous foreign wars. 'Tis hard

my victory should put me under new difficulties I did not feel before, and yet this is the case. I am charged with the care both of my friends and my enemies : those who should bury their dead, run away, as if it was no business of theirs, and my Highlanders think it beneath them to do it, and the country people are fled away. However, I am resolved to try if I can have people for money to undertake it—for I cannot bear the thoughts of Englishmen to rot above ground.* I am at a greater difficulty how to dispose of the wounded prisoners—if I make a hospital of a church, it will be looked on as a great profanation ; and if I take private houses for that purpose, I shall be accused by ungenerous enemies of having violated my manifesto, in which I promise to violate no man's property. If the magistrates would act they could help me out of this difficulty ; but come what will I am resolved I won't suffer the poor wounded men to lie in the streets, and if I can do no better I will make a hospital of the Palace, and leave it to them. I am so distracted with these cares, joined with those of my own people, that I have no time to add that I am

“ Your Majesty's most dutiful Son,

“ CHARLES.”

This battle, better known in history as the battle of Preston or Prestonpans, was called by the Jacobites

* “ Charles remained on the field of battle till midnight, giving orders for the relief of the wounded of both armies, for the disposal of his prisoners, and preserving from temper or from judgment every appearance of moderation and humanity.”—HOME, chap. vi.

the battle of Gladsmuir, though Gladsmuir, a large open heath, is situated more than a mile distant from the scene of contest : however, out of respect to an ancient prophecy, of the date of 1615, which assured posterity that "on Gladsmuir shall the battle be ;" the victory was called by a name to which strictly speaking it had no right.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MARCH SOUTH.

“ See the northern clans advancing !
See Glengary and Lochiel !
See the brandish'd broad swords glancing !
Highland hearts are true as steel.

Now our Prince has reared his banner ;
Now triumphant is our cause ;
Now the Scottish lion rallies ;
Let us strike for Prince and Laws.”

THE news of the victory of the Prince, while it animated the Jacobites in every quarter of the kingdom, created the gravest apprehension in the minds of the Government. A body of rebels that could defeat, in a few minutes, a picked army, was clearly a force not to be despised. Horace Walpole writes, in his chatty way, that he will have to exchange his comfortable apartments in Arlington Street for some wretched attic in Herrenhausen, and perhaps be reduced to give lessons in Latin to the young Princes at Copenhagen. “The dowager Strafford,” he says,* “has already written cards for my Lady Nithisdale, my Lady Tullibardine, the Duchess of Perth and Berwick, and twenty more revived peeresses, to invite

* Letters, vol. ii. p. 65.

them to play at whist Monday three months. . . This sounds great to have walked through a kingdom and take possession of the capital! But the capital is an open town and the castle impregnable, and in our possession. There never was so extraordinary sort of rebellion! One can't tell what assurances of support they may have from the Jacobites in England or from the French; but nothing of either sort has yet appeared—and if there does not, never was so desperate an enterprise . . . but sure banditti can never conquer a kingdom! On the other hand, what cannot any number of men do who meet no opposition?”

The ‘banditti’ had however made matters look serious. The King had been recalled from his Electorate, but owing to the heat of faction could not arrive at the exact truth regarding the progress of the insurrection. Lord Granville, the fallen Minister, who, notwithstanding his deposition, enjoyed in no slight degree the confidence of his Royal Master, represented the enterprise of Charles as a matter of little importance; the Duke of Newcastle, on the other hand, was full of alarm, but yet could not help feeling glad when the rebels made any progress, in order that Lord Granville's assertion might be refuted. “I am very apprehensive,” he writes,* “that the Pretender, being in possession of Scotland, may encourage France to try to put them in possession of England also. . . Everything is done that can be done by an Administration that has no power, and to whom the King, their

* Sept. 21, 1745. MSS. of His Grace the Duke of Richmond. Hist. MSS. Commiss. Report, I., p. 115.

master, will hardly vouchsafe to say one word about his own business. The greater the danger is, the more angry he grows with those who alone can help them out of it, and if he goes on he may run the risk of losing another kingdom by the *rashness* and *hating* of *some* as he has already done one by the folly and obstinacy of others."

The defeat of Cope was the first positive sign that the rebels were more formidable than had been expected, and not lightly to be considered. Granville was accused of want of foresight, and many believed themselves to be on the eve of a serious civil war. At once vigorous preparations were entered into. Three battalions of the Guards and seven regiments of Infantry were recalled from Flanders; two regiments of a thousand men were ordered to be transported from Dublin to Chester; Marshal Wade was to march north with a large body of troops and with the 6000 Dutch auxiliaries which Holland had agreed to furnish; Major General Huske was despatched to Newcastle to superintend its defence; Cope was ordered not to loiter at Berwick, but to proceed at once to Newcastle; 2000 Swiss, and several troops of cavalry under General Wentworth, were in full march for the north; the gentry in Northumberland and Durham and indeed in all the northern counties were raising regiments of horse for the King's service; the Militia was called out; and every measure that prudence and alarm could suggest was adopted.*

* Duke of Newcastle to the Mayor of Newcastle, Sept. 25, 1745. Culloden Papers.

Still the nation at large was far from being imbued with the zeal and energy of the government; though it did not favour the Stuart cause, it regarded with cold indifference the approaching struggle. So apathetic was the country that it was said that had five thousand French only landed in any part of the island the entire conquest would not have cost them a battle. In order however to prevent such an invasion—for it was now fully expected that this first success of Charles would induce the Court of Versailles to abandon its present inactivity—Admiral Vernon that ‘simple noisy creature’ as Horace Walpole calls him, was stationed in the Downs, and ordered to keep a watchful eye on the movements of the Gaul and especially upon his doings in the harbours of Dunkirk and Boulogne.

Across the Tweed a very different spirit reigned. The Prince was everywhere hailed with the greatest enthusiasm. On the day after the battle he made his triumphal entry into Edinburgh. A hundred pipers marched in front playing the favourite Jacobite air “The King shall enjoy his own again;” next came the clans, their banners waving side by side with the flags taken from the English, whilst the captured prisoners, scarcely less in number than their conquerors, brought up the rear with the trophies and artillery. The streets through which the procession passed were thronged with spectators and every balcony that looked upon the scene, was filled with ladies wearing the colours of the Prince, and waving their handkerchiefs. As the Highlanders marched on, some of them, not

content with shouting huzzas and waving their bonnets, discharged their pieces in the air; and as fortune would have it, a musket, accidentally loaded with ball, wounded a young lady named Nairn who was standing with a bevy of her sex on one of the balconies. For a few moments she was stunned, but, on recovering, her first words were, "Thank God the accident has happened to me whose principles are known. Had it befallen a Whig, they would have said it was done on purpose!" Happily Miss Nairn not only recovered, but lived long enough to be acquainted with Sir Walter Scott in his younger days.

Everything now reigned in Edinburgh as became a capital in which Royalty had been pleased to take up its abode. Levées and drawing-rooms were held in Holyrood, and the crush that assembled was worthy of St. James's. Concerts, balls, and receptions, were freely given by the Lowland gentry, and the presence of the Prince seldom withheld. The clans were encamped at Duddingstone, and the sober citizens were gratified with reviews, in which astonishment that such men should have so easily defeated a regular army was the chief element. But gay and festive as the Prince wished Edinburgh to be, he permitted no rejoicings or illuminations to celebrate his victory, giving as his reason that triumph had only been bought at the cost of his father's subjects. At the same time he did not scruple to let the country feel the result of conquest. The magistrates of all the towns in Scotland were commanded to repair immediately to Edinburgh

to pay the contributions which were imposed on every town. The collectors and comptrollers of the Land tax and Customs were ordered to hand over all public money in their possession on pain of High Treason. The goods in the Leith Custom House were sold out, and their value given to the Prince. It was the duty of Secretary Murray to superintend these matters, and many a memorandum among the State Papers attests his energy and supervision.

It was the wish of the Prince immediately after the victory at Preston to march upon London, and considering the temper in which the public mind then was, had he taken this step it might not have been unattended with success. According to Wade, England was for the first comer that made a bold dash for her possession. But there were grave reasons against such a course. The Highland Chiefs were opposed to it, as they would then abandon all chance of supplies from France. Though their ranks had been swelled by various new arrivals, yet the vassals of Lovat, Macleod, and others, still held aloof, and it was hoped that they might ultimately be gained over. Their army had also been considerably diminished by many of the Highlanders having, according to their custom, returned home to deposit with their families the booty they had secured. Besides, were not the British and Dutch forces drawing to a head at Newcastle, and was it wise to precipitate measures by an advance which, under the present circumstances, was rashness itself? Such reasons were alleged and had their

weight. The Prince was advised to bide his time, and for the present to occupy himself in recruiting his men and consolidating his power in Scotland; still it was thought expedient to prepare the Jacobites in England for his appearance at no distant period. Accordingly, the day after the battle of Preston-pans, one Hixon was sent into Northumberland with the following instructions :—

“ *Sept. 22, 1745.*

“ You are hereby authorised and directed to repair forthwith to England, and there notify to my friends, and particularly those in the north and north-west, the wonderful success with which it has hitherto pleased God to favour my endeavours for their deliverance. You are to let them know that it is my full intention, in a few days, to move towards them; and that they will be inexcusable before God and man, if they do not all in their power to assist and support me in such an undertaking. What I demand and expect is, that as many of them as can, shall be ready to join me; and that they should take care to furnish provisions and money, that the country may suffer as little as possible by the march of my troops. Let them know that there is no time for deliberation—now or never! is the word: I am resolved to conquer or perish. If this last should happen, let them judge what they and their posterity have to expect.” *

“ C. P. R.”

* A copy of this letter is among the State Papers, Domestic, Sept., 1745, No. 70. Underneath the letter is written, “the above was found in the top of one Hixon's glove, taken up at Newcastle, who keeps an inn at Perth, in

to pay the contributions which were imposed on the town. The collectors and comptroller of tax and Customs were ordered to hand over the money in their possession on pain of forfeiture. The goods in the Leith Custom House were valued and their value given to the Prince. The duty of Secretary Murray to superintend the army and many a memorandum among the papers attest his energy and supervision.

It was the wish of the Prince to march to victory at Preston to march on to London, considering the temper in which he was, had he taken this step, it would have been unattended with success. A man who was for the first time in possession of his own power. But then he considered such a course. The Highlanders, as they would then be called, were from France. Though they were by various new arrivals, Macleod, and others, that they might be an army had also been of the Highlanders returned home they had seen Dutch forces was it wise which, under itself? N

weight. The Governor of the Castle. He for the present was at the barbarity of an officer men and women in ruin to harmless citizens for not it was impossible out of their power to perform. England for the same reason, out of compassion to his fellow According to the blockade of the Castle, General one day with equal reason, next ask him, under following circumstances, to quit the city and resign all the victory. He trusted in the name of

"I am sure no wanton mischief would be done, for if any attempt was made, he would not only make and pay upon the estates of the officers of the the also upon all who were known openly to placed German Government.

and the receipt of this letter Guest sent an express to for further instructions, and in the mean- the suspended his threatened cannonade. Horace the sneers at the very idea of forbearance. "It is the best, it is Scotch! and I dare say will be expected. Ask a government to spare your town, though you yourself have given up to rebels, and the consequence of saving which will be the loss of your battle! but they knew to what government they applied." * However, it so happened that whilst the governor was awaiting the return of his express, certain Highlanders, ignorant of what had been passing between the garrison and the town, unluckily fired upon some people whom they saw carrying provisions up the hill. At once Guest, who thought

* Letters, vol. ii. p. 72.

that his forbearance was being treacherously returned, gave orders for the Castle to open its guns. The streets were accordingly swept with shot, and several of the inhabitants killed. A further appeal by the unhappy citizens, was made to the Prince; and Charles, whose humanity was always his weak point, thought it better to yield to their demand and raise the siege. "As we have threatened," he writes to Guest, "we might justly proceed to use the powers which God has put in our hands, to chastise those who are instrumental in the ruin of this capital, by reprisals upon the estates and fortunes of those who are against us; but we think it no way derogatory to the glory of a Prince to suspend punishment, or alter a resolution when thereby the lives of innocent men can be saved. In consequence of this sentiment, our humanity has yielded to the barbarity of our common enemy, and the blockade of the Castle is hereby taken off, and the punishment threatened suspended." * Henceforth supplies were freely permitted to be furnished to the garrison, and all efforts for its reduction were virtually at an end.

This clemency gave much displeasure to certain of the advisers of the Prince, who represented to him that the beating down a few old buildings was not to be put in competition with the reduction of a place of such importance as Edinburgh Castle, and that the loss some particular persons might sustain ought not to interfere with what was good for the whole.

* Proclamations, &c., Oct. 5, 1745. Treasury Board Papers, 1745, No. 244.

They concluded by saying that this clemency was not only mistaken, but by his enemies would be regarded as a sign of weakness; moreover, no Prince or General had ever given such a precedent. To these remarks Charles replied with more sternness than was his wont, "My enemies may term it as they please; but in this I am determined to be obeyed. Besides what might be virtue in another person, or in other circumstances, would be a vice in me. Remember," he said impressively, and alluding to the story of Solomon and the two harlots, "I come to save, not to destroy; and how much soever I may lose, the child is mine, and I would sooner choose to yield my right in it than suffer it should be mangled before my face." *

Another event which occurred at the time also shows the humanity of the Prince. It was wished that one of the English officers taken at Prestonpans, should be sent to London to demand a cartel for the exchange of prisoners, and to declare that if this request were refused, and the Prince's followers who fell into the hands of the enemy were to be treated as rebels and not as prisoners of war, the Prince would be forced, in his turn, to deal out the same severity to his captives. It was obvious that a cartel would greatly further the cause of Charles, as many were deterred from joining him by the hard fate in store for them should they be defeated and taken prisoners; and it was also argued, with the

* Genuine Memoirs of John Murray.

merciless logic of warfare, that a few severe examples would induce the English officers to remonstrate and the English Government to comply. To all this Charles objected. "It is below me," he said, "to make empty threats, and I will never put such as these (alluding to the prisoners taken at Preston-pans) into execution; I cannot in cold blood take away lives which I have saved in the heat of action."*

And yet Charles could be stern when occasion offered. Parliament had been summoned for the 17th of October, and at once a Proclamation was issued denouncing "the pretended Parliament of the Elector of Hanover," and declaring that all who paid any obedience to its summons were guilty of an overt act of treason and rebellion. "And for those," Charles goes on to say, "of his Majesty's subjects of this his ancient kingdom of Scotland, whether Peers or Commoners, who shall contrary to these our express commands, presume to sit or vote as aforesaid, as soon as the same shall be verified unto us, the transgressors shall be proceeded against as traitors and rebels to their King and country, and their estates shall be confiscated for his Majesty's use according to the laws of the land; the pretended union of this kingdom being now at an end."†

This Proclamation was shortly afterwards followed by a document of far more importance. Aware that

* MS. Memoirs of Maxwell of Kirkconnell. Quoted from the "Forty-five," by Earl Stanhope, p. 63.

† Proclamations, Oct. 9, 1745. State Papers, Domestic, No. 71.

the Act of Union was distasteful to the Scotch people in general, and that the re-establishment of Scotland as a separate kingdom was, to many of his adherents, a matter of as much moment as the re-establishment of the Stuart dynasty, the Prince thought it now expedient to specify the principles upon which his future government was to be conducted. A long and exhaustive Proclamation was accordingly published, justifying the steps Charles had taken, explaining his policy, and seeking to animate the people to more vigorous exertions in support of his cause. It set forth that now as it had pleased God to smile upon the undertaking of the Prince, and to make him master of Scotland, his Royal Highness thought it proper to express publicly "what ought to fill the hearts of all his Majesty's subjects of what nation or province soever with comfort and satisfaction." He began by declaring his intention not to enslave a free people, or impose upon them a religion which they disliked, but only "to redress and remove the encroachments made upon them." He then inveighed against the National Debt contracted under an unlawful government, and which had become a most heavy load upon the nation; but still with this grievance he would do nothing of his own accord; it was his intention to take the advice of his Parliament, and follow out the directions it suggested. Upon one act, however, he determined to have no two opinions. "With respect to the pretended union of the two nations," he said, "the King cannot possibly ratify it, since he

has had repeated remonstrances against it from each kingdom; and since it is incontestable that the principal point then in view was the exclusion of the Royal Family from their undoubted right to the Crown."

The remainder of this document is so important as to justify its insertion at full length.

"And now that we have in his Majesty's name given you the most ample security for your religion, properties, and laws, that the power of a British sovereign can grant, we hereby for ourselves, as Heir-apparent to the Crown, ratify and confirm the same in our own name, before Almighty God, upon the faith of a Christian and the honour of a Prince.

"Let me now expostulate this weighty matter with you, my father's subjects: and let me not omit this first public opportunity of awakening your understandings, and of dispelling that cloud, which the assiduous pens of ill-designing men have all along, but chiefly now, been endeavouring to cast on the truth. Do not the pulpits and congregations of the clergy, as well as your weekly papers, ring with the dreadful threats of popery, slavery, tyranny, and arbitrary power, which are now ready to be imposed upon you by the formidable powers of France and Spain? Is not my royal father represented as a blood-thirsty tyrant, breathing out nothing but destruction to all those who will not immediately embrace an odious religion? Or have I myself been better used? But listen only to the naked truth.

“ I, with my own money, hire a small vessel, ill provided with money, arms, or friends ; I arrive in Scotland, attended by seven persons ; I publish the king my father’s Declaration, and proclaim his title, with pardon in one hand, and in the other liberty of conscience, and the most solemn promises to grant whatever a free parliament shall propose for the happiness of the people. I have, I confess, the greatest reason to adore the goodness of Almighty God, who has in so remarkable a manner protected me and my small army through the many dangers to which we were at first exposed, and who has led me in the way to victory, and to the capital of this ancient kingdom, amidst the acclamations of the King my father’s subjects. Why then is so much pains taken to spirit up the minds of the people against this my undertaking ?

“ The reason is obvious. It is, lest the real sense of the nation’s present sufferings should blot out the remembrance of past misfortunes, and of the outcries formerly raised against the royal family. Whatever miscarriages might have given occasion to them, they have been more than atoned for since ; and the nation has now an opportunity of being secured against the like for the future.

“ That our family has suffered exile during these fifty-seven years, everybody knows. Has the nation, during that period of time, been the more happy and flourishing for it ? Have you found reason to love and cherish your governors, as the fathers of the people of

Great Britain and Ireland? Has a family upon whom a faction unlawfully bestowed the diadem of a rightful prince retained a due sense of so great a trust and favour? Have you found more humanity and condescension in those who were not born to a crown than in my royal forefathers? Have their ears been open to the cries of the people? Have they, or do they consider only the interest of these nations? Have you reaped any other benefit from them than an immense load of debts? If I am answered in the affirmative, why has their government been so often railed at in your open assemblies? Why has the nation been so long crying out in vain for redress against the abuse of parliaments, upon account of their long duration, the multitude of placemen which occasions their venality, the introduction of penal laws, and, in general, against the miserable situation of the kingdom, at home and abroad? All these, and many other inconveniences must now be removed, unless the people of Great Britain be already so far corrupted, that they will not accept of freedom when offered to them; seeing the King, on his restoration, will refuse nothing that a free parliament can ask, for the security of the religion, laws, and liberty of his people.

“The fears of the nation, from the powers of France and Spain, appear still more vain and groundless. My expedition was undertaken unsupported by either: but, indeed, when I see a foreign force brought by my enemies against me, and when I hear of Dutch,

Danes, and Hessians, and Swiss, the Elector of Hanover's allies, being called over to protect his government against the King's subjects, is it not high time for the King my father to accept also of the assistance of those who are able and who have engaged to support him? But will the world, or any one man of sense in it, infer from thence that he inclines to be a tributary prince rather than an independent monarch? Who has the better chance to be independent on foreign powers? He who, with the aid of his own subjects, can wrest the government out of the hands of an intruder? or he who cannot, without assistance from abroad, support his government, though established by all the civil power, and secured by a strong military force, against the undisciplined part of those he has ruled over so many years? Let him, if he pleases, try the experiment; let him send off his foreign hirelings, and put the whole upon the issue of a battle. I will trust to the King my father's subjects, who are, or shall be, engaged in mine and their country's cause. But, notwithstanding all the opposition he can make, I still trust in the justice of my cause, the valour of my troops, and the assistance of the Almighty, to bring my enterprise to a glorious issue." *

Charles had some grounds for this hope. The victory of Gladsmuir had cheered many of his scant and wavering subjects, and they now eagerly enrolled themselves under his standard. General Gordon, of Glenbucket,

* Stuart Papers; also State Papers, Domestic, Oct. 10, 1745, No. 71.

brought down from the wilds of Aberdeenshire some 400 of his men; Lord Ogilvie led a body of 600 from Strathmore and the Mearns; the wise and venerable Lord Pitsligo—the Baron of Bradwardine of the author of “Waverley”—took the field at the head of a squadron of six score country gentlemen; Lord Lewis Gordon, unlike his brother, the Duke, declared for the Prince, and was busy collecting forces in his own county; Macpherson, of Cluny, returned from Perth with 300 men; whilst many of the Lowland gentry enlisted themselves as volunteers. Still the three great chieftains, who could have swelled his ranks by some 4000 men, held aloof. Sir Alexander Macdonald and Macleod, though again begged by the Prince to join his standard, resolutely refused. Lovat was not so decided. As usual he was playing his double game; and trying to keep his hand in both with the Prince and the Lord President. He had at first been desirous of forming a Northern army at the pass of Corryarrack, composed of the clans over whom he had influence, which he could employ either for the Prince or for the government as it might seem best for his own interests. But on finding this scheme impracticable on account of the resolve of Macdonald and Macleod not to enlist themselves in the cause of the insurgents—the wily chieftain bethought himself of a measure which, without endangering either his personal safety, or his trimming policy, might yet serve his purpose.

We have seen Lord Lovat in the light of a loyal

subject, a straightforward friend, and a man to whom truth was dear, we now behold him in the character of a fond and devoted father. The plan he had conceived was, if not unselfish, at least simple;—it was merely that his son should carry out what he did not dare himself, and thus expose his own life to protect that of his affectionate parent. In all secrecy the Master of Lovat received orders to gather some seven or eight hundred men and march towards the Prince. The son at once set himself to obey his father's directions, but the vigilant eyes of the Lord President were upon his movements, and Lord Lovat was speedily informed, both by Duncan Forbes and Lord Loudon, that the Master of Lovat was collecting the Frasers, and his Lordship was desired to put a stop to the proceedings. With his usual truthful candour, Lord Lovat replied that "his son, the Master of Lovat, was positive and obstinate in his resolution to join the Pretender's son, and that the Master had the power over the clans, who would not obey or be governed by any one else."* Then in the same moment as this infamous assertion was being made, he wrote to his son, blaming him for not being zealous and active enough in collecting the clan. On the Master of Lovat being informed that his father was "laying the whole rising to his charge, he said, 'By God! I will go to the President about it and clear myself, and discover the whole!'"† This resolve he, however,

* Exam. of Robert Fraser, Secretary to Lord Lovat, Sept. 16, 1746. State Papers, Domestic.

† *Ibid.*

seems to have abandoned, probably on account of the dread with which he, with the rest of the family, regarded Lovat. But such slippery and dastardly conduct generally meets with its own reward. The Frasers thus raised did not reach Perth until Charles had entered England, and their embodiment was therefore of little service.

In spite, however, of the loss of the Frasers, the army of the Prince, which still lay at Duddingston, was now mustering nearly 6000 men. The cavalry was formed into two troops of guards, the first consisting of gentlemen of family and character, who received no pay, commanded by Lord Elcho, whilst the second division, which was not so entirely a volunteer force, was commanded by Lord Kilmarnock. At the same time great care was taken to equip and discipline the infantry; the men received their rations punctually, and their pay, which was fixed at sixpence a day for the common men, and a shilling for those in the front ranks of the Highland regiments, was regularly settled. Still, the followers of the Prince fully bore out the designation the English loved to throw at them, that they "were a rabble and not an army." Their ranks were composed of old men fit for the grave, and young lads who could hardly wield the weapons at their sides, whilst the greater number were miserably clad, ill armed, and presented anything but a favourable appearance. And yet, with the scanty funds at his disposal, it was hardly possible for the Prince to equip his men in better style. Money

was greatly wanted. The public taxes had been levied in several districts; Glasgow had been forced to contribute £5000; a few Jacobites, like the aged Earl of Wemyss, gave handsome donations to the cause they were personally unable to support, but still Charles's treasury remained at a very low ebb. This deficiency in the Exchequer led to unpleasantness. "There is a spirit of insolence reigning among the Highland officers," says the intelligence that Cope encloses to the Duke of Newcastle,* "against their Head, occasioned by the want of their pay. Last week a gentleman, who has a fortune in this country (and was out in 1715), happened to be in Holyrood House waiting on his Pretended Highness, by whom he was strongly solicited to join in the cause. Various arguments were adduced to persuade him—the justice of it, the probability of success, the ardour and bravery of the military, gentry, &c. But, unluckily, as an unanswerable objection to what had been so speciously alleged, in rushed two of his officers, who chanced to be a little mellow, and in the most reproachful manner demanded the arrears of their pay, which, as they said, were in arrears altogether except two guineas. He, by sugared words, flattered them out, and then exclaimed, 'Good God! what a slavery to have to do with these fellows!' This is what I am very well assured of."

Certainly unanimity did not always prevail in the

* Intelligence from Edinburgh, enclosed by Sir J. Cope to the Duke of Newcastle. *State Papers, Domestic*, Oct. 16, 1745.

camp of the Prince. To assist Charles in the conduct of his campaign a Council had been formed, composed of the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, the two Lieutenant Generals; O'Sullivan, who was Quartermaster General; Lord Elcho, Secretary Murray, Lords Pitsligo, Nairne, Ogilvie, and Lewis Gordon, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and all the Highland chieftains. This Council invariably met at ten every morning in the drawing-room of Holyrood; and from Lord Elcho we learn that its meetings were not always in the most perfect harmony—the rivalry between the Scotch and Irish officers led to frequent displays of feeling; Lord George Murray could not brook the interference of the Prince; whilst Charles, in his turn, “could not bear to hear anybody differ in sentiment from him, and took a dislike to everybody that did.” A proposal was now made which caused no little disturbance in the Council. Charles had collected as many men as his means permitted, and he was anxious to march south; his sanguine temperament hated delay, and since he saw that without his personal presence in England the French would decline to make a descent, or the English Jacobites rise, the sooner he crossed the Tweed the better he thought it would be for his interests. But the Council were far from being of the same opinion. It was urged that, as his army was too small to compel the English to accept him as their sovereign, and as Wade had collected troops with a view to march into Scotland, it was wiser to await the English

General's advance than to assume the aggressive—thus remaining unbroken and in force, they would encourage France to send supplies; but if once they were defeated, France would refuse to support them. These arguments were lost upon Charles; he said that he was confident the French auxiliary force would land shortly after his crossing the Border, and that he possessed a strong party in London and elsewhere who would receive him as Edinburgh had done. At three several Councils was the question agitated, and always with the same result—the Council overruling the Prince.

Though the Prince had been, as he repeatedly declared on his landing, desirous of attaining his end without foreign aid, he soon saw, if he was to march south, the importance of assistance from France. Shortly after the victory of Prestonpans, he had, therefore, despatched Kelly and Sir James Stewart to the Court of Versailles, to acquaint His Most Christian Majesty with the details of the battle, and to impress upon his ministers the necessity for help. The unexpected successes of Charles had, to a certain extent, excited sympathy on his behalf across the Channel. Money and arms had been occasionally sent into Scotland; but as many of the vessels employed for that object fell into the hands of English cruisers, the aid was well nigh imperceptible. Preparations were also being made at Dunkirk with a view to a landing in England. Henry, Duke of York, the brother of the Prince, was sent for from Rome to

take command of the intended expedition, and he had posted with all speed from Albano to the French port. But the Court of the vacillating monarch could not make up its mind to enter at once, and boldly, upon so decisive a step. It threatened and then drew back, promised and withheld fulfilment, and thus lost the best opportunity it ever had of subjugating the power of Great Britain.

Whilst the Duke of York was chafing with impatience at Dunkirk superintending the ships that were never to sail, and the Irish regiments that were never to march, some little assistance was rendered to the Prince. A vessel anchored at Montrose with £5000 on board, whilst three other ships brought over 5000 stands of arms, a train of six field-pieces, and a few French and Irish officers. Among these new arrivals was M. de Boyer, called the Marquis d'Eguilles, who was entrusted with a letter of congratulation to the Prince, from Louis XV. Charles received the Marquis with studied and polite ceremony, addressed him as Monseigneur, and had him regarded in the light of the accredited ambassador from the King of France to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent of Scotland. The appearance of the envoy led the adherents of the Prince to hope that France would soon send her promised support to their assistance.

But it was not long before Charles learnt that if he would win his cause, it would have to be almost alone through the unaided strength and courage of his loyal Highlanders. In conversation with the Marquis, the

envoy said that it was immaterial to his master whether a George or a James was on the throne of England, but that if the Scotch nation wished a king for themselves, France would assist them in the struggle. Some members of the Council approved of the severance from England, and talked to Charles about the matter, but the Prince refused to listen to the proposal, and said that nothing short of the three kingdoms would content him.* Indeed, acted upon by his Irish adherents, who painted the future in glowing colours, and who assured him of support in England, Charles determined to be no longer brooked by his Council, but to march at once south. He assembled his officers in his apartment, and laid before them his proposal for a march upon Newcastle. The usual objections were raised. Charles would not listen to them, but contented himself with saying, in his most positive manner, "I see, gentlemen, you are determined to stay in Scotland and defend your country; but I am not less resolved to try my fate in England, though I should go alone." Thus pressed, the chieftains felt that they were in honour bound to follow the fortunes of their Prince, and not to endanger his person by withdrawing from the expedition. The only point that Lord George Murray urged was, that they should enter England from the Cumberland and not the Northumberland side, so that if Wade meditated giving them battle, he would have to harass his troops by a fatiguing march across

* MS. Lord Elcho's Journal.

a mountainous country, whilst the Highlanders would fight to advantage among hills, which somewhat resembled their own. If, on the other hand, the Marshal was not anxious for an immediate collision, the Prince could move as he pleased, and more time would be allowed for the French to land, or the English Jacobites to rise. This wise suggestion of Lord George was adopted, and everything prepared for an immediate departure.

At the same time the secret of the change of route was well kept, and it was generally given out that the clans would march straight upon Newcastle, and into the very arms of Wade. The better to mislead the English, the subtle strategy of Lord George again suggested that they should divide their men into two columns, both to join on an appointed day near Carlisle; the first column to march by the direct road to Moffat, with the baggage and artillery; whilst the second column, under the Prince in person, should pass by Kelso, as if with the intention of entering Northumberland. This suggestion was also adopted. But carefully as the secret had been preserved, the friends of the Government were soon acquainted with it. "The young Pretender," writes "Philaethes" to Lieut-Gen. Handasyd, who was then at Newcastle,* "left Edinburgh last night (Oct. 31), about six, and came the length of Pinkie, attended by his Life Guards, where he lay all night, and this day about one o'clock proceeded to Dalkeith, from which place

* State Papers, Domestic. Handasyd to Duke of Newcastle, Nov. 3, 1745.

he is to march his whole army by the west road to Peebles and Moffat, and so through Annandale to Carlisle, as is believed. And the better to disguise his motions, he has so ordered it, that billets for quartering his army have been sent to Musselburgh, Haddington, and other villages upon the east road to Berwick, while in the night timé above 1,000 at a time march by the west road, and it is believed that there are already above 4,000 got as far as Peebles on their way to Carlisle. They have along with them above 150 carts and waggons of baggage, besides a great many baggage horses, by which everybody conjectures they will not return again to Edinburgh, but are to proceed directly to England, and will endeavour, if possible, to take so far the advantage of our troops as to escape them, and so get into Lancashire, where they expect to meet with friends."

Before marching south the advisers of Charles drew up a declaration, "Unto those who have not as yet declared their approbation of this enterprise, and unto such as have or may hereafter appear in arms against it." The document began with a regret that this glorious undertaking had been so traduced and misrepresented by the enemies of the Prince, and especially by the Bishops, who stated that the elevation of James the Third to the throne of England would result in nothing less than the overthrow of the Protestant religion and the establishment of Popery. "Were there any grounds," the paper went on to say, "for supposing that the Prince intended to introduce

Popery? Have not both the King and the Prince Regent sworn in the most solemn manner to maintain the Protestant religion throughout his Majesty's dominions? . . . Are we not Protestants who now address you? And is it not by the strength of a Protestant army that we must mount the throne? What further security can the nature of the thing admit of? . . . Our enemies have represented us as men of low birth and desperate fortunes. We who are now in arms, are, for the greatest part, of the most ancient families of this island, whose forefathers asserted the liberties of their country long, long before the names of our declaimers were ever heard of. Our blood is good, and that our actions shall make appear. If our fortunes be not great, our virtue has kept them low, and desperate we may be truly called, for we are determined to conquer or die. . . Perhaps you may find fault that you were not apprised of this undertaking. No more were we. God has conducted, the Prince of Wales has executed, and we are thereby in possession of Scotland, and victorious over one of the Elector's armies, which nothing could have saved from total destruction but the authority and mercy of a young conqueror, possessed of all the shining qualities which can adorn a throne, and who may challenge the keenest enemy of his Royal Family to impute to him a vice which can blacken the character of a Prince. Compare his clemency towards all the prisoners and wounded at the battle of Gladsmuir, with the executions, imprison-

ments, and banishment, exercised by the German family after their success at Preston, in the year 1715, and your affections will tell you who is the truer father of the people." The document concluded with a strong eulogium on the character of Charles, and the request that all should rally round the standard of the Prince, and "cheerfully join issue with us, and share in the glory of restoring our King, and in setting our country free, which, by the strength of our arm, the assistance of our allies, and the blessing of God Almighty, we shortly expect to see accomplished."*

On the 3rd of November the army marched from Dalkeith in two columns, as had been suggested. The first column was commanded by Charles and Lord George, and consisted of the Camerons, the Macdonalds of Glengary, the Grants of Glenmoriston, the Macdonalds of Keppoch, the Macdonalds of Clanronald, the Macdonalds of Glencoe, the Stewarts of Appin, the Macgregors, and the Mackinnons. The second column, commanded by the Duke of Perth and the Marquis Tullibardine, consisted of the Athol brigade, the Robertsons, the Duke of Perth's regiment, Glenbuckets, John Roy Stewarts, Lord Ogilvie's, the Macclauchlans, and the Macphersons. The guards under Lord Elcho, and Pitsligo's horse, marched with the first column. The Perthshire squadrons, commanded by the Earl of Kilmarnock, with the artillery

* Enclosed in the letter of the Lord Justice Clerk to the Duke of Argyll, Nov. 2, 1745. State Papers, Scotland.

and baggage, marched with the second.* According to the estimates formed by the Lord Justice Clerk, the strength of the Highlanders consisted of Infantry 6280, Volunteers 1000, and 300 Cavalry. Other authorities make it a thousand less; according to Home, "they were not 6000 men complete."

On the following day, and shrouded by the darkness

* "Journal of the Rebellion." Treasury Board Papers, 1745, No. 244.

† State Papers, Scotland, Nov. 2, 1745. In "The Life of the Duke of Cumberland," 8vo. London, 1767, the following statement of the numbers of the Highland army is given :

CLAN REGIMENTS AND THEIR COMMANDERS.

Lochiel . . .	Cameron of Lochiel . . .	700
Appin . . .	Stuart of Ardshiel . . .	200
Clanranald . . .	Macdonald of Clanranald . . .	300
Keppoch . . .	Macdonald of Keppoch . . .	200
Kinloch Moidart . . .	Macdonald of Kinloch-Moidart . . .	100
Glencoe . . .	Macdonald of Glencoe . . .	120
Macinnon . . .	Macinnon of Macinnon . . .	120
Macpherson . . .	Macpherson of Cluny . . .	120
Glengary . . .	Macdonnell of Glengary . . .	300
Glenbucket . . .	Gordon of Glenbucket . . .	300
Maclauchlan . . .	Maclauchlan of that ilk . . .	200
Struan . . .	Robertson of Struan . . .	200
Glenmoriston . . .	Grant of Glenmoriston . . .	100
		<hr/> 2,960

LOWLAND REGIMENTS.

Athol . . .	Lord George Murray . . .	600
Ogilvie . . .	Lord Ogilvie, Angus men . . .	900
Perth . . .	Duke of Perth . . .	700
Nairn . . .	Lord Nairn . . .	200
Edinburgh . . .	Roy Stuart . . .	450
		<hr/> 2,850

CAVALRY.

Lords Elcho and Balmerino . . .	120
Lord Pitsligo . . .	80
Lord Kilmarnock . . .	60
	<hr/> 260

of night, the column of Charles entered Kelso. "This party," writes the Lord Justice Clerk to the Duke of Argyll,* "is said to be about 4000 men, and among them are the best of their men, the Camerons, Macdonalds; they have no cannon and little baggage, no more than what thirty carts and twelve horses could lightly load and carry, and one covered waggon with the Pretender's son's baggage, in which is a fine gilt French box. . . . It is said that Major Kelly has written to them that everything is ready for effecting a landing both from France and Spain, and advised them to march to the west of England, where they should meet with friends enough. However, that report has not been able to prevent desertion in the rebel army; many have deserted on their march from Edinburgh, and particularly at Kelso." This last fact was a severe drawback to the cause of the Prince. The march south was by no means popular among the common soldiers, who were very superstitious about crossing the Border; and it is said that Charles spent an hour and a half in persuasion before he could prevail upon any of his men to go forward. In spite of their seeming compliance before the two columns reached Carlisle, at least a thousand men had deserted.

At Kelso a halt was made for two days, and orders were despatched to Wooller for quarters to be got ready, thus alarming Wade, and diverting his attention from Carlisle, the real object of attack. But not towards

* State Papers, Scotland, Nov. 5 and 7, 1745.

Wooler did Charles bend his steps. By a sudden march to the westward, by way of Hawick and Haghaugh, he entered Cumberland on the evening of the 8th of November. As the clans crossed the Border they drew their swords and huzza'd, but in unsheathing his weapon Lochiel cut his hand, and the accident was looked upon as a bad omen. On the following day both the columns united, and proceeded to lay siege to the red stone walls of Carlisle.

Carlisle had long been the principal garrison in England upon the western frontier, and many a time in bygone days had Scottish troops besieged it in vain. The castle, which commanded the town, was situated on a steep elevation, and surrounded by thick and crumbling walls. It contained only one company of invalids as a garrison, commanded by Colonel Durand; but in the city was a considerable force of Cumberland and Westmoreland militia; though the place was in every respect qualified to stand a regular siege, it was certainly strong enough to defy the efforts of an enemy which possessed no heavier artillery than a few four pounders to bring against it.

At the approach of the clans the town showed proper spirit of resistance. The Mayor, whose name was Pattison, will live as long as Jacobite lampoons endure, has, in my opinion, been the subject of much undeserved censure and ridicule. He has been stigmatised as the most arrant of cowards, the emptiest of braggarts, and the most miserable of Englishmen.

"O Pattison, ohon ! ohon !
Thou wonder of a Mayor !
Thou blest thy lot thou wert no Scot,
And bluster'd like a player.
What hast thou done, with sword or gun,
To baffle the Pretender ?
Of mouldy cheese and bacon grease
Thou much more fit defender !

O front of brass and brain of ass,
With heart of hare compounded,
How are thy boasts repaid with costs,
And all thy pride confounded !
Thou need'st not rave lest Scotland crave
Thy kindness or thy favour ;
Thy wretched race can give no grace,
No glory thy behaviour."

These verses of the popular song "The Mayor of Carlisle," express, though in a plainer and coarser form, very much the opinions of many people who have had to discuss the conduct of the Worshipful Thomas Pattison on this occasion. And yet, on investigation, it will be found that he was much less to blame for the surrender of his city than is generally supposed. It is not my object to liken this worthy citizen to a military genius, or to endow him with a capacity above the rest of his class ; but this I do say, that if he had not been compelled to capitulate by the wretched conduct of the militia within the town, we have every reason to believe he would have done his best to defend the city to the last.

On the appearance of the Highlanders he issued a proclamation, stating that he would never surrender, and that he was not Paterson a Scotchman, but Pattison a true-born Englishman. For thus declaring

his nationality he has been not a little laughed at. And yet why? Surely a man whose name bears a doubtful nationality—a name which to many Englishmen sounds Scottish—and who held on such an occasion so prominent a post as the chief magistrate of a city about to be besieged, was perfectly justified in informing his fellow-citizens that he was of English birth and lineage, and had nothing in common with the invader? In times of warfare, when party feeling runs high, and nationalities are keenly criticised, it is not only expedient but right, that men placed in positions of command, whose names, antecedents, or connections may excite suspicion, should take the first opportunity of openly declaring that between them and the enemy there is no bond of sympathy. I fail to see, therefore, why Thomas Pattison should be sneered at by posterity because he thought it his duty at such a moment to state that he was an Englishman and not a Scotchman; and that nothing would induce him to betray his trust.

On hearing of the Mayor's resolve to defend the city, Charles at once despatched the following order to him—“Being come to recover the King, our Father's just right, for which we are arrived with all his authority, we are sorry to find that you should prepare to obstruct our passage. We, therefore, to avoid the effusion of blood, hereby require you to open your gates, and let us enter, as we desire, in a peaceable manner, which you do we shall take care to preserve you from any insult, and set an example to all England of the exact

ness with which we intend to fulfil the King our Father's Declarations and our own. But if you shall refuse us entrance we are fully resolved to force it by such means as Providence has put into our hands, and then it will not perhaps be in our power to prevent the dreadful consequences which usually attend a town's being taken by assault. Consider seriously of this, and let me have your answer within the space of two hours; for we shall look upon any further delay as a peremptory refusal, and take our measures accordingly.*

“CHARLES PRINCE REGENT.”

But the Mayor refused to return any answer to the summons. Patiently waited Charles. When the time allowed for consideration had passed away, he was on the point of giving orders to begin operations, when the news suddenly arrived that Wade had left Newcastle, and was making forced marches across country to relieve Carlisle. It was now considered advisable both by the Prince and his Council to retire and advance upon Brampton, so as to engage the English with the advantage of hilly ground. It was with no ordinary feelings of pride that the inhabitants of Carlisle saw the foe which had been the terror of Hamilton's and Gardiner's dragoons, the victors of Cope, and the capturers of Edinburgh, beating, as they thought, a hasty retreat before the resolution and prowess of

* State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 10, 1745. Enclosed in letter of Lord Londale to Duke of Newcastle, Nov. 13.

"the first city in England." Flushed with success the Mayor wrote an account of the matter to Lord Lonsdale:—

"Last Saturday night," he writes,* "our city was surrounded with about 9,000 Highlanders. At three o'clock that afternoon I received a message from the Mayor for billets for 13,000 men to be ready that night. I refused. On Sunday, at three in the afternoon, I received the enclosed message (the summons of the Prince). The answer returned was only by firing of cannon. Then Charles and the Duke of Perth, with several other gentlemen, lay within a mile or two of us, but have now all marched for Brampton, seven miles on the high road for Newcastle. I told your Lordship," continues he proudly, "that we would defend this city; its proving true gives me pleasure and more so since we have outdone Edinburgh, nay all Scotland. We are bringing in men, and arms and covered waggon frequently. I shall in a little time fully set forth everything to your Lordship. If you think proper I would have you mention our success to the Duke of Newcastle and to General Wade."

It was not probable, after the rebels had carried everything before them in Scotland, that their first check in England should be hid under a bushel. Lord Lonsdale at once wrote up to Whitehall, and in a few days' time the Mayor, whose enthusiasm altered circumstances had by that time considerably dampened

* State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 12, 1745. In Lord Lonsdale's letter Nov. 13.

received a letter from the Duke of Newcastle. His Grace, little dreaming how events had turned out, began by stating that last night he had received a letter from my Lord of Lonsdale, giving an account of the ineffectual attempt of the rebels to make themselves masters of Carlisle: "Immediately," writes the Duke,* "I laid it before the King, and his Majesty was so sensible of the loyalty and courage which the magistrates and officers at that place have showed on this important occasion, that his Majesty commanded me to take the first opportunity of returning his thanks to them, with which I am to desire you would be pleased to acquaint them. I most heartily congratulate you upon the great honour the town of Carlisle has gained by setting this example of firmness and resolution, which it is to hoped will be followed in other places should the rebels attempt to advance further."

But pride was soon to have a bitter fall, and the Mayor, so elated with his success, to be made the scapegoat of a humiliating surrender. Had Wade not been deceived by that march to Kelso, and had he only left Newcastle in time to come up with the rebels, History would have been spared the record of a miserable event, and the Mayor of Carlisle, instead of being unjustly lampooned, would have been handed down to posterity as the staunchest of patriots. The element of luck enters more largely into the acquisition of fame than many suppose.

* State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 15, 1745.

On arriving at Brampton, Charles discovered the report respecting the movements of Marshal W was false, that the English general was still at Newcastle, and that the Highlanders had therefore not to fear. Several regiments were at once sent back to Carlisle, under the command of the Duke of Perth to resume the siege, and shortly after their departure Charles penned the following letter to Lord Barrymore, a staunch and wealthy Jacobite in Cheshire:

"BRAMPTON, Nov. 11, 1745

"My Lord,—This is to acquaint you with the success we have had since our arrival in Scotland, how far we are advanced without repulse. We are a numerous army, and are laying siege to Carlisle day, which we are sure cannot hold out long. As that we intend to take our route straight for London and if things answer our expectations we design to be in Cheshire before the 24th inst. Then I hope and all my friends in that county will be ready to join us. For now is the time or never. Adieu.

"CHARLES PRINCE REGENT."

The opinion which Charles expressed that Carlisle would not hold out long was soon realised. On the 13th inst. the Duke of Perth began to raise a bat-

* State Papers, Domestic, No. 73. This letter was carried by one Peter Pattinson, a messenger whom Sheridan had selected; but Pattinson, on entering Cheshire, gave it into the hands of Lord Barrymore's son, Lord Buttevant, thinking that a letter written to the father might well be delivered to him. It so happened that Lord Buttevant was anything but a Jacobite, and at once gave Pattinson up to justice, consequently the letter never reached its destination. Exam. of Peter Pattinson. State Papers, Domestic, No.

on the east side of the town, and in order to encourage his men both he and the Marquis of Tullibardine pulled off their coats and set vigorously to work in the trenches. At the same time the most terrible stories of the conduct of the rebels were in full circulation among the inhabitants of Carlisle. It was said that the Highlanders shot at everybody that fled from them, that the country all round was put under military execution; that all the able-bodied peasantry in the neighbourhood had been seized, and were to carry the scaling ladders to the walls; and that the severest punishments were to be inflicted upon all within Carlisle if they continued their resistance, as the rebels were perfectly aware that Wade's army was at so great a distance that they had nothing to fear.*

Still all might yet have been well with the city, had not the conduct of the militia within its walls been so scandalous and cowardly that we can find no parallel to it in the history of this rebellion save in the behaviour of the dragoons at Preston-pans. But let Colonel Durand, the commander of the garrison, tell in his own words the humiliating scene that ensued:—

“The following is a short but true account of the manner in which the rebels became possessed of Carlisle:—†

“Saturday, Nov. 9th, the rebels first appeared before Carlisle, and Nov. 14th, in the morning, I

* Intelligence from Penrith. State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 14, 1745.

† Col. Durand to Lieut.-Gen. Folliot. State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 20, 1745.

received a message in writing signed by the officer of the militia of Cumberland and Westmoreland, acquainting me that having been lately extremely fatigued with duty in expectation of relief from his Majesty's force, and it appearing that no such relief is now likely to be had, and not being able to do duty or hold out any longer, they were determined to capitulate. Upon which I immediately went to them with Colonel Gilpin and the rest of the officers of the Invalids, and did all that lay in my power to persuade them to change so rash a resolution by representing the fatal consequences that might attend it, and the dishonour of treating with rebels whilst they were in a condition of defending themselves, and solemnly protesting that I would never join in so unworthy an action; and some of them having taken notice of the intrenchment which the rebels were that morning throwing up about three hundred yards' distance from the citadel, I answered that I had carefully viewed the intrenchment they spoke of, and thought it was too great a distance to be of any great consequence, and, besides, as it was not usual to carry on works by day time, I imagined it was only done to intimidate the garrison; assuring them that, if they would but stand by me, it was my opinion we might defend both the city and the castle for some considerable time longer against the whole of the force of the rebels, as by the best accounts we had of them they had no cannon large enough to make a breach, and they knew all the ladders within seven miles round

had been brought into the city. But they still continued firm in their resolution, alleging that several of their men had deserted the preceding night over the walls, and the rest were so fatigued and intimidated that they could not much depend upon them, and therefore they would send to capitulate immediately, for should they defer it till next morning the city might probably be stormed that night, and they all put to the sword; and then sent to the mayor to know if he would join with them. The mayor upon that applied to me to know what I would do; I told him I was determined to defend both the city and castle as long as I could. *He answered he would do the same*, but the militia still persisted in their resolution, and said if the mayor and inhabitants would not join with them they would send and capitulate for themselves upon the best terms they could get. This struck such a panic into some of the towns-people that they desired the mayor would summon the inhabitants at the town-hall to consult what was proper to be done, which he immediately did, and the opinion of the majority then present *was to defend the town*; but the militia still persisting in their resolution to capitulate, the towns-people at last agreed to join with them, and to send away to the rebels to desire a capitulation. Upon which myself, Capt. Gilpin, and the rest of the officers of the Invalids, after protesting against it in the most solemn manner, retired into the castle, with the two companies of Invalids and about 400 other men, who all then said they would join with me in defending the

castle to the last. But before 8 o'clock the next morning they changed their resolution, and all left us to a man. . . .

"Nov. 15.—About 10 o'clock in the morning, most of the principal inhabitants and officers of the militia came to me to acquaint me that they had received an answer from the rebels that unless the castle was surrendered at the same time with the town, they would immediately destroy the city with fire, and put all the inhabitants and militia without distinction to the sword, and desiring for God's sake that we would take it into consideration, and that the garrison of the castle might march out with all military honours, and both officers and men be at liberty to go wherever they pleased. I told them I would call a council of war, and then we would give them an answer."

Col. Durand summoned a council of war, and it was then agreed that as the militia of Cumberland and Westmoreland had refused to a man to defend the castle, and as the garrison consisted of about 80 men, many of whom were very infirm, and their numbers insufficient to manage the guns or man the walls, and that as the mayor and inhabitants of the town had, contrary to the opinion of the officers of the garrison, treated with the rebels, who refused to listen to them without the surrender of the castle; it was therefore thought advisable, the castle not being tenable, that it be abandoned.

"I know nothing of the terms of the capitulation," continues Col. Durand, "as I had no hand in it, but on

the contrary solemnly protested against it—nor have I so much as seen it.” His letter concludes with a hope that his conduct, and that of his officers, will meet with Folliot’s approbation, as they had done all in their power to preserve both the city and the castle. A month later the Rev. Dr. Waugh, the Chancellor of Carlisle, gives the Duke of Newcastle an account of the surrender of the city; and, whilst speaking in the highest terms of Col. Durand, abuses in no measured terms the conduct of the militia, attributing to their cowardice and example the whole blame of the capitulation.*

Now it seems to me that satire has been somewhat unjustly severe upon this poor Mayor. At the approach of the rebels he issues a proclamation that he will defend the city and glories in the name of an Englishman; the rebels resume the siege; the militia—the sole defenders of the city—declare that they will surrender to the enemy; an interview takes place between the Mayor and Colonel Durand—Durand, as a soldier, vows he will defend the city and castle as long as he can; Pattison, as a loyal citizen, re-echoes the same sentiments, and it is only when the gallant Cumberland and Westmoreland militia, by their conduct, sow timidity broadcast among the unarmed citizens, that the Mayor feels he has no alternative but to surrender. He has no arms; the only defenders the town possesses refuse to fight, and threaten to go over to the enemy; nothing remains to

* *State Papers, Domestic*, Dec. 1, 1745.

protect the city but panic-stricken inhabitants and company of Invalids in the castle. Under such circumstances what alternative had a man who was hero—perhaps some respectable, half-educated tradesman, who knew, as the song kindly suggests, far more of “mouldy cheese and bacon grease,” than he did of warfare or of military organization—but capitulation. Still, if he is to be arraigned at the bar of history, and condemned as a coward and a traitor, let not the Cumberland and Westmoreland militia, whose business it was to fight, who were embodied for that sole purpose, and who were brought into the city of Carlisle to animate its inhabitants and defend its interests, escape unpunished. The mayor was but an ordinary citizen,—the office he held has never been highly distinguished for capacity or common sense on unaccustomed occasions—and satire has been much too hard upon him.

On the 17th inst. the Prince entered Carlisle in triumph. The conditions of the capitulation were that the garrison and militia should deliver up the arms and horses, and promise not to serve against Charles for the space of a year. The siege cost the Highlanders one man killed and one wounded.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADVANCE TO DERBY.



“ To your arms, to your arms, my bonnie Highland lads !
We winna brook the rule o’ a German thing.
To your arms, to your arms, wi’ your bonnets and your plaids !
And hey for Charlie and our ain true king ! ”

THE tactics of Lord George Murray had completely perplexed Marshal Wade, who, old, querulous and past his work, had been despatched to Newcastle to intercept the progress of the Prince. The troops under his command numbered over 12,000 men,* and had the Prince entered England by any other route than the one he adopted, the rebellion would have received a severe check within a few hours of the clans crossing the border. But the march to Kelso had entirely deceived the Marshal and altered the whole character of his reckonings. On hearing that the Prince had returned from Brampton to invest Carlisle he summoned a Council of War and wrote to the Duke of Newcastle† that he intended to march on the 16th inst. to the relief of the city ; “ though the country is covered

* Wade’s Instructions. State Papers, Domestic, Oct. 6, 1745.

† State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 16, 1745.

with snow and the roads extremely broken, I hope shall be able to take with us eight or ten days' provisions, if the country does not disappoint us of carriages, which it has often done."

This intention of an immediate march upon Prince was cordially welcomed by the Secretary of State, who had far from approved of the dilatory conduct of Wade, the more especially as the Court was disturbed by news of an invasion from France. "We have certain accounts," writes the Duke of Newcastle to the Marshal,* "that preparations are making for an embarkation from Dunkirk, that Lord J Drummond's regiment is actually embarked, and that there are now transports at Dunkirk and Ostend sufficient for 3000 men . . . All our advices agree that the Court of France intend to support the Pretender earnestly. For these reasons His Majesty was the more pleased with your resolution to go immediately to the rebels, in hopes that by the blessing of God they may be defeated and these intestine troubles in a great measure ended before the French can have an opportunity to put their designs in execution."

On reaching Hexham, Wade to his dismay ascertained that the "resolute behaviour of the town of Carlisle had in the end proved very scandalous and shameful, if not treacherous." He writes to Newcastle that had the city only held out a few days longer which it could have easily done without the le

* State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 19, 1745.

+ *Ibid.*, Nov. 19, 1745.

hazard or difficulty, he might not only have saved the town and castle but have given the rebels a decisive defeat under its walls. According to the favourite expedient of the incompetent commander, he now summoned a Council of War. As the roads were impassable from snow, and as it was impossible to pursue the rebels should they advance into Lancashire by any other road than that by Newcastle to Borough-bridge, it was resolved to return at once to Newcastle. "And even in that way," writes Wade dolefully,* "the rebels will be in Lancashire long before us, and we must expect a great diminution of our force from the numbers that fall sick every day by the severity of the weather and the badness of the roads. And I am sorry to tell your Grace that, in all the service I have seen since my first coming into the army, I never saw more distress than what the officers and soldiers suffer at this time."

After a bitter two days' marching, Wade entered Newcastle with his troops, "very much fatigued and half-starved with the cold, insomuch as it moved the compassion of the magistrates and gentlemen of the town to admit the whole body of foot to march into it, and to take shelter in the public halls, glass-houses, malt-houses and other empty buildings, as also in many of the private houses of the town—which are comfortable quarters, after what they had suffered by lying on the ground in tempestuous weather"† Here he pro-

* State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 19, 1745.

† *Ibid.*, Nov. 23, 1745.

posed to halt for three days, and then to march men *en masse* in pursuit of the rebels.

But the defence of England was not entrusted to the army in the north. The capture of Carlisle and the unchecked progress of the rebels were circumstances demanding the serious attention of Government. Sir John Ligonier was therefore ordered to march with a body of troops into Staffordshire and to rendezvous at Lichfield, so as to prevent the Highlanders, should they escape Wade, from entering Wales. The Lord-Lieutenants were directed to give every assistance in their power to those troops which passed through their counties, and to see that the roads and bridges were in a fit state of repair. The regiments of the city Trainbands were carefully inspected and ordered to hold themselves in readiness for any emergency that might arise. Signals were posted all over London, and the guard was doubled.

One morning, whilst the Trainbands were being inspected by the King and the Duke of Cumberland from the Terrace Walk of St. James's Park, a small paper parcel carefully sealed was thrown by a man in the crowd into the face of His Majesty. Instantly the culprit was secured by a few privates of the Guard who witnessed the act, and brought to the guard-room amid cheers and cries of "Let the rogue be hanged without judge or jury!" On being examined before Justice Burgess, the prisoner said that his name was James Corbet, that he was a priest of the Catholic Church, and that "what he had done was nothing but

what was lawful in serving both God and his King, whom they were pleased to call the Pretender's son, and that he did not value what any damnable heretics could do to him." The packet thrown at the King was now opened and found to contain a letter which ran as follows:—

“FOR GEORGE THE USURPER.

“Sir,—I have given myself the trouble of inditing to you the following lines, which will be for your safety though you are my professed enemy. I would not have you flatter yourself with the zeal with which your subjects have thought proper to show towards your person, and the support of your Government, who this day have sent from the city as (I am informed) a number of 12,000 men for you to view, in order to strengthen and confirm their loyalty. But alas, I assure you, that whenever I begin to tread England's ground, which will not be many days first, then will you hear of a far superior number joining me than what any of your territories, put them all together, can produce. I have sent you this notice that you may not deem me a coward, for I do not fear success in my undertaking; therefore, I would have you take care to secure yourself and family from the fury of the sword belonging to Charles, King of England.” *

It is needless to say that this miserable composition was not penned by the Prince. What became of James Corbet we know not. He was one of those scheming

* State Papers, Domestic, 1745, No. 72.

priests, then busy in London, who to serve their purpose did their best to identify the Stuart cause with Popery; and who, though calling themselves partisans of the Prince, were among his most formidable enemies. "Save me from my friends," Charles might well say when he saw and heard these adherents endeavouring to pave his way to the throne of England by violent and irritating attacks upon the established religion of the country.

Nor was it only from bigoted ecclesiastics that the Prince received annoyance. Shortly after the reduction of Carlisle, the feud which had long been smouldering between his rival Lieutenant-Generals broke out. Lord George Murray, jealous of the preference shown to the Duke of Perth in commanding the proceedings of the siege of Carlisle, and of the favour with which he was regarded by the Prince, tendered his resignation—which Charles coldly accepted. But notwithstanding that the Duke of Perth was, in the social sense of the word, throughout the little army, it was felt that his military capacity was feeble, and that the resignation of Lord George would be as severe a blow as the expedition could receive. Accordingly a petition was got up, praying Charles to request Lord George to resume his commission; and at last, what prior to be a very unpleasant dispute was satisfactorily settled by Perth generously waiving his pretensions to command, and offering to serve in any capacity.

And indeed the clans, in the present crisis of their affairs, required all the generalship they possessed.

If anything could show Charles, in spite of the enthusiasm of the past, how slight was the hold his cause possessed, and how fickle was the adherence of his friends, he had but to regard the country whose borders he had scarcely quitted. The towns of Glasgow, Paisley, and Dumfries, had resumed their allegiance to the existing Government, and had levied their militia for the House of Hanover. Almost immediately after the departure of the Highland troops the city of Edinburgh had been entered by the officers of the Crown in solemn procession, and overawed by two regiments of cavalry that Wade had sent forward, the Jacobite enthusiasm in the town prudently changed its tone. At Perth and Dundee, where the proclamation of King James III. had been so loyally received, the inhabitants insisted upon celebrating the birthday of King George, and fired upon the Jacobite garrisons. In addition to this lukewarmness, and speedy change of sentiment, the friends of the Government, under the Earl of Loudoun and the Lord President, were assembling their forces at Inverness, and doing their utmost to crush the progress of the rebellion in the north.

But the motto of Charles was thorough. He had resolved, in spite of all difficulties and discouragements, to march further into England, and not to be deterred by any misgivings. A council of war was held at Carlisle, and the opinion of the officers taken upon the matter. Advice was not unanimous. Some recommended that they should remain where they were until the reinforcements under Lord Strathallan arrived from

Perth. Others voted for returning at once to Scotland, whilst a few agreed with the Prince and decided in favour of an advance upon London. Lord George Murray was referred to, and he replied that though he could not advise His Royal Highness to march far into England without more encouragement than he had at present received, yet, if the Prince was resolved to make the trial, the army, small though it was, would follow him. Charles, assured by his Irish adherents, that the Jacobites in Lancashire would rise in his favour, and under the impression that a landing of French troops would soon take place, expressed his intention of continuing the advance; the council acquiesced in his wish.

Leaving a garrison of 200 men at Carlisle, the Highlanders resumed their adventurous expedition on the 20th of November, forming for the convenience of quarters into two columns. The line of march led through Penrith, Shap, Kendal, and Lancaster to Preston, where the troops arrived on the 27th.

"I am now in your town of Preston," writes one Rollo Anderson to his brother,* "which I find the prettiest by far of any I have as yet seen in England, and where we have found none but friends. Numbers have joined us, and we want nothing but arms to give to many more of the same inclination: we march to-morrow for Wigan. The Prince was obliged to stay here this day to get shoes for his men, and likewise to refresh them a little after so long marches as they have

* State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 27, 1745.

had of seventy miles in three days. Ligonier has broken down the bridge at Warrington to hinder our passage that way if he can, and by what I can learn without some reinforcement to his army will not risk a battle. We have now eight days' march upon General Wade, who must ship his army if he intends to be at London before us. The Prince always marches on foot, as he will do I suppose to London. His army is in as great spirits as possible for troops to be in, and I have no doubt of a victory on our side against an army twice our number. We were welcomed to this town by loud huzzas the first we met with in England. I breakfast this morning with two Welsh gentlemen who have joined us from Monmouth and Glasgow; they say we will get numbers from North Wales."

In spite of the assertion of Rollo Anderson that numbers had joined them, the contrary was the fact. The whole force of the clans was under 5,000, and though the people on the line of march came forward in crowds to offer the men their good wishes, few could be persuaded to enlist, declining the arms offered them with the remark that they did not understand fighting. Much of this apathy was no doubt due to the knowledge that French aid had been called in to assist the Prince. The English Jacobites in the northern counties felt their patriotism insulted at the idea of their ancient line of kings being restored by the help of foreign bayonets. If the expulsion of the House of Hanover from the throne of England could only be attained by French troops landing in Kent

and Sussex, and gaily marching to London, the accession of the Stuarts would be a triumph too dearly bought to be acceptable. The greater portion of the English Jacobites, though sincere in the cause of the white cockade, were yet Englishmen first and Jacobites afterwards, and the thought of being indebted to their hated enemy across the Channel for the realization of their wishes made party feeling give way to the stronger instincts of national pride. The Scotchmen who followed the Prince entertained no such objections. Between Scotland and France a cordial alliance had always been maintained—the Highlander regarded the Englishman as his enemy, and the Gaul as his friend—and the association of the two countries on this occasion would have partaken more of the character of a union between friendly powers to conquer a common foe, than of that of a civil war waged by foreign assistance in the interests of an expelled dynasty.

And yet if anything could have animated dormant enthusiasm, it would have been the conduct of the Prince. He marched at the head of any clan he for the moment specially affected in full Highland costume, and scarcely ever availed himself of the luxuries his position commanded. He seldom mounted his horse and hardly once entered his carriage, insisting that the aged Lord Pitsligo should use it in his stead. He rarely dined, but contented himself with one hearty meal at night, and then lay down to rest without undressing, to rise again at four o'clock. Such an

example not only inspirited his followers, but silenced any grumbling that might have arisen in the ranks. If a Prince of the Blood and the first officer in command bore without a murmur hardship and fatigue, it was not for the privates to be discontented.

Whilst staying at Preston the Prince despatched the following letter to an adherent.

“Nov. 27, 1745.

“After the success which Providence has granted to my arms in Scotland, I thought I could not do better than to enter England, where I have been always assured I should meet with many friends, equally disposed to exert their loyalty to their native king, and to shake off a foreign yoke under which the nation has so long groaned. I have now put into their hands an opportunity of doing both, by repairing with what strength every man can to my army, from which the enemy industriously keeps at such a distance. The particular character I have heard of you, makes me hope to see you among the first. I am persuaded you will not baulk my expectations, and you need not doubt but I shall always remember to your advantage the example you shall thus have put to your neighbours, and consequently to all England.

“CHARLES P. R.” *

* From the MSS. of Sir John Lawson, Bart., Brough Hall, Yorkshire. See Hist. MSS. Commission, Third Report, p. 255. This letter was forwarded by the Duke of Perth, but its address “for the more security,” was scored out. It is not improbable that the person to whom it was sent was Sir Watkin Wynn.

From Preston the army marched to Wigan, and from Wigan to Manchester. At Manchester the Prince was received with undisguised favour. The church bells chimed their welcome; the crowds not only cheered him with fervid loyalty but wore the white cockade; in the evening the town was illuminated, bonfires were lighted, and numbers flocked around him to kiss his hand, and promise service. It was the most enthusiastic reception he had yet received, or was to receive on English soil. During the two days he halted here, some 200 volunteers were enlisted, and were embodied with the few English recruits who had joined him on his route—the whole taking the name of the Manchester Regiment, under the command of one Francis Townley, a Roman Catholic of an old Lancashire family.

While resting here Charles received the following letter from his brother :—*

“BAGNEUX, Nov. 26, 1745.

“Dear Brother,—I was overjoyed to hear the good news Kelly and his companion brought of you. It would have been a great point if they could have saved their papers. [Kelly was detained by a ‘little agent’ at Flushing, and burnt his papers—he, however, managed to effect his escape.] But for all that mischance I cannot but see things going here even better than I well expected. Gordon’s arrival here has done good. I wish we could have often news

* State Papers, Domestic, No. 75.

from you directly. The ministers come to see the Duke of York *sans façon*, which I take to be no small advantage. A great point we have gained is, that the Marquis D'Argençon in a conference with me a few days ago told me I might send immediately to advertise you in his name and his brother's, that the King of France was absolutely resolved upon the expedition into England, *qu'il y avait mis le bon*, and that you might count upon it being ready towards the 20th December, new style.

"Dear Brother, I have nothing but you in my heart and mind. Pardon me if I am so short, but the shorter these sort of letters are the better.

"I remain, with all respect,

"Your most loving brother,

"HENRY."

Meanwhile where was Wade? The querulous old man having, at his time of life, no great liking for rapid movements, had so slowly conducted his operations that the clans were well-nigh at Preston before he began his advance across country. "We march this day," writes Lord Tyrawly, the second in command, to the Duke of Newcastle,* "our whole body together, and encamp, so that I suppose by the time we get to Wetherby, our proposed ground, we shall have no army, for there is not the least care taken to provide straw, forage, or meat to be killed for the men . . . I really begin to suspect that we

* State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 26, 1745.

are afraid of these scoundrels—the Marshal knows best what he is about, for my own part I don't pretend to it."

For very much the same reason that no man is a hero to his valet, it is not given to every chief to obtain the respect and enthusiasm of his subordinate, and certainly the military capacity of Wade seems to have inspired his Lieutenant-General with anything but feelings of hero-worship. "He is infirm both in mind and body," writes Tyrawly,* with the jealous criticism of a second in command, who feels himself the superior officer, "forgetful, irresolute, perplexed, snappish, and positive, sometimes at the expense of good breeding . . . nothing that anybody says or proposes has any weight till it has the sanction of Mr. Wentworth, and that of a certain poor ignorant creature of a Quartermaster-General." Then, after complaining that his advice is never accepted, which may to a certain extent account for the candour of his criticism, Tyrawly goes on to say that, during their interrupted march to Carlisle, bread, straw, carriages, firing, and clothes, had all been miserably provided, "and all this for want of common forecast and a parsimony ill-judged for the public, that he cannot lay out half-a-crown, though ever so necessary, and I am confident that a penny now saved will cost a pound before this Rebellion is over . . . We have no bread waggons, no conveniences of sufficient horses or carts to carry our sick or baggage, but

* State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 24, 1745.

depend upon the country to supply us, who constantly disappoint us, so that, not being masters of our motions, and having not the means of marching within ourselves, but depending in these particulars on the country, all our movements are retarded, and every body knows as well as we, when and where we intend to march . . . We are to begin our march south to-morrow without the least precaution taken to supply the troops with necessaries that I have yet heard of. Nor has the Marshal the least capacity remaining for this, or," adds he, kindly, "anything in my opinion, and his governor, Wentworth, is brimfull of an infinite detail that perplexes all mankind, and does no business." Though the tone of this letter is dictated by personal spite, still its criticisms are in the main just, the whole story of the campaign showing that Wade was most incompetent for the post he held; nor at his age should he have been expected to be equal to its duties. We shall see more of his incapacity as we proceed.

But if the appointment of Wade was severely criticised, that of his colleague, who was gathering to a head the troops in Mid-England, was viewed with satisfaction. We are so accustomed to connect the character of William, Duke of Cumberland, solely with the awful barbarities that followed Culloden, that we are liable to overlook everything else in his conduct, and every other event in his history. One most foul blot so overshadows his escutcheon that we do not care to inquire into its quarterings. His-

tory having recorded him as a merciless enemy, an inhuman victor, and a glutton for all that was brutal, we pass him by with loathing. Yet, prominent as were his vices, there were virtues in the background. His courage was undoubted; he had a sincere respect for authority, and showed the same obedience to his superiors that he demanded from all who were his subordinates. In an age of much bribery and corruption he scorned money, and was not to be bought. He was liberal, and in his dealings with the world, according to his lights, was strictly honourable. Jealousy did not enter into his composition, and he was always prompt to acknowledge and reward good service in others. His instincts too were manly—he was fond of sport; rode well to hounds; was a good shot; excelled in all muscular exercises; and was indifferent, or assumed indifference to pain. But the baser part of human nature was the stronger within him. His intellect was dull, narrow, and one-sided; what he thought were ideas were but prejudices. His passions were strong, and he gratified them with a supreme contempt for all the laws of social decorum; his taste was not nice, and hence, as Horace Walpole puts it, he was popular “with the low women.” His temper was hot and savage, and when roused, his vindictiveness was so intense, that it may be doubted whether on those occasions he was quite himself. His sluggish brain, his hard, rude nature, and the utter absence of the finer emotions, coupled with

his inordinate love for the maintenance of order, made him punish all offences with a severity that was simply fiendish in its brutality. He amended the military laws, and, as Horace Walpole observes, the penalty of death was as often enjoined "as the curses in the Commination on Ash Wednesday." A young soldier had counterfeited a furlough but for a day; he was ordered 200 lashes; the Duke, in a rage, swore it was not sufficient. His bitter conduct during the prosecution of Admiral Byng is well known. Cruelty was with him a sensual pleasure; the texture of his mind was shot with it. "He loved blood like a leech," said his contemporaries: he is one of the very few examples noticed in history of high courage unaccompanied by any feeling of mercy to a foe.

His lofty birth had advanced him rapidly to distinction. At the age of twenty-four, having two years before proved himself no coward at the battle of Dettingen, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in Flanders. The defeat at Fontenoy, due in no slight measure to the rashness and incapacity of the Duke, showed the grave error the ministry had made in his selection. "The Duke of Cumberland," said Marshal Saxe with a sneer, "is the greatest general of his age, for he has maintained several thousand men where I should never have thought of billeting so many rabbits." When, after the battle of Fontenoy, some French officers were informed by a captive Englishman that they had narrowly missed

capturing the Duke, the answer was "we took good care not to do so, for he does us much more service at the head of your army!" Still, thanks to the courage and gallantry displayed by His Royal Highness on that occasion, his defeat made no adverse impression upon the people of England. He was warmly cheered on his return, and his military reputation sustained no discredit. He was popular with the army, for his bravery had not then been disgraced by inhumanity; he had a natural love for soldiering, and there was the stuff, it was said, in him to make a good general. When the Rebellion broke out, it was universally felt that his presence was necessary. He crossed over from Flanders and assumed the command of the royal forces, some 10,000 in number, then gathering at Lichfield, that had originally been assembled under General Ligonier.

By the evening of the day that the Prince entered Preston the Duke of Cumberland reached Lichfield. On his arrival he wrote to the Secretary of State that the part of the army already come up was cantoned from Tamworth to Stafford, with the cavalry in his front at Newcastle, so that he was now equally at hand for the preservation of Derby or Chester as occasion might require.* From what he heard he believed that the rebels would remain a few days at Preston, thus giving him time to collect his whole body together, and advance directly upon them, "in which case," he adds, "I flatter

* State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 28, 1745.

myself the affair would be certain in my favour. . . . Should the rebels be mad enough to march forward to Manchester and Stockport, then it will be impossible to say how soon there may be an affair, as I must move forward to hinder them slipping by me on either side." At the same time he forwarded a despatch to Wade, who was toiling through Yorkshire, informing him of his arrival at Lichfield, and of his intention of waiting till his whole force had come up before he gave battle; he suggested that the Marshal's cavalry should go forward and harass the enemy in every conceivable manner.*

When the Duke heard of the arrival of the rebels at Manchester he wrote to the Duke of Newcastle† that if they advanced any further south he would also have to advance, and the result would be that in two days' time he hoped to have "an affair with them." The Duke of Devonshire had given immediate orders that the great road from Stockport to Buxton should be broken up and rendered impassable "which is a good thing." His Royal Highness hoped either on Sunday or Monday to march towards the Mersey with the force at his command, and trusted that if there was to be a battle he would be successful, "for the spirit and alacrity of the troops fill him with the strongest hopes;" but still he would far rather defer an engagement until "all have joined us." The following day he resumed the subject,‡ and stated that "the report

* State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 28, 1745.

† *Ibid.*, Nov. 29.

‡ *Ibid.*, Nov. 30.

begins to spread more and more in and about this country as if the rebels were intending to give us the slip either through Derbyshire or Nottinghamshire; but his Majesty may be assured I am giving the utmost attention to their motions, and that I flatter myself they will not be able to get by us that way."

By the morrow he expected all his old infantry to arrive, but he appears not to have been very sanguine respecting the new regiments which had been raised, and against which Horace Walpole wings more than one venomous shaft. "As for the new regiments," writes the Duke,* "I could almost wish they were not to have come up, for the Duke of Bedford's marched in here last night and on this morning; and I am sorry to speak my fears that they will rather be a hindrance than a service to me, for this regiment was represented to be the forwardest of them, yet neither men nor officers know what they are about, so how they will do before an enemy God only knows. However," adds his Royal Highness consolingly, "I think the old corps more than sufficient to do the business."

Certainly an engagement between the invading and defending forces seemed now imminent. On the 1st of December the Prince quitted the hospitable walls of Manchester, *en route* for Macclesfield; but before taking his departure, and as a proof, whether feigned or sincere, of the contempt in which he held his enemy he issued the following proclamation:—

* State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 30, 1745.

"TO THE INHABITANTS OF MANCHESTER.

"Nov. 30, 1745.

"His Royal Highness being informed that several bridges have been pulled down in this county, he has given orders to repair them forthwith, particularly that at Crossford, which is to be done this night by his own troops, though his Royal Highness does not propose to make use of it for his own army, but believes it will be of service to the country ; and," here comes the sting, "if any forces that were with General Wade be coming this road they may have the benefit of it.

"CHARLES, PRINCE REGENT."

The day after the issue of this proclamation Charles resumed his march. His men formed in two columns, but united again the same evening at Macclesfield. As the bridge over the Mersey had been broken down, the river was forded by the column led by Charles near Stockport, whilst the second column, headed by Lord George, passed with the artillery and baggage lower down at Cheadle over a rough bridge made by choking up the channel with the trunks of poplar trees. On arriving at the other side of the river, the Prince witnessed a scene characteristic of the enthusiasm with which his cause was regarded by those who had his interests really at heart. The event is thus described by Earl Stanhope on the authority of the late Lord Keith :—*

"On the opposite bank of the Mersey Charles found

* "The Forty Five," p. 83.

a few of the Cheshire gentry drawn up ready to welcome him, and amongst them Mrs. Skyring, a lady in extreme old age. As a child, she had been lifted up in her mother's arms, to view the happy landing at Dover of Charles the Second. Her father, an old cavalier, had afterwards to undergo not merely neglect, but oppression, from that thankless monarch; still, however, he and his wife continued devoted to the royal cause, and their daughter grew up as devoted as they. After the expulsion of the Stuarts, all her thoughts, her hopes, her prayers, were directed to another restoration. Ever afterwards, she had with rigid punctuality laid aside one-half of her yearly income, to remit for the exiled family abroad, concealing only what, she said, was of no importance to them—the name of the giver. She had now parted with her jewels, her plate, and every little article of value she possessed, the price of which, in a purse, she laid at the feet of Prince Charles, while, straining her dim eyes to gaze on his features, and pressing his hand to her shrivelled lips, she exclaimed with affectionate rapture, in the words of Simeon, 'Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!' It is added that she did not survive the shock when a few days afterwards she was told of the retreat."

On quitting Macclesfield Lord George Murray, by the astute generalship he never ceased to display, found means to deceive the Duke of Cumberland, who was "flattering himself" that a speedy engagement was about to take place. With his column of the

army he advanced to Congleton, where he attacked the Duke of Kingston and a small party of English horse. Succeeding in dislodging them, he drove them before him, and with his vanguard pursued them some way on the road to Newcastle. His Royal Highness, fully believing that the Highlanders were on their march in that direction, either to give him battle or to unite with their partisans in Wales, at once pushed forward with his main body to Stone, ready to intercept the rebels or to fight them, as occasion might require. Lord George, having been informed of the movements of the Duke by a spy whom he had captured, turned suddenly off to the left, and by a forced march gained Ashbourne, where he was shortly afterwards joined by the column led by the Prince. The next day the clans, in great glee at having gained two or three marches upon the Duke, and being now interposed between him and London, entered Derby in the dusk of the afternoon of the 4th of December.

His Royal Highness had now no alternative but to frankly own that the tactics of the enemy had deceived him. He wrote to the Duke of Newcastle that, being under the impression that the rebels were to continue their route to Wales, he had assembled all his troops at Stone, intending to give them battle, or to push on to Newcastle. On hearing that the insurgents "had turned, and were gone for Leek and Ashbourne, which is the direct road to Derby," he would have marched directly for Derby, only his men "had scarcely halted six hours these ten days, had been without victuals for

twenty-four hours, and had been exposed to unusually severe weather." Under these circumstances he felt bound to halt, but would interrupt the progress of the rebels at Northampton. "By this I flatter myself," writes his Royal Highness, with his usual confidence, "we cannot fail of intercepting them. However," he adds cautiously, "I should humbly be of opinion that if without alarming the city the infantry that is about London could be assembled on Finchley Common, it would prevent any little part of those who might give me the slip (for I am persuaded the greater part can't) from giving any alarm there." *

The news of the arrival of the rebels at Derby fell upon London like a thunderbolt. The whole city was in a state of panic. "When the Highlanders," writes Fielding in the *True Patriot*, "by a most incredible march got between the Duke's army and the metropolis, they struck a terror into it scarce to be credited." The shops were shut up and public business everywhere suspended. A rush was made on the Bank of England, and that treasury of the nation only escaped bankruptcy by paying in sixpences to gain time. A special prayer was drawn up by the Archbishop of Canterbury to be said in all churches, imploring the Divine protection now that "we are exposed to the dangers and calamities of foreign war, disturbed with rebellious insurrections at home, and threatened with powerful invasions from abroad, to the great hazard of our happy constitution in Church and State." † The

* State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 4, 1745.

† *Ibid.*

guards of the city were immediately strengthened, and companies of the train bands patrolled the streets day and night. In the squares and open places soldiers were constantly posted. All the stables within the city were rigidly searched, and an account of the horses kept for hire laid before government. The Master-general of the Ordnance was ordered to inspect the several entrances into the city, and to consider in what manner, in case of any emergency, they could be obstructed. Alarm posts were hastily erected within the precincts of the city and in all the suburbs. Volunteers desirous of appearing under arms were encouraged to enlist. The magistrates were commanded to suppress at once, with a strong hand, any disorders and tumults that might arise. The Guards, with various newly raised troops, were encamped at Finchley. Between Highgate and Whetstone another camp was being marked out. Cavalry were stationed at Barnet. Magazines were formed at St. Albans, Dunstable, and Barnet. And at the same time, to restore confidence to the nation, the Duke of Newcastle wrote to the Duke of Cumberland, beseeching him to hasten up to London to superintend the military arrangements that were being speedily organized.*

So dangerous to the Hanoverian cause did the unchecked progress of the Rebellion now appear, that it is said King George had his yachts anchored at the Tower quay, laden with some of his most precious

* Duke of Newcastle to the Lord Mayor and the Duke of Cumberland, Dec. 6, 1745. State Papers, Domestic.

goods, ready to sail at a moment's warning. We are also told that His Grace of Newcastle, whose impartiality was always sublime when his own interests were concerned, shut himself up one whole day in his apartments debating within himself whether the time had not now arrived for him to transfer his allegiance to the House of Stuart, and boldly declare for the exile at Rome. Certainly the news of the occupation of Derby by the Prince's army threw London into the most complete consternation, and the day—a Friday—on which the intelligence was received, was long remembered under the name of Black Friday.

So confident were the London Jacobites of the speedy arrival of their Prince that one enthusiastic partisan, a M. Gautier, a teacher of languages, inserted in the current number of the *London Courant* the following motto from Virgil.

“ Venisti tandem, tuaque expectata parenti
Vicit iter durum pietas ! datur ora tueri,
Nate, tua, et notas audire et reddere voces !
Sic equidem ducebam animo rebarque futurum,
Tempora dinumerans ; nec me mea cura fefellit.
Quas ergo te terras et quanta per æquora vectum,
Accipio ! quantis jactatum, nate periclis !
Quam metui, ne quid Libyæ tibi regna nocerent ! ” *

* “ At last ! and are you come at last ?
Has filial tenderness o'erpast
Hard toil and peril sore ?
And may I hear that well-known tone,
And speak in accents of my own,
And see that face once more ?
Ah yes ! I knew the hour would come :
I ponder'd o'er the days' long sum,
Till anxious care the future knew :
And now completion proves it true.

As this motto bore a very Jacobite construction, a few gentlemen who frequented the same Coffee House as Gautier, asked him what he meant by it? Gautier instantly turned on his heel and left the room without answering the question. On this, the gentlemen pasted up the motto against the walls with a preamble demanding an explanation. On Sunday morning December 8, M. Gautier (evidently unconscious of the turn events had taken) affixed to the paper the following paragraph in his own handwriting: "If the gentlemen (if any such) who put up this paper will be so good as neither to be ashamed nor afraid to put their names to it, they shall be answered fully in four days' time." When M. Gautier heard at the date fixed for his reply, that the clans instead of making as he had anticipated, a triumphant entry into London, were in full retreat for Wigan, his feelings were certainly not to be envied. Whether he received punishment, at the hands of an offended Hanoverian Government, for this open expression of his principles, History sayeth not.*

To return to the author of all this commotion and disappointment. On his entrance into Derby, Charles took up his quarters at the Earl of Exeter's. He was in the highest spirits, and could talk of nothing but his expected triumph, and whether it would be better for him to make his entry into London on horseback and

What lands, what oceans have you crossed!
By what a sea of peril tossed!
How oft I feared the fatal charm
Of Libya's realm might work you harm!"

ÆNEID, book vi. line 688, *et seq.* CONINGTON.

* State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 9, 1745.

in Highland costume, as he had done at Holyrood, or on foot and in plain English dress. Every piece of intelligence that he now received seemed to prophesy that he was being borne on the flood tide of prosperity, and that the task he had set himself to accomplish would soon be ended. Here he heard for the first time that late in the night of the last day of November, six transports from Dunkirk had landed some 800 Irish and Scotch, under the command of Lord John Drummond, at Montrose and Peterhead, and that this reinforcement had greatly inspirited his adherents in the north. The letters of Kelly, who had been indefatigable in the service of his master since his arrival in Paris, were next laid before him, and their information was equally cheering.

"We are flattered here," writes Kelly to Colonel Strickland, * "with the hopes of making you all easy very soon, which I long for extremely, and everybody believes it will be done in fifteen days or three weeks. I wish you may be able to stand your ground, since a retreat must be fatal . . . The Duke of York has been here some time, and treated in quite a different manner from the Prince. I found no other alteration here besides the universal praises of His Royal Highness, and they will be continued . . . Lord John Drummond is gone with 1000 men, and the Duke of Fitzjames is soon to follow with his regiment. I wish they may get safe to you." In a letter to Sir Thomas Sheridan of the same date,

* State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 1, 1745.

Kelly says * "Everybody speaks in the highest terms of the Prince. You cannot conceive how zealous the whole nation is for him, or the shining character he has got amongst them. In all places you hear their talk of nothing but Prince Edward, and were they capable of making an insurrection, they would probably do it against the Ministry if they did not assist him." He concludes with the assurance that French aid will speedily arrive, and that "the delay of the French court in rendering assistance has been due to the exaggeration of the Prince's adherents, some giving out that he had 20,000 or 30,000 men, so that the Ministry naturally concluded that he could do his business himself, and that they might send their succour at leisure."

The receipt of this intelligence made not only Charles but some of his followers very sanguine as to the future. "I hear," writes one Alick Blair to his wife † "that General Wade is behind us, and the Duke of Cumberland and General Ligonier upon one hand of us, but we are nearer London than any of them, and it is thought we are designed to march straight there, being only 90 miles from it. But though both these forces should unite and attack us, we do not fear them, for our whole army is in top spirits, and we trust in God to make a good account of them."

One Mr. Henry Bracken of Warrington, however, who had taken upon himself to inspect the clans, formed a very different opinion of their merits. He

* State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 1, 1745.

† *Ibid.*, Dec. 5, Derby.

writes * to the Government that the infantry of the rebels, inclusive of stragglers, is only 5000, one third of whom are either sixty years of age or upwards, or else under seventeen. Their cavalry is not worthy of the name, being "so out of order and slender shaped." "The common soldiers," he says emphatically, "are a most despicable crew, being in general less in stature, and of a wan and meagre countenance, stepping along under their arms with difficulty, and what they are about seems more of force than inclination. They intend," he continues, "to push on to London, but do not know the route. Wherever they go they magnify their numbers, and tell the most confounded lies about themselves. In their letters to their friends in Scotland, they say that their army now consists of 24,000, and that neither ditch, dike, nor devil can turn them."

Here is the portrait of the Prince.

"Their Chief is about 5 feet 11 inches high, pretty strong and well built, has a brown complexion, full cheeks, and thickish lips that stand out a little. He looks more of the Polish than the Scottish breed, for he is nothing like the king they call his grandfather. He looks very much dejected—not a smile being seen in all his looks, for I walked a quarter of a mile with him on the road, and afterwards saw him in his lodgings amongst company."

Unfortunately for the veracity of Henry Bracken—whose account is perhaps no more mendacious than

* State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 4, 1745.

the mass of intelligences which were sent to Whitehall by those trained detractors anxious to obtain favour with the Government by distorting every fact connected with the rebels—it is well known that the Prince, so far from being dejected, was in the cheeriest of spirits. Everything had succeeded beyond his most brilliant expectations. From the day of his landing in Moidart up to the present moment his progress had not met with a single check. Whenever he had been opposed he had come off victorious. He had gained the battle of Preston, he had taken Edinburgh, he had taken Carlisle, he had avoided Wade, he had avoided the Duke, and now he had entered Derby, and nothing hindered him from pressing on to London and becoming the possessor of the metropolis. Well might he and his little army exult! Well might Horace Walpole write “there never was such a rebellion!”

But as the darkest hour is the one before daylight, so the hour when we are the most sanguine and our hopes the most sure, is often the very time when we are set to learn the bitter lesson of failure and defeat. On the morning of the fifth of December—when panic-stricken London was encamping her troops, doubling her guards, and patrolling her train bands—Lord George Murray, accompanied by the commanders of battalions and squadrons, waited on the Prince, and begged to lay before him the opinion at which they had now unanimously arrived. His lordship said that the clans had done all that could be expected of them,

and that now prudence advised them to beat a retreat. They had marched into the heart of England through the counties represented as most favourable to their cause, and save an insignificant few, not a soul had joined them. They had been assured of a descent from France, but of this there had not as yet been the slightest appearance. Their position at Derby was now very critical. Within a day's march the army of the Duke of Cumberland, 10,000 strong, lay in their front. The troops of Marshal Wade were but two or three marches in their rear. Even supposing they could avoid both these forces, a battle under the walls of London with the army of George the Second must be inevitable. It was true that London was undefended by regular troops, but the clans now numbered only some 4000 or 5000 men, and such a force was clearly inadequate to take possession of the metropolis. The Prince might argue that his friends would rise in his favour and rally round his standard as he proceeded further south, but what grounds had he for the indulgence of such hopes? Could he produce a single letter from any English person of note inviting the Scottish army to march to London or elsewhere? If he could, willingly would they go forward. But if no such encouragement had been given, he strongly advised an instantaneous retreat, and that the Prince should retire upon the reinforcements he possessed at Perth and Montrose. The rest of the council, except the Duke of Perth and Sir John Gordon, who proposed a march into Wales, supported

the argument of Lord George, and begged that they might be permitted to go back and join their friends in Scotland, and live or die with them.

But they urged their advice in vain. Charles said he was determined to advance upon London, and would denounce as traitors all those who should deter him or others from carrying out his resolution. "Rather than go back," he cried, "I would wish to be twenty feet under ground." In reply, Lord Elcho said, that if the Prince went forward he would be in Newgate in a fortnight.* An angry discussion followed, and at last the Prince dissolved the council. Save the Irish officers, who had nothing to lose, and might have a good deal to gain, all were of the opinion of Lord George.

During the whole of the day Charles did everything in his power, by expostulation and entreaty, to change the minds of those in favour of retreat. At last, finding that all the chieftains were against him, he ungraciously declared his consent to retrace his steps. "But," added he with the hauteur of disappointment, "in future I shall summon no more councils, since I am accountable to nobody for my actions but to God and my father, and therefore I shall no longer either ask or accept advice."

"The rebels came in here on Wednesday," writes one Thomas Drake from Derby,† "and stayed till yesterday morning. They demanded billets for 12,000

* Exam. of *Aeneas Macdonald*, *State Papers, Domestic*, Sept. 17, 1746.

† *State Papers, Domestic*, Dec. 7, 1746.

men, but it is the general opinion here that they were not above half that number. The officers, and indeed the horse in general are likely men, but the foot are sure the poorest scoundrels that were ever seen. They were in general but very indifferently armed : few or none but the officers were what we call completely armed. Their pistols are indifferent, but their firelocks are very bad. They had thirteen pieces of cannon ; six of them had the French King's arms on them, were made of brass, and seemed good pieces . . . They had twenty covered carts, and a great number of waggons and other carriages. They had several colours and standards, some white, some quartered white and red, and some had their respective commander's arms on them, but I could never observe the Pretender's coat of arms, not even on his coach. I thought at least he would have had the arms of Scotland, but could never find them. There was a cipher of P. C. on several things. The first thing they did after they came and were drawn up in the Market Place was to proclaim James Stuart King of England, &c., and they obliged all the magistrates in town to attend in their formalities, but there were not many, for all that had any place under the Government fled, or they would have taken them prisoners. They then demanded the Association money on pain of military execution, and then sent the bellman about, ordering everybody to bring in their excise by five o'clock on Thursday night. They likewise demanded half a year's land tax, and £100 from the Post Office. They were

offered £20 from the last, but refused it, so they got nothing. But the rebels took the post chaise, they rifled numbers of houses in town, pretending to search for arms, and they fetched all the horses in from four or five miles round and took them. They amused the common people by telling them they expect reinforcements, and the officers I think begin to reflect on their latter end, for they look very dejected . . . We have been under terrible apprehension all last night and to-day for fear of a second visit, but just now a gentleman has been to reconnoitre them, and says their whole body was on the road from Ashbourne to Leek in Staffordshire, and I hope we shall see them no more, though they said when they went they should be glad to meet Shonny Ligonear."

And so ended the celebrated march to Derby.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

It is open to dispute whether Charles should ever have entered England until he had collected all the forces he could command, but once having begun his march south, nothing save the most crushing defeat should have induced him to retreat. It is now universally admitted that the advice given by Lord George Murray and the Chieftains on the occasion was unsound. Had the Prince been permitted to carry out his intention of advancing upon London, he would have taken his prosperity at the flood, and been led on

to fortune. He had outmanœuvred the armies of the Duke and of Marshal Wade, and the success of his movements could not but have greatly discouraged the English troops, and led them to believe all the more in the invincibility of their foe. The camp at Finchley, the only obstacle that stood in his way to prevent his gaining possession of the capital, was but barely formed, and would easily have been overthrown by the victors at Gladsmuir. Once within the walls of London, where the Jacobite party was very strong, and which had at its head one of the city members, Alderman Heathcote, his success would have been complete. "Sir Watkin Wynn," writes a zealous Jacobite,* "has been with the citizens of London, whom he found as well disposed as ever to treat with the Prince. The citizens of London declared they are ready to receive him, and to exert themselves to the utmost of their power to make such a provision for him, as they do not doubt will make him completely happy . . . The elector of Hanover and his Ministry's interest decline so fast, that Sir Watkin says now nobody will accept of their places nor employments, which throws them into the greatest distraction."

Nor would the English Jacobites alone have had to bear the brunt of a revolution. France, whose preparations at Dunkirk were now complete, had actually, at the very time the Prince was consenting to quit Derby, issued orders for 10,000 troops, under the command of Henry, Duke of York, to effect a

* State Papers, Scotland, Dec. 14, 1745.

landing on the southern coast of England. Had this force arrived, it would have dealt the death blow to the hopes of George the Second. England, as Wade had truly said, was for the first comer, but Charles, who on this occasion took a sounder view of his position than did his council, was not allowed to act as he wished, and thus, happily for us, lost the day. The history of his expedition is the history of a splendid chance lost. That the restoration of the Stuarts would have been a permanent event had Charles marched onward from Derby, is a subject idle for us now to enter into, but that he would have gained the throne, if not for himself, at least for his father, no one who reads the history of the period aright can doubt. His opportunity came to him, but he was not permitted to seize it, and henceforth the voyage of his life was to be bound in shallows and in miseries.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SECOND VICTORY.

" I hae but just ae word to say,
And ye maun hear it a', Hawley ;
We came to charge wi' sword and targe,
And nae to hunt ava, Hawley,
When we came down aboon the town,
And saw nae faes at a', Hawley.
We couldna, sooth ! believe the truth,
That ye had left us a', Hawley.

" O wae befa' these northern lads,
Wi' their braidswords and white cockades !
They lend sic hard and heavy blads,
Our Whigs nae mair can crawl, man."

SHORTLY after dawn on the 6th of December the Highland army began its retreat northward. At first the men, who but the day before had been crowding every cutler's shop in Derby to sharpen their broadswords the better to be prepared for an engagement with "Shonny Ligoncar," were under the impression that they were advancing to meet the foe, and their spirits rose at the prospect of battle. When they heard that they were in fast retreat their expressions of rage and disappointment could with difficulty be silenced. "If we had been beaten," says one of the officers, "the grief could not have been

greater." "It is all over now," sighed Sheridan, "we shall never come back again!"

The charm of the enterprise was indeed completely broken. The officers marched on sulky and discontented, wondering why the prize, which they had deemed all but within their grasp, should be abandoned. The few volunteers who had joined the army were debating within themselves which of the two alternatives was the better—to tender an unqualified submission to the vengeance of the House of Hanover or to cheerfully bear exile from their country. The men, whose sobriety and discipline during their advance south had on the whole been most commendable, now gave full rein to their predatory instincts, and plundered and did violence as they passed through the different towns and villages on their route. Nor was the conduct of the Prince calculated to encourage his army. Instead of placing himself at the head of his men as had been his wont, he rode in the rear mortified and dejected, more like a captive than a commander. The bitterness of failure was now for the first time being felt by chieftain and by vassal, and the feeling was all the more bitter because to the many there seemed no reason why failure should be acknowledged.

On the 9th the clans entered Manchester, and the town, so loyal and friendly to their cause but a few days before, opposed their vanguard and showed unmistakeable signs of hostility. For this unexpected reception the inhabitants were fined £5000. Charles

had intended resting his men here a day, but was dissuaded by Lord George, who argued that as there was no occasion for the halt, it was only giving the enemy time to come up. Accordingly, early the next morning they pushed on their rapid retreat. Whilst leaving Wigan, some hot-headed Hanoverian formed a plan for the assassination of the Prince, but mistaking his person, shot at O'Sullivan instead. "Search was made for him," says Captain Daniel,* "but in vain; and no great matter, for anything he would have suffered from us; for many exercised their malice merely on account of the known clemency of the Prince, which, however, they would not have dared to do if he had permitted a little more severity in punishing them. The army, irritated by such frequent instances of the enemy's malice, began to behave with less forbearance, and now few there were who would go on foot if they could ride; and mighty taking, stealing, and pressing of horses there was amongst us! Diverting it was to see the Highlanders mounted, without either breeches, saddle, or anything else but the bare back of the horses to ride on, and for their bridle only a straw rope! In this manner did we march out of England."

On hearing that the rebels were in full retreat from Derby, the Duke of Cumberland, who had been hastily marching his forces to Coventry and Lichfield, in order to intercept any advance upon London, at once sent an express to Wade, who was halting

* "The Forty-five," by Earl Stanhope, p. 92.

at Doncaster. "We are here at Coventry," His Royal Highness says,* "the rebels at Ashbourne, and you at Doncaster. It seems to me much to be feared that if you can't move westward into Lancashire these villains may escape back unpunished into the Highlands, to our eternal shame." In answer to this Wade detached a body of horse from his army, and sent them across country in hot pursuit.

Without loss of time the Duke put himself at the head of his cavalry and a thousand volunteers, mounted by the loyalty of the neighbouring gentry, and began his chase after the retreating foe. "But I fear it will be fruitless," he writes to the Duke of Newcastle from Lichfield,† "for they march at such a rate that I can't flatter myself with the hopes of overtaking them, though I set out this morning on a march of at least thirty measured miles." Wade had sent him a message to the effect that he intended marching towards Halifax, Rochdale, and Manchester, and thus prevent the rebels from returning northwards; "but," says His Royal Highness, aware of the shortcomings of the Marshal, "there is little hope of that army being able to intercept them or prevent their retreat to Scotland."‡

Nor was the Duke wrong in his surmises. On reaching Wakefield, Wade learnt that the enemy

* State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 6, 1745.

† State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 9, 1745.

‡ The rapidity with which this retreat was effected drew praise even from Sir Alex. Macdonald of Sleat, who evidently, in spite of his refusal to join the Jacobites, thought highly of the Prince, for he says, Charles "has not so

were some three or four days' march in his front, and that it was impossible to overtake them. Again he had recourse to his favourite expedient. A Council of War was summoned, and after some little debate, it was agreed that a detachment of cavalry under General Oglethorpe, should be sent after the rebels, whilst the main army should march at once to the protection of Newcastle. This decision was immediately carried out.*

On the same day that this Council was held, the Duke reached Manchester, his men much fatigued with their rapid march from Lichfield "over the most dreadful country." His Royal Highness had "flattered himself" that the Highlanders would have waited for him at Manchester, "and if they had halted there all yesterday," he writes to the Duke of Newcastle,† "I should have been in reach of them with my whole cavalry and volunteers." Thus the advice of Lord George Murray had been well-timed. The Duke now advised that the main body of his army should be quartered at Coventry, whilst a small corps of infantry remained at Manchester in case of need. At the same time he sent an express to Wade desiring him to post himself at Hexham where he would not only cover Newcastle but also be ready to prevent the rebels from returning to Carlisle.‡

good an officer in his army as himself." See State Papers, Scotland. Letters forwarded by Albemarle, Sept. 24, 1746.

* State Papers, Domestic, Wade to Newcastle, Dec. 10, 1745.

† *Ibid.* Dec. 11, 1745.

‡ State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 11, 1745.

For a brief moment the tactics of the Duke met with an interruption. The news received from across the Channel were full of alarm to His Grace of Newcastle. The advance of the Highlanders, and the anticipated capture of London, had been bad enough, but the prospects of a French invasion were even worse. In his extremity the Secretary of State wrote an agitated letter to his "friend" the Duke of Cumberland. The King had heard, he said,* from Admiral Vernon that a considerable number of vessels were assembled at Dunkirk, and that there was every reason to believe that an attempt would immediately be made to land troops on the southern and eastern coasts. His Grace therefore begged His Royal Highness to dispatch a certain number of his troops to Marshal Wade and return immediately to London with the rest of his cavalry and infantry. At the same time he wrote to Ligonier, who was then with the main army at Coventry, requesting him to start at once for the capital with the regiments under his command. "We are under the greatest alarm," he says,† "of an immediate embarkation from Dunkirk, and perhaps some other ports. . . . We shall be but very ill-prepared to receive them till you come to our assistance, not having, according to our last account, 6,000 men in all. I therefore hope you will make all possible haste to us by waggons, horses, &c. . . . I hope His Royal Highness will not dislike coming home with his

* State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 12, 1745.

† *Ibid.*

troops. I am sure if he knew the real apprehensions people here are under of an invasion from France, and how much the King desires to have him with him in times of action and danger, His Royal Highness would fly faster and more cheerfully hither than he ever did to meet the rebels. I must beg your good offices to make my peace with His Royal Highness—I doubt he is angry with me, but I am his most dutiful slave.”

Expresses were now dispatched to the Deputy-Lieutenants of Sussex to keep a sharp look-out along the coast. The Custom House officers were ordered to patrol the cliffs and beach day and night. Alarm posts were erected in the southern counties, and signals settled upon in London for the instant assembling of the battalions of the Guards and the Train Bands.* And all for a time was anxiety, commotion, and nervous excitement. But at the end of a few hours it was found, as has so often happened since, that the news of an invasion was a false alarm, and that there had been no grounds for the past panic. Scarcely had the Duke received the letter bidding him post without delay to London, than a second dispatch was put into his hands hoping that he would continue his pursuit of the rebels, and not return to town as he had been previously desired.†

Thanks to the twenty-four hours' delay which this letter caused, His Royal Highness failed to overtake the Highlanders until entering Westmoreland. On

* State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 12 and 13, 1745. † *Ibid.*, Dec. 14, 1745.

the evening of the 17th of December, the Prince, with the main body of his army, reached Penrith, and began to billet his men. Lord George Murray, however, owing to the various accidents that had impeded his progress, was forced to pass the night at the little town of Shap, six miles in the rear. Early next morning his lordship resumed his march, but on approaching the village of Clifton, some three miles from Penrith, he saw several parties of cavalry volunteers of the neighbourhood, drawn up between him and the village. Without a moment's hesitation he ordered the Macdonalds of Glengarry to advance to the attack. The command was obeyed, and one fierce charge sufficed to disperse the foe and to capture several prisoners; among these a footman of the Duke of Cumberland, who said that his Royal master was close at hand with some 4,000 horse. On hearing this Lord George sent the servant on to Penrith to be examined by the Prince, with a request for orders. With his usual courtesy Charles dismissed the man to his master, and dispatched the Stuarts of Appin and the Macphersons of Cluny for the support of his Lieutenant-General.

The cavalry of the Duke of Cumberland had now formed upon the open moor of Clifton. On the one side were the low stone walls of the village, and on the other the enclosures of Lord Lonsdale's estate. Lord George saw that an attack was inevitable, and prepared to meet it. The Macdonalds were drawn up upon the high road within the field; the Stuarts of

Appin were massed together in the enclosure on their left; the Roy Stuarts men, covered by a wall, were stationed on the right; whilst to the left of the Stuarts of Appin stood the Macphersons of Cluny. The night was dark, but through the clouds the moon shone fitfully. It was during one of these momentary bursts of light that Lord George observed a body of men stealing along the low stone walls towards the Clifton enclosures. "There is no time to be lost," he cried, "we must instantly charge!" and, drawing his broadsword, he rushed on the English, exclaiming "Claymore! Claymore!" followed by the Stuarts and Macphersons.

The skirmish was but a charge and a victory. "The Highlanders," says the Chevalier de Johnstone,* "immediately ran to the enclosures where the English were, fell down on their knees, and began to cut down the thorn-hedges with their dirks—a necessary precaution, as they wore no breeches, but only a sort of petticoat, which reached to their knees. During this operation, they received the fire of the English with the most admirable firmness and constancy; and, as soon as the hedge was cut down, they jumped into the enclosures sword in hand, and, with an inconceivable intrepidity, broke the English battalions, who suffered so much the more as they did not turn their backs, as at the battle of Gladsmuir,¹ but allowed themselves to be cut to pieces without quitting their ground. Platoons of forty and fifty men

* *Memoirs*, p. 91.

might be seen falling all at once under the swords of the Highlanders; yet they still remained firm, and closed up their ranks as soon as an opening was made through them by the sword. At length, however, the Highlanders forced them to give way, and pursued them across three enclosures to a heath which lay behind them." It was with difficulty that the Highlanders were prevailed upon to abandon the pursuit, exclaiming that it was a shame that so many of their enemies should be drawn up on the moor without being attacked. Lord George, anxious to maintain his position, and derive some profit from the victory, had sent forward, desiring reinforcements from the Prince, but Charles, whether from prudence or jealousy, refused to accede to the request.

In his account of this action to the Duke of Newcastle, His Royal Highness is not so truthful as might be wished. There can be no doubt that the skirmish at Clifton was a victory to the Highlanders, and so effectual a check to the English, that the Duke thought it prudent to desist from harassing the retreating clans.

"After a ten hours' march," writes His Royal Highness,* "our cavalry came up with the rebels just beyond Lowther Hall; nay, we heard that their rear was in possession of it, but they left it on our approach, and threw themselves into the valley of Clifton, which we immediately attacked with the dismounted dragoons, and though it is the most defensible village I ever

* State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 19 and 20, 1745.

saw, yet our men drove them out of it in an hour's time with a very small loss. Cobham's and Mark Kerr's behaved both extremely well. As it was quite dark before the skirmish was over, we were obliged to remain contented with the ground we had gained. What the rebels may have lost I can't tell; we have four officers wounded, none mortally, and about forty men killed and wounded. . . . The regiment which suffered the greatest loss was the King's Own Regiment of Dragoons. By some confusion in the two dismounted squadrons commanded by Colonel Honeywood, they firing at 150 yards' distance and then giving way, the rebels came out with their broadswords, and wounded several of the officers and some of the men. . . . When the officers of the King's Regiment were wounded, the rebels cried, 'No quarter! murder them!' and they received several wounds after they were knocked down." His Royal Highness also coolly says that "the little affair at Clifton, though but trifling, has increased the terror and panic which has daily been coming on among the rebels;" and gives as his excuse for not pursuing the Highlanders that "he dared not follow them because it was so dark, and the country between Clifton and Penrith so extremely covered; besides, his troops, both horse and men, were so fatigued with these forced marches." History, however, teaches us that the Duke of Cumberland is not the only commander who has represented a defeat as a victory in his despatches.

Still rapidly effecting his retreat Charles arrived on

the morning of the 19th at Carlisle. Here it was thought desirable that the Highland garrison should be reinforced, so that in the case of a second invasion of England by the clans, which many expected would speedily take place, this important town would be secured them. But it was not easy to find men willing to be left behind in a place almost sure to be sacrificed. At last a certain number of French and Irish, together with the volunteers raised at Manchester, who were disheartened at the prospect of a retreat into Scotland, were selected for the purpose. But their garrison duties were of brief duration. Scarcely had Charles quitted Carlisle than the Duke of Cumberland appeared before its walls. The town was immediately invested. On the Scotch side was posted Major-Gen. Bland, with a regiment of dragoons and 300 infantry, with strict orders not to allow any passing or repassing the bridge over the Eden. In the suburbs of the English gate stood Major Adams with 200 foot to prevent the garrison from escaping. At the Irish gate was Major Merac with 200 men. Sir Andrew Agnew, with some 300 foot, guarded the Sally Porte. Whilst at a distance of a couple of miles from the town all the cavalry and footguards were cantonned. These precautions taken, the Duke bided his time until the arrival of the cannon he had ordered from Whitehaven allowed him to play against the walls.*

His Royal Highness had hoped in a couple of days'

* State Papers, Domestic, Cumberland to Newcastle, Dec. 22, 1745.

time to commence operations, but it was not till the 28th inst. that the artillery arrived. At once they "began to batter the 4-gun battery with six 18-pounders," writes the Duke, "and the artillery officers hope to have a breach fit to give the assault to-morrow night.* During the night of the 29th the artillery were employed in raising a new battery of three 18-pounders, which was completed early the following morning. "But on the first platoon of the old battery being fired," continues His Royal Highness, "the rebels hung out the white flag, on which our battery ceased, and they called over the walls to let us know that they had two hostages ready to be delivered at the English gate.†

The Duke now despatched his aide-de-camp, Col. Conway, to inquire what was the meaning of the white flag, and to inform the town that he would make no exchange of hostages with rebels. In reply the garrison said they wished to capitulate, and begged to know upon what terms His Royal Highness would receive their submission. Col. Conway was ordered to give the following answer:—"All the terms His Royal Highness will or can grant to the rebel garrison of Carlisle are that they shall not be put to the sword, but be reserved for the king's pleasure. If they consent to these conditions the governor's principal officers are to deliver themselves up immediately, and the castle, citadel, and all the gates of the town are to be taken possession

* State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 28, 1745.

† *Ibid.*, Dec. 30, 1745.

forthwith by the king's troops. All the small arms are to be lodged in the town guard-room, and the rest of the garrison are to retire to the cathedral, where a guard is to be placed over them. No damage is to be done to the artillery, arms, or ammunition."* The garrison having agreed to these terms, General Bligh was ordered to take possession of the town with a large body of infantry, whilst a troop of cavalry patrolled the streets. Shortly afterwards, the Duke, accompanied by his staff, rode into Carlisle. "I wish," writes His Royal Highness, with the promptings of his kindly nature, "I could have blooded the soldiers with these villains, but it would have cost us many a brave man, and it comes to the same end, as they have no sort of claim to the king's mercy, and I sincerely hope will meet with none."† His hopes were not disappointed. Of the eighteen officers who served in the Manchester regiment, seventeen were condemned to death.

Meanwhile Charles had been pushing on into Scotland. After crossing the Esk, swollen by the winter floods, and where in mid-river the Prince managed to save the life of one of his followers, who was being carried down the stream, the Highland army divided into three bodies. The first, consisting of the clans, marched with the Prince to Annan. Lord George

* State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 30, 1745. Smollett says that there was a *sort* of a capitulation entered into for the surrender of Carlisle, and that its terms were not honourably observed by the victorious party. The Duke, however, carefully pledged himself to nothing beyond not putting the garrison to the sword.

† *Ibid.*

Murray was ordered to Ecclefechan with the Lowland regiment and the Athole Brigade. Whilst Lord Elcho, with the cavalry, was sent to Dumfries, where he was shortly afterwards joined by Charles. As this town had always been noted for its attachment to the House of Hanover, and had been more than ordinarily active against the Prince, it was now to feel his resentment. The inhabitants were ordered to contribute £2000 in money, to supply 1000 pair of shoes, to give free quarters to every man in the army, and to surrender into the hands of appointed agents all their arms, public and private, all their saddlery and every horse that the place possessed. Of this contribution some £1100 was paid, and until the balance was settled the Provost and another gentleman were taken off as hostages.* “The Lowlanders,” says Mr. Robert Chambers,† “were often highly amused by the demands of their Highland guests, or rather by the uncouth, broken language in which these demands were preferred. It is still told by the aged people of Dumfries as a good joke, that they would come into houses and ask for ‘a pread, a putter, and a sheese, till *something petter pe ready*.’ It is remembered in another part of the country, that some of them gave out their orders to the mistress of the house for a morning meal, in the following language:—“You’ll put down a pread matam—and a putter matam—and a sheese matam—

* State Papers, Scotland. Provost Bell to Newcastle, Dec. 24, 1745.

† History, vol. ii., p. 307.

and a tea matam—shentleman's preakfast matam—and you'll give her a shilling to carry her to the neisht town, matam!"

From Dumfries, the Highland army proceeded by various routes to Glasgow, marking their way by numerous acts of violence and pillage. Like Dumfries, Glasgow had given strong proof of its hostility to the cause of Charles, and the requisitions were proportionately heavy. The magistrates were ordered to furnish the little army, now dwindled to some 3600 foot and 500 horse, with 1200 shirts, 6000 short coats, 6000 pairs of shoes, 6000 bonnets, and 6000 pairs of stockings. This demand, added to the requisition in September last, amounted to a sum equal to £10,000. When peace was restored, Glasgow claimed compensation for the levies upon its purse, and in 1749 Parliament granted £10,000 as a reimbursement in full.

Arrived at Glasgow, Charles now carefully examined his position. Since his departure for England, various clans had risen in his favour. The arrival of Lord John Drummond at Montrose with the Royal Scots and French piquets the previous month had greatly animated the drooping spirits of the Prince's followers in the North. The Lord Justice Clerk was anything but cheered by the landing of these new supporters of the Stuart cause. He wrote dolefully to Whitehall* that the number of the rebels was "daily increasing," that they were busy bringing their cannon from Montrose to Perth, that they threatened to cross the Forth,

* State Papers, Scotland, Dec. 9, 1745.

and that he was confident that by the help of their French engineers they would be able to take Edinburgh and Stirling Castles. "If we do not get timely help or support," he says, "it is no ways impracticable. The two regiments of foot (which had been sent from Berwick to Edinburgh under General Handasyd) are reduced by sickness, and have not 900 effective men. The spirit of the country to resist the rebels, and prevent their crossing the Forth is very strong, and I really hope that before the rebels be able to bring all their cannon to Stirling, about 3000 good Whigs may be brought to support the King's troops at Stirling; about the half of that number will be able to maintain themselves, or will be maintained by subscription, and 'tis hoped the King will give directions to General Guest to pay those who cannot maintain themselves. . . . Should this be refused, it will confirm a rumour industriously spread here, always thrown in our teeth, that the Government does not desire or encourage any assistance from private persons; and even delays in this case will be taken as a disapprobation, and throw a damp on those who contribute or go on their own expense." In his reply, the Duke of Newcastle fully approved of the measures proposed by the Lord Justice Clerk, and said that a number of regular troops would be speedily sent to Scotland, which he hoped would be sufficient to put an end to the unnatural rebellion.*

Such additional aid was now necessary. Lord

* State Papers, Scotland, Dec. 9, 1745.

Lewis Gordon had been busy in Banff and Aberdeen raising men and levying money. Lord Strathallan was at Perth in command of a considerable Highland reinforcement. The Frasers, the Mackenzies, the Macintoshes, and the Farquharsons had added themselves to the number of the Prince's followers. In all, some 4000 men were now ready to swell the diminished ranks of the little army which had just marched out of England. By the union of these additional forces, the Prince found himself in possession of nearly 9000 men, the largest number he had as yet had under his command. With these troops Charles resolved to undertake the siege of Stirling Castle. He quitted Glasgow on the 3rd of January, and fixed his head-quarters the following day at Bannockburn House, the seat of Sir Hugh Paterson, whilst his troops occupied St. Ninian's and other villages in the neighbourhood.

But what threatened to be a grave dissension in the camp now arose. The Prince, true to the resolution he had formed after the retreat from Derby, refused to take anyone, save Murray of Broughton and Sir Thomas Sheridan, into his counsel. He formed his own plans for future action, and paid scant heed to the advice of those around him. Naturally mortified at their exclusion from the royal confidence, the Chieftains, who were risking all for the Stuart cause, and who felt that their opinions ought not to continue thus supremely ignored, met together, and debated the matter. Lord George Murray as usual took the lead in

the discussion, and proposed that they should represent to the Prince how keenly they regarded the slight passed upon them, and beg him, instead of ruling the details of warfare by his mere personal control, to appoint a Committee of officers to decide by the votes of the majority what operations were to be carried on, and what neglected. The suggestion was unanimously adopted. After a brief discussion, a Memorial was drawn up, and placed in the hands of the Prince. In this document Charles was asked to summon a Council of War, composed of a committee chosen by commanders, to decide on all the operations of war by a majority of votes. "Had not a Council," said the Memorial, "determined the retreat from Derby, what a catastrophe might have followed in two or three days? Had a Council of War been held when the army came to Lancaster, a day (which at that time was so precious) had not been lost. Had a Council of War been consulted as to the leaving a garrison at Carlisle, it would never have been agreed to, the place not being tenable, and so many brave men would not have been sacrificed, besides the reputation of His Royal Highness' arms." The Prince was also desired to place discretionary power during an engagement in those who commanded, "as it was the method of all armies." The memorial concluded by hinting that the force of the Prince was one of volunteers, and not of mercenaries.*

* State Papers, Domestic, 1746, No. 93. Account of papers transmitted by Sir E. Fawkener. State Papers, Domestic, May 10, 1746, No. 83.

Charles, returned the following answer :—*

“When I came into Scotland I knew well enough what I was to expect from my enemies, but I little foresaw what I met with from my friends. I came vested with all the authority the king could give me, one chief part of which is the command of his armies, and now I am required to give this up to fifteen or sixteen persons, who may afterwards depute five or seven of their own number to exercise it for fear if they were six or eight, that I might myself pretend to be the casting vote. By the majority of these all things are to be determined, and nothing left to me but the honour of being present at their debates. This I am told is the method of all armies, and this I flatly deny; nor do I believe it to be the method of any one army in the world. I am often hit in the teeth, that this is an army of volunteers, and consequently very different from one composed of mercenaries. What one would naturally expect from an army whose chief officers consist of gentlemen of rank and fortune, and who came into it merely upon motives of duty and honour, is more zeal, more resolution, and more good manners, than in those that fight merely for pay. But it can be no army at all where there is no general, or what is the same thing, no obedience or deference paid to him.

“Every one knew before he engaged in this cause,” continues Charles, his temper getting the better of his generosity, “what he was to expect in case it miscarried, and should have stayed at

* State Papers, Domestic, Jan. 7, 1746, No. 93.

home if he could not face death in any shape. But can I myself hope for better usage? At least I am the only person upon whose head a price has been already set, and therefore, I cannot indeed threaten at every other word to throw down my arms and make my peace with the government. I think I show every day this, I do not pretend to act without taking advice, and yours (that of Lord George) oftener than anybody's else; which I shall still continue to do, and you know that upon more occasions than one, I have given up my own opinion to that of others. I stayed indeed a day at Lancaster without calling a Council of War, but you yourself proposed to stay another. But I wonder much to see myself reproached with the loss of Carlisle. Was there a possibility of carrying off the cannon and baggage, or was there time to destroy them? And would not the doing it have been a greater dishonour to our arms? After all, did not you, yourself, instead of proposing to abandon it, offer to stay with the Athole Brigade to defend it?

"I have insensibly made my answer much longer than I intended, and might yet add much more, but I choose to cut it short, and shall only tell you that my authority may be taken from me by violence, but I shall never resign it like an idiot." After the receipt of this letter the matter dropped for a time.

Meanwhile, the re-inforcements mentioned by the Duke of Newcastle in his despatch to the Lord Justice Clerk had entered Scotland. As the rebels were now flying before the regular troops, the King considered

that there was no further necessity for the Duke of Cumberland to be in command, and desired his presence in London. The rumours of a French invasion had been revived, and the public mind refused to be at rest until the Duke was recalled from the north to guard the southern coast. Accordingly, immediately after the surrender of Carlisle, His Royal Highness returned to town. Marshal Wade, too, on the ground of old age, had taken the opportunity of asking to be released from further military service, and as he had failed in everything he had undertaken, and was never at hand when required, his request was granted.

Able service as the Marshal had rendered to his country in former years, it is difficult to point to a single fact in the history of his command on this occasion which reflects credit on him. He was outwitted by the march of the rebels to Kelso, and failed to relieve Carlisle when a little more activity on his part would have made all the difference to the town between surrender and victory. He failed to prevent the rebels marching into England, which was the chief object of the organization of his army. He failed to cut off the retreat of the rebels on their return to Scotland. He failed to be of service to the Duke at the exact time when his services would have been most precious. In his frequent despatches, among the State papers, he is always grumbling and finding fault. Now it is that the forced marches are fatiguing the men; or that the troops are in want of forage, straw, and shoes; or that he cannot march at the time

needed because the artillery have not come up ; or that he is expecting cavalry ; and similar excuses which the incompetent love to urge when extenuating their incapacity. Sir Everard Fawkener said truly, when he wrote to the Duke of Newcastle, that the march of the rebels to Derby, and their return unmolested to their own country, were "a disgrace to the English nation." For this disgrace the blunders and inactivity of Marshal Wade are not a little to blame.

To serve in the stead of Wade and to take command of the army in Scotland, the Duke of Cumberland now recommended General Hawley.


"I must give you some idea of this man, who will give a mortal blow to the pride of the Scotch nobility," writes Horace Walpole concerning the new commander.* "He is called *Lord Chief Justice* : frequent and sudden executions are his passion. Last winter he had intelligence of a spy to come from the French army ; the first notice our army had of his arrival was by seeing him dangle on a gallows in his muff and boots. One of the surgeons of the army begged the body of a soldier, who was hanged for desertion, to dissect. 'Well,' said Hawley, 'but then you shall give me the skeleton to hang up in the guard room.' He is very brave and able, with no small bias to the brutal." On the whole he was a fitting fore-runner to the conqueror of Culloden.

On arriving at Edinburgh Hawley had been anxious to hasten at once to the relief of Stirling, but his

* Letters, vol. ii., p. 96.

promised ten battalions not having yet come up from Newcastle caused him a few days' delay. During this period of enforced inactivity he amused himself by ordering gibbets to be erected, as an indication of the fate which awaited those rebels who should fall into his hands. There was, however, no pressing need for his immediate departure.

Stirling Castle, secure in the rocky strength of its natural position, and in the gallantry of its stout defender, General Blakeney, defied all the engineering skill of the insurgents. The governor had been summoned to surrender, but sternly replied that he would act as a man of honour and shew his foes that he was worthy of their respect. Trenches were now opened by the enemy before the fortress, but active hostilities had to be deferred until the arrival of cannon from Dunblane. The government authorities in Edinburgh were, however, keeping a vigilant eye on the tactics of the Highlanders, and determined to frustrate their designs. One, a collector Gossett, was ordered to take two sloops of war and 300 troops with transports from Leith, and sail up the Forth in order to prevent the enemy getting their guns across the river. On Wednesday the 8th of January, the spies had given out that the rebels were to be expected at Alloa with their cannon. Accordingly, Gossett hurried the shipping of his troops, and sailed with the intention of surprising the rebels that night. Unfortunately for him, contrary winds set in, and he did not reach Alloa until the next day.



Here he learnt that the enemy had got two of their cannon shipped on board, and intended to proceed early next morning across the river to a place called Fallin Pow, two miles above Alloa. To prevent this, shortly after nightfall, he despatched fifty of the troops, along with the same number of sailors, in an open boat, to lie between Alloa and Fallin Pow and intercept the vessel carrying the rebels' cannon. But batteries having been erected by the enemy at Elphinstone and Alloa, opened fire as the boat passed under cover of the guns, and did some little damage to the crew. Still, the proceedings of Gossett were so far successful that they alarmed the rebels, and prevented the vessel sailing with that night's tide for Fallin Pow.

As soon as day dawned Gossett had intended sailing up the Frith and forcing his way past the batteries ; but, the wind still continuing unfavourable, he dared not execute his project in so narrow a river. Changing his tactics, he resolved to land his troops at Kincardine, and march straight upon Alloa and there engage with the rebels, whose numbers, he was now assured by private information, did not exceed two hundred. No sooner, however, had he disembarked his men than intelligence was brought him that the enemy had just received a re-inforcement of three hundred. Instantly he gave orders for the re-embarkation of his troops and quitted Kincardine. The landing of his men had, however, so alarmed the rebels, that they could find no time for shipping any more of their cannon, or for getting the two they had shipped to Fallin Pow.

Gossett, ignorant what course he should now pursue, remained inactive for the next few hours, and the rebels, availing themselves of his indecision, dismantled the battery at Alloa, and carried the guns by land two miles higher up, in order that they should be ready for transportation to Fallin Pow. Hearing of this, Gossett resolved to attack the remaining battery at Elphinstone, and after silencing its guns to proceed with the smaller vessels to the spot which the rebels had chosen for the ferrying over of their cannon. The wind proving favourable, he hauled up anchor and proceeded on his way. In less than two hours, he had silenced two of the enemy's guns at Elphinstone; and the remaining two would have speedily been dismounted had not a cannon ball cut asunder the cable of one of the sloops of war, when she was forced by the strength of the tide to leave her position. The other sloop having her two pilots severely wounded, Gossett felt that he was obliged to quit the battery and give up the enterprise. Though not so successful as he had anticipated, he yet so harassed the enemy by his movements, as to effectually prevent them from attacking the castle.*

On the departure of Gossett, Charles was hoping to concentrate all his efforts upon the reduction of Stirling; when a new and far more formidable foe engaged his attention. The ten battalions having arrived from Newcastle, Hawley, at the head of some eight or nine thousand men, marched from Edinburgh on the 13th

* Statement of Gossett. State Papers, Scotland, Jan. 8-13, 1746.

of January, to raise the siege of Stirling. Made aware of the approach of the English general, Charles left a thousand men to protect the trenches and continue the blockade of the Castle, and drew up his men on Bannockburn, a field of happy omen, as he said, to his arms, and awaited battle. The English regiments, which had marched from Edinburgh in two divisions, had now united at Falkirk, and the rebels anticipated an immediate attack. But Hawley showed no signs of movement. His contempt for the Highland rabble was so supreme, that he did not trouble himself about issuing any immediate orders, and even neglected sending out patrols.


The old impatience came back upon the Highlanders as hour after hour passed and still the enemy made no signs of advance. At last the chiefs resolved that as the English would not move forward to meet them, they would begin the aggressive themselves, and march to the attack. As no patrols from the enemy interfered with their movements, the rebels resolved to put the English upon a false scent. Lord John Drummond was ordered to advance upon the straight road leading from Stirling and Bannockburn towards Falkirk, with his own regiment, the Irish piquets, and all the cavalry. He was to carry the Royal Standard and other colours, and make a display in front of the ancient forest of Torwood, so as to let the English imagine that the whole force of the Highland army were advancing in that quarter. These orders were obeyed. Lord George Murray, shortly after the departure of Drum-

mond, then crossed the river Carron, near Dunnipace, with the main army, and advanced to the southward of the high ground called Falkirk Muir, a rugged and ridgy upland, which lay on the westward to the left of Hawley's camp. It was not till well-nigh noon that General Huske, an able and honourable officer, who was second in command of the Royal forces, descried the division of Lord John Drummond which, as had been anticipated, attracted the exclusive attention of the English. The men were about to take their dinner, but the drums instantly beat to arms and the troops speedily formed in line in front of their camp. And now the division under Lord George was seen making for the heights. Upon this, murmurs broke forth from the ranks of "What are we to do? where is the general? we have no orders!"

It so happened that on that very day—the 17th of January—Hawley was a guest at Callender House, the seat of the fascinating Countess of Kilmarnock, whose husband was in the rebel army; and he had been so engrossed by the charms of his fair hostess as to forget the responsibilities of his position. The moment he was apprised of the situation of affairs, he rushed out of the house without his hat, jumped into the saddle, and galloped to the camp. A brief survey taught him what tactics to employ. He ordered his three regiments of Dragoons, under Ligonier, to advance at full speed to the top of Falkirk Muir, in order if possible to anticipate the arrival of the enemy, whilst the foot were to follow with fixed bayonets. It was now

a race between the clans and the dragoons, which should first gain the top of the hill. So close was the struggle that, whilst the Highlanders were breasting the little eminence on one side, the dragoons were riding up it on the other. The first to attain the summit were the dragoons: they presented a formidable line of horse, and were under the impression that the foe still toiling up the hill would never dare encounter a charge from cavalry.

But the clans were not to be intimidated. They had formed into three lines on marching towards the Muir: in the first line the Macdonalds held the right and the Camerons the left; in the second line the Athole brigade had the right and Lord Lewis Gordon's Aberdeenshire men the left, whilst Lord Ogilvie's regiment held the centre; the third line was composed of cavalry and the Irish piquets. Lord John Drummond, as soon as he saw that the enemy had taken the alarm, had desisted from his feint and rejoined the main body of his countrymen, falling in with the third line. In this manner they marched to the attack. The dragoons on the crest of the hill soon saw that their foe beneath them meant battle, and they were ordered to prepare to charge. With their swinging, uneven, but terribly swift step, the clans poured up the hill-side. A short distance intervened between them and the dragoons, when the word of command was given to the latter to charge. At full trot, with sabres drawn, and threatening annihilation, the cavalry bore down upon the Highlanders. With a coolness which would have done credit to a




picked regiment, the clans halted, massed themselves together in close order, but reserved their fire till not ten yards separated them from the foe. Then at the word "Fire," they gave a general discharge, with such promptness and effect, that the dragoons were completely broken. A few tried to cleave their way through the Macdonalds and the Camerons, but perished in the attempt beneath the dirks and the pistols of the Athole brigade and the Aberdeenshire men. The greater number put spurs into their horses and fled along the front of the Highland line, running the gauntlet of so terrible a fire that many a saddle was emptied.

A violent storm of wind and rain, which blew straight in the face of the Royal troops, had now come on, and not a little disconcerted the tactics of both Hanoverian and Jacobite. With that wildness which discipline could never tame, and which became almost maniacal at the first taste of victory, several of the clans, headed by the Macdonalds, rushed sword in hand upon the English. Hawley had drawn up his infantry into two lines, with the Argyle militia and the Glasgow reserve in the rear. He himself commanded in the centre, and Huske on the right. Throwing their muskets on the ground, as was their custom before charging, the Highlanders dashed upon the right and centre of Hawley's foot, broke their ranks and put them to flight.

But on the extreme right of the Royal army, the clans, which formed the Prince's left, were not so

successful. Protected by a ravine in their front, three English regiments, Price's, Ligonier's, and Burrel's, bravely held their own against all the efforts of the Highlanders. The clans, prevented by the ravine from attacking sword in hand, had neither the arms nor the ammunition to sustain a prolonged struggle. Their charge it was true was terrible, so terrible that the best troops of Europe would with difficulty sustain its first shock; but, where the charge was impossible, their mode of warfare was not dangerous. Behind the bank of the ravine the English shot down man after man, and the Highlanders were meditating retreat when Cobham's dragoons, which had since rallied in the rear of the three regiments, dashed into the discouraged clans and forced many of them to fly for their lives.

The battle was now in a strange condition. "Both armies," writes Home, "were in flight at the same time." With the exception of the three regiments above mentioned, Hawley's cavalry and infantry were routed and put to confusion, whilst those of the Highlanders who had been attacking in vain, fled, believing that the day was lost and that victory remained with the English. But the advantage rested with the Highlanders. Taking up his position on a slight elevation, known as Charlie's Hill, Charles, seeing his left wing thrown into disorder by the three regiments, advanced with his second line and forced the English that still resisted to quit the field. Unlike their comrades, who had fled to Falkirk in the utmost confusion,



the three regiments retreated in good order with drums beating and colours flying.

"Some individuals," says Mr. Chambers,* "who beheld the battle from the steeple at Falkirk, used to describe its main events as occupying a surprising brief space of time. They first saw the English army enter the misty and storm-covered moor at the top of the hill: then saw the dull atmosphere thickened by a fast rolling smoke, and heard the pealing sounds of the discharge: immediately after they saw the discomfited troops burst wildly from the cloud in which they had been involved and rush in far-spread disorder over the face of the hill. From the commencement till what they styled 'the *break* of the battle,' there did not intervene more than ten minutes—so soon may an efficient body of men become, by one transient emotion of cowardice, a feeble and contemptible rabble."

The loss for so short a struggle was severe. On the side of the English, inclusive of killed, wounded, and missing, it amounted to twenty officers, and between four and five hundred privates. The Highlanders had thirty-two officers and men slain in action, and one hundred and twenty wounded.

"After an easy victory," writes Sheridan in his account of the battle transmitted to the kings of France and Spain, "we remained masters of the field of battle; but as it was near five o'clock before it ended, and as it required time for the Highlanders to

* Hist. of the Rebellion, p. 66.

recover their muskets, rejoin their colours and form again in order, it was quite night before we could follow the fugitives. The Prince, who, at the beginning of the action had been conjured for the love of his troops, not to expose himself, was in the second line of the piquets; but as soon as the left wing was thrown into some disorder, he flew to their relief with an ardour that was not to be restrained. In the disposition of his troops he followed the advice of Lord George Murray who commanded the right wing, and fought on foot during the whole action at the head of his Highlanders. Lord John Drummond commanded the left and distinguished himself extremely."

Quartering his disordered troops in the palace of Linlithgow, whither he had hastily fled after burning his tents at Falkirk, Hawley wrote the following letter to the Duke of Cumberland :—*

"LINLITHGOW, *Jan. 17, 1746.*

"Sir,—My heart is broke. I can't say we are quite beat to-day, but our left is beat, and their left is beat. We had enough to beat them, for we had 2000 men more than they. But such scandalous cowardice I never saw before. The whole second line of foot ran away without firing a shot. Three squadrons did well; the others as usual. The dragoons were all on the left. I was beat with them, the brigade upon the left of the first line, and all the second line, and the Glasgow Regiment, &c., which made an elbow or

* State Papers, Scotland.

coude for show. Major-General Huske's people beat their left wing and made a handsome retreat with two squadrons of Cobham's dragoons. But at the very beginning all the horses of the artillery ran away. They pushed upon their right to slip between us and Edinburgh, by trying to gain our right flank. And as after the affair was over, and all the country assured me they were making for Edinburgh to cut us, when we came back to our camp and struck all the tents we had horses left to load, I retreated at night hither. I got off but three cannon of the ten. By guess I think there was not above one thousand shots fired on each side . . . I must say one thing, that every officer did his duty, and what was in the power of man to do in trying to stop and rally the men; and they led them on with as good a countenance till a halloo began, before a single shot was fired, and at 500 yards distance. Then I own I began to give it over.

"I only beg leave to acquaint your Royal Highness that we were neither surprised nor attacked. We met them half way, and rather attacked them though they were still in motion.

"Pardon me, Sir, that you have no more this time from

"The most unhappy, but most faithful,
"And most dutiful, your Royal Highness has,
"H. HAWLEY."

The following day Hawley retreated to Edinburgh with his forces in a sad state of disorder and dejection.

Shortly after his arrival he sent for the chief members of the committee which had pretended to supply him and his predecessor with information, and vented the spite of defeat upon the inaccuracy of their intelligence.

"Gentlemen," he said, harshly,* "you pretend to have an extraordinary zeal for His Majesty's service, and seem to be very assiduous in promoting it; but let me tell you, that you have either mistaken your own measures or have been betraying his cause. How often have you represented the Highland army, and the multitude of noblemen and gentlemen who have joined them from the Low country with their followers as a despicable pack of herds, and a contemptible mob of men of desperate fortunes? How have you in your repeated advices disguised and lessened the numbers and strength of His Majesty's enemies in your rebellious country? And how often have you falsely magnified and increased the power and numbers of his friends? These things you had the hardiness to misrepresent to some of the Ministers of State, and to several generals in the army. If the Government had not relied on the truth of your advices, it had been an easy matter to have crushed this insurrection and rebellion in the bud. If your information had not been unluckily believed, that most part of the Highlanders had run home with their booty after the battle of Gladsmuir, and that they who remained had absolutely refused to march into

* "A few passages showing the sentiments of the Prince of Hesse and General Hawley." A pamphlet. State Papers, Scotland, 1746, No. 35.

England, what would have hindered the King to have sent down a few troops from England to assist his forces in Scotland, to have at once dispersed and destroyed them? But you, out of your views or vanity, made him and his ministry believe, that you were able to do it yourselves. And what are the consequences of your fine politics and intelligence? The rebels have got time to draw to such a head, as obliged the King to withdraw more than 10,000 of his own troops from the assistance of his allies abroad, and as many auxiliaries from Holland and Hesse, to defend his own person and dominions at home.

“As to your diminishing their numbers, and ridiculing their discipline. You see and I feel the effect of it. I never saw any troops fire in platoons more regularly, make their motions and evolutions quicker, or attack with more bravery, or in better order than those Highlanders did at the battle of Falkirk. And these are the very men that you represented as a parcel of raw and undisciplined vagabonds. No Jacobite could have contrived more hurt to the King’s faithful friends, or done more service to his inveterate enemies. Gentlemen, I tell you plainly that these things which I am now blaming you for, I am to represent to the Court, that as far as in me lies, it may be put out of your power to abuse it for the future. I desire no answer, nor will I receive any. If you have anything to offer in your own defence or justification, do it above or publish it here. It will not offend me. In the mean time I will deal with you with that openness

and honour which become one of my station and character. I will send to you in writing what I have now delivered by word of mouth, that you may make any use of it that you shall judge proper, for your own advantage and exculpation. Farewell."

In addition to thus rating the heads of the Intelligence Department, Hawley consoled himself for the bitterness of his disappointment, by using the gallows he had erected for the punishment of the rebels, to hang those soldiers who had grossly misbehaved themselves in the late action. So wholesale were his executions, that even the Duke of Cumberland, on his arrival at Edinburgh, thought it wise to interfere, and saved the lives of many who had thus been sentenced to death.

When the news of the battle of Falkirk reached London the greatest consternation prevailed. A Drawing-Room was being held the same day at St. James's, and every countenance was marked with doubt and apprehension save that of Sir John Cope, who was delighted to have at last a partner in misfortune. It was felt that after this crushing defeat the only person who could restore confidence to the nation and reanimate the army was the Duke of Cumberland. His Royal Highness was, therefore, appointed forthwith Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Scotland, and urgently requested to proceed *at once* north.

"His Majesty thinking His Royal Highness' presence in Scotland," writes the Duke of Newcastle to Hawley,* "might be of great use to animate and

* State Papers, Scotland, Jan. 24, 1746.

encourage the troops, and to keep up the spirits of the people in that part of the kingdom, the King has been pleased to direct His Royal Highness to go to Scotland. The Duke will accordingly set out this evening for Edinburgh, and will probably be with you soon after you receive this letter. But I am expressly ordered by His Majesty," adds His Grace, with that official consideration which conveys censure, "to assure you that it does not proceed from any disapprobation of your zeal and abilities for his service, with which the King is perfectly satisfied. And though during His Royal Highness' stay in Scotland you will follow his orders and directions, your commission still subsists, and His Majesty does not mean in any other way to lessen or diminish your authority. And I am persuaded you will think yourself extremely happy to be under His Royal Highness' command, who has a very particular regard for you." In spite of this "particular regard," the Duke of Cumberland, when discussing the defeat at Falkirk with Lord Marchmont, laid the whole blame of the affair on Hawley's want of discipline, and said had he been there "he would have attacked the rebels with the men that Hawley had left."^o

Travelling night and day, His Royal Highness arrived at Holyrood on the morning of the 30th of January, and retired to rest in the same apartments which Charles had but a few weeks ago occupied.

* Lord Marchmont's Diary, Jan. 23, 1746.

CHAPTER X.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

“Thy sympathising complaisance
Made thee believe intriguing France;
But wo is me for thy mischance,
That saddens every true heart!”

“That mushroom thing, called Cumberland,
Has lately pass’d the Forth, Sir.”

THE victory of Falkirk, in spite of the apprehensions it created at St. James’s, resulted in no substantial advantage to the Jacobite cause. Hardly had the smoke over the battle-field cleared away than angry discussions arose among the Highland officers. Why, it was asked, had not the enemy been pursued and utterly destroyed? Lord George Murray laid the blame upon Lord John Drummond, who had not, he said, supported as he ought to have done the operations of the right wing; whilst Lord John, in retaliation, inveighed against Lord George for not having consented, after the repulse of the dragoons, to a simultaneous attack by both wings on the enemy’s infantry. The discussion was taken up by the ranks, and the men murmured at the opportunities their commanders incessantly made them throw away.

They recapitulated the events of the campaign, and passed their opinions freely on their officers. "At Prestonpans," they murmured, "they could have annihilated their foe, but there they were prevented by the humanity of their Prince, as if warfare had anything to do with humanity! They march into England—their advance one uninterrupted progress—and then when the road to London is clear before them, and everything appears most favourable to their cause, they are ordered without either rhyme or reason to beat a retreat. Why should they have retreated? Whenever they met the enemy they had gained the day—they made him slink away at the Corryarrack, they took Edinburgh, they beat Johnnie Cope in five minutes, they made Carlisle hang out the white flag, they deceived Wade, and they stole three days' march upon the Duke of Cumberland—was this a foe to be feared, and before whom they should retreat without having a chance given them of battle? It was shameful. Then, at Clifton, they had again come off victorious, but they were stopped from pursuing the enemy over the moor, whilst the Prince refused to send them reinforcements to complete their victory. Why were they always being hampered when they should be encouraged? And then at Falkirk, when they could have utterly routed the enemy and recaptured Edinburgh, they again, by the irresolution and ignorance of their leaders, had lost their opportunity. What was the good of fighting if they were always to be victorious and yet only gain barren laurels? They

had better make what booty they could and escape over the hills to their homes !”

Not a few carried this last suggestion into execution. On the night that succeeded the battle, though the storm of wind and rain which had been raging all day still continued, troops of Highlanders were scattered over the field, plundering the camp and stripping the dead. So thoroughly did they perform their work that a citizen of Falkirk, surveying the slain from a distance, used to say that he could only compare them to a large flock of white sheep at rest on the face of the hill. Laden with “plunter” hundreds, nay thousands, of the Highlanders made off to their mountains, and thus reduced the army of the Prince to a comparative skeleton.

Still with this faithful remnant Charles resolved to resume the siege of Stirling Castle, considering it a disgrace to his arms to relinquish any enterprise that he had once begun. The consequence of this imprudent step was to leave his enemies full leisure to recover from their recent defeat. The siege, too, was badly conducted. Mirabelle, the French engineer, who had arrived with Lord John Drummond, failed to justify the confidence reposed in him. Opening his trenches on a hill to the north of the Castle where there was not fifteen inches depth of earth above the solid rock, he was forced to supply this want of soil with bags of wool and sacks of earth, that had to be brought from a distance. So exposed were the trenches that the Prince lost as many as twenty-five men in a day. The batteries, also, from their open situation, were soon silenced by the

superior fire of the Castle. Thus it was not long before the Highlanders, growing weary of a service for which they were unfit, refused to go into the trenches or man the batteries. At last, the operations of the siege had to be entrusted to the piquets of the Irish brigade, and to the regiment brought by Lord John from France. Provisions now were scarce, and fresh supplies not to be obtained without difficulty ; daily the siege became more distasteful to the troops engaged in it.

Thus two weeks, invaluable to the enemy, valueless to Charles, passed away. Guided by the advice of his favourite counsellors, John Murray of Broughton, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and the Quartermaster-General, the Prince still persevered in his operations against the Castle. But the other chieftains and officers, mortified at the continuance of their exclusion from the Royal councils, and still more irritated at the slow and doubtful progress of the siege, met again together, and considered the matter. The result of their deliberations was that, at the instigation of Lord George Murray, a second paper was drawn up addressed to the Prince, strongly recommending the raising of the siege and a retreat to the north. Lord George forwarded the memorial to Sheridan, begging him to lay it before Charles. "We are sensible," he writes,* "it will be unpleasant, but in the name of God what can we do? Whatever His Royal Highness determines

* Account of papers transmitted by Sir E. Fawkener to Duke of Newcastle, May 10, 1746. State Papers, Domestic, No. 83. For copies of these papers see No. 93.

let the thing be kept secret as possible, and none consulted but men of prudence and probity."

The document was laid before Charles. It ran as follows :—

"We think it our duty in this critical juncture to lay our opinions in the most respectful manner before your Royal Highness. We are certain that a vast number of the soldiers of your Royal Highness's army are gone home since the battle of Falkirk; and, notwithstanding all the endeavours of the commanders of the different corps, they find that this evil is increasing hourly, and not in their power to prevent; and, as we are afraid Stirling Castle cannot be taken so soon as was expected, if the enemy should march before it fall into your Royal Highness's hands, we can foresee nothing but utter destruction to the few that will remain, considering the inequality of our numbers to that of the enemy. For these reasons we are humbly of opinion, that there is no way to extricate the army out of the most imminent danger, but by retiring immediately to the Highlands, where we can be usefully employed, the remainder of the winter, by taking and mastering the forts of the north, and we are morally sure we can keep as many men together as will answer that end, and hinder the enemy from following us into the mountains at this season of the year; and in spring we doubt not but an army of ten thousand effective Highlanders can be brought together to follow your Royal Highness wherever you think proper. This will certainly disconcert your enemies,

and cannot but be approved by your Royal Highness's friends, both at home and abroad. If a landing should happen in the meantime, the Highlanders would immediately rise, either to join them, or to make a powerful diversion elsewhere. The hard marches which your army has undergone, the winter season, and now the inclemency of the weather, cannot fail of making this measure approved of by your Royal Highness's allies abroad, as well as your faithful adherents at home. The greatest difficulty that occurs to us is the saving of the artillery, particularly the heavy cannon; but better some of these were thrown into the river Forth, than that your Royal Highness, besides the danger of your own person, should risk the flower of your army, which we apprehend must inevitably be the case, if this retreat be not agreed to and gone about, without the loss of one moment; and we think that it would be the greatest imprudence to risk the whole on so unequal a chance, when there are such hopes of succour from abroad, besides the resources your Royal Highness will have from your faithful and dutiful followers at home. It is but just now we are apprised of the numbers of our own people that are gone off, besides the many sick that are in no condition to fight. And we offer this our opinion with the more freedom, that we are persuaded that your Royal Highness can never doubt of the uprightness of our intentions."*

The receipt of this resolution fell upon Charles like a thunder-clap. Only the day before he and Lord

* Home's History, Appendix, No. 39.

George Murray had been discussing a plan of the battle that must ensue when the Duke of Cumberland came up. Not a word had been then said about a retreat. He scarcely knew whether to feel indignation or astonishment the most as he re-read the paper. "Good God!" he cried, "have I lived to see this?" With feelings not to be envied he sat down and wrote the following answer:— *

"BANNOCKBURN, Jan. 30, 1746.

"GENTLEMEN,

"I have received yours of last night and am extremely surprised at the contents of it, which I little expected from you this time. Is it possible that a victory and a defeat should produce the same effect, and that the conquerors should fly from an engagement whilst the conquered are seeking it? Should we make the retreat you propose how much more will that raise the spirits of our enemies and sink those of our own people? Can we imagine that where we go the enemy will not follow and at last oblige us to a battle which we now decline? Can we hope to defend ourselves at Perth or keep our men together there better than we do here? We must therefore continue our flight to the mountains and soon find ourselves in a worse condition than we were in at Glenfinnan. What opinion will the French and Spaniards then have of us, or what encouragement will it be to the former to make the descent they

* State Papers, Domestic, 1746, No. 93. Papers alluded to by Sir E. Fawkener, No. 83.

have been so long preparing, or the latter send us any more succours? I am persuaded that if the descent be not made before this piece of news reaches them they will lay aside all thoughts of it, cast all the blame upon us, and say it was in vain to send succours to those who dare not stay to receive them? Will they send us any more artillery to be lost or nailed up? But what will become of our Lowland friends? Shall we persuade them to retire with us to the mountains, or shall we abandon them to the fury of our merciless enemies? What an encouragement will this be to them or others to rise in our favour, should we, as you seem to hope, ever think ourselves in a condition to pay them a second visit? But besides, what urges us to this precipitate resolution is, as I apprehend, the daily threats of the enemy to come and attack us, and if they should do it within two or three days our retreat will become impracticable. For my own part I must say that it is with the greatest reluctance that I can bring myself to consent to such a step, but having told you my thoughts upon it I am too sensible of what you have already ventured and done for me not to yield to your unanimous resolution if you persist in it. However, I must insist on the conditions which Sir Thomas Sheridan, the bearer of this, has my orders to propose to you.*

* These conditions were that the memorial should be signed by the master of Lovat and Ardshiel [it had been signed by Lord Geo. Murray, Lochiel, Keppoch, Clanranald, Lochgarry, Scothouse, &c.] that all should declare that they would appear again in arms with a more formidable army, that they should sign a paper to satisfy the Courts of France and Spain that the

I desire you would talk the matter over with him, and give entire credit to what he shall say to you—in my name.

“Your assured friend,

“CHARLES.”

In spite of this remonstrance, the Chiefs still adhered to their resolution, and Charles, fully conscious of the position he occupied, felt that he had no alternative but to acquiesce in their decision. “He washed his hands of the fatal consequence such a step would be attended with;” he said, and took the trouble to repeat his views a second time in a letter to a friend of his in the camp.

“I doubt not,” he writes to this nameless friend,* “but you have been informed by Cluny and Kepoch of what passed last night, and heard great complaints of my despotic temper. I therefore think it necessary to explain myself more fully to you. I cannot see anything but ruin and destruction to us all in case we should think of a retreat. Wherever we go the enemy will follow, and if we now appear afraid of them, their spirits will rise, and those of our own men sink very low. I cannot conceive but we can be as well and much more safely quartered in and about Falkirk than here. We have already tried it for several days together, and though the men were ordered to be every day in the field of battle early, you know it was always near noon before they could

retreat did not proceed from necessity, and that Lochiel and Cluny should visit the Prince in the evening. Papers alluded to by Sir E. Fawkener. *State Papers, Domestic*, No. 83.

* *State Papers, Domestic*, Jan. 1746-7, No. 93.

be assembled. Had the enemy come upon us early in the morning, what would have become of us? And shall we again wilfully put ourselves in the same risk? Believe me, the nearer we come to the Forth the greater the desertion will prove. But this is not the worst of it; I have reason to apprehend that when we are once there, it will be proposed to cross the Forth itself, in which case we shall be utterly undone, and lose all the fruits of the success Providence has hitherto granted us. Stirling will be retaken in fewer days than we have spent in taking it, and prove a second Carlisle, for it will be impossible to carry off our cannon, &c. In fine, why we should be so much afraid now of an enemy that we attacked and beat not a fortnight ago, when they were much more numerous, I cannot conceive. Has the loss of so many officers and men killed and wounded, and the shame of their flight still hanging upon them made them more formidable? I would have you consider all this, and represent it accordingly, but show my letter to no mortal. After all this I know I have an army that I cannot command any further than the chief officers please, and, therefore, if you are all resolved upon it, I must yield—but I take God to witness that it is with the greatest reluctance, and that I wash my hands of the fatal consequences which I foresee, but cannot help.”

Still the Chieftains were inexorable. On the 1st of February the retreat commenced; the Highlanders taking the precaution of spiking their heavy cannon, and blowing up their powder magazine at St. Ninian's.

This last operation was so ill executed that the explosion destroyed the neighbouring church ; the destruction was purely accidental, but party spirit, perhaps not unnaturally, imputed it to deliberate design. What also gave a more venomous colouring to the account of this disaster was the fact that the loss of the church fell very heavily on the poor of St. Ninian's. It appears that some six hundred pounds had been collected in order to build an aisle "joining to, and making part of the church of St. Ninian's, and by letting the seats in that aisle, a considerable annual sum was raised for the poor." Thus by the destruction of the sacred edifice, the poor lost a very important fund for their subsistence. On the conclusion of the rebellion, the King was asked to repair the loss at the cost of the Treasury.*

Resting the first night at Dunblane, the Highlanders marched the next day to Crieff. But all discipline seemed now at an end. The men did very much as they pleased, and the officers could not check their actions. Charles himself, in a fit of pcevishness that did him little credit, marched sulkily along, and endeavoured to show that it was no longer to his orders that the army was amenable. More than once he neglected to give the word of command, and at other times countermanded the orders that his lieutenants had given, causing thereby much confusion and loss of baggage. At Crieff a council of war was

* State Papers, Scotland, Lord Justice Clerk to Newcastle, Mar. 20, 1747.

called, when the officers began to reproach each other with having caused the retreat to be so disorderly. Charles, who had now partly recovered his temper, however, put an end to the recrimination by taking the whole blame of the matter upon himself. At this meeting it was resolved to divide the troops into two columns, one of which, under the command of Charles, was to march to Inverness, whilst the other, under Lord George Murray, was to proceed by Perth, Dundee, Montrose, Aberdeen, and Peterhead, to the same destination. So keenly did James feel the news of the retreat from Stirling, that he became almost insensible, and went about, writes Walton, "muttering to himself that he would henceforth be obliged to take other resolutions; what those resolutions were one does not know, whether to retire into a monastery, or to trust no longer in the faith of France one knows not." *

The very day Charles had been forced to withdraw from Stirling, his pursuer, the Duke of Cumberland, marched from Edinburgh with an army consisting of fourteen battalions, the Argyleshire men, and the two regiments of Cobham and Mark Kerr's dragoons. At Falkirk the Duke despatched General Mordaunt with the dragoons and the Argyleshire men in pursuit of the foe, but in vain, "for their precipitate flight," says His Royal Highness, "is not to be described; their own men say that they will not give us a chance of coming up with them." Disappointed at this unexpected retreat of Charles, the Duke

* *State Papers, Tuscany, Mar. 22, 1746.*

writes to the Secretary of State * that he had hoped "that the rebels, flushed with their late success, would have given us an opportunity of finishing this affair at once, and which I am morally sure would have been in our favour, as the troops in general showed all the spirit that I could wish, and would have retrieved whatever slips are past; but, to my great astonishment, the rebels have blown up their powder magazine, and are retired over the Frith at Frew, leaving their cannon behind them and a number of sick and wounded. . . . When the rebels crossed the Forth their leaders told them to shift for themselves, which is the first order they have yet obeyed."

After a brief halt at Crieff, where the Duke commanded Lady Perth, who was with her daughter at Drummond Castle, to write immediately to her husband to release all the officers and soldiers who were his prisoners under penalty of having the castle burnt at once about her ears,† the army marched on to Perth, which they reached on the afternoon of February 6. Here, owing to the difficulty of obtaining bread and stores, the Duke had to remain several days. But he was not inactive. He sent detachments to Dunkeld and Castle Menzies to harass the rebels. He wrote to Byng, who was cruising with the *Gloucester* and twenty gun-boats off Montrose, to keep a sharp lookout that none of the foe escaped to France. He despatched a small body of infantry to Coupar and a regiment of dragoons to Dundee. He ordered Major-

* State Papers, Scotland, Feb. 1, 1746.

† *Ibid.*, Feb. 5.

General Campbell, who had joined him on the 8th instant with a large force of Western Highlanders, to take every precaution to prevent any meat or sustenance getting into the disaffected districts of the Western Highlands. The Hessians, which had just arrived at Leith under Prince Frederick of Hesse Cassel, to take the place of the Dutch troops, were told to remain at Edinburgh to guard the southern counties. The Duke of Athole was sent to take possession of Blair, whilst Lord Glenorchy was despatched to guard the districts by the Western seas.*

In the execution of these measures, the Duke was ably assisted by the Lord Justice Clerk. "I cannot praise him sufficiently," he writes; "he is indefatigable in doing whatever may be expedient for the service of the troops." His Royal Highness, however, complains of having to spend so much time at Perth in laying in provisions, and attributes the delay to the fact that the Scotch, seeing what an advantage it was to them to cater for so large an army, were loth to let the troops depart. "The maintaining," writes the Duke, "such a lot of troops is a great local advantage, and far more than compensates for all the damage done by the rebels." †

At last the commissariat department was fully provided, and bread supplied for twenty days. On the 20th of February the Duke put his troops in motion by four divisions for Aberdeen. The country quitted

* State Papers, Scotland. Duke of Cumberland's letters to Duke of Newcastle, Feb. 8-20, 1746.

† *Ibid.*

was, however, not left unprotected. The Scotch Fusiliers, under Colonel Colville, remained behind to protect Perth. Five hundred men, under the doughty Sir Andrew Agnew, were garrisoned in Blair Castle. Four hundred, under Captain Webster, were stationed at Castle Menzies to command Tay Bridge; whilst Major-General Campbell was ordered off to the west to aid Glenorchy. In informing the Government of these details, the Duke suggests that some short Act should be drawn up for the speedy punishment of the rebels, "for as yet," he writes, "I have only taken up gentlemen, and yet all the jails are full, whilst the common people, whom I pick up every day, must remain unpunished for want of being able to try such a number, so that they will rebel again when any one comes to lead them." *

In the meantime Charles had arrived with his column in the neighbourhood of Inverness. His only enemy in the north was the small army which Lord Loudoun had raised by means of the Grants, Monros, Rosses, and other northern clans, with whom the Macdonalds of Skye and the Macleods had united. But their number was not sufficient to interfere with the progress of the Prince, whose troops spread through the country, and did very much as they pleased. The position of Loudoun was becoming embarrassing. Cooped up in Inverness, he had written for money and for 1,000 stand of arms, but Captain Porter, of H.M.S. the *Speedwell*, who was com-

* State Papers, Scotland, Feb. 20, 1746.

missioned to bring him the required aid, either being dilatory in his movements or not having received his instructions in time from the Government, arrived some three weeks too late. Before his sloop anchored off Inverness, the rebels had taken the barracks of Ruthven, within twenty-four miles of Inverness, which had resisted them some months before on their descent from the Highlands, and thus put it out of the power of Loudoun "to assemble the people that were to come at a distance, whilst those who were close by were so terrified that they would not stir when they found danger so near them." *

There was, however, no immediate cause of danger. To insure the capture of the Highland capital, Charles had resolved to delay the aggressive till the arrival of Lord George Murray's column, and having cantoned his clans in the neighbourhood, accepted the hospitality of Lady Macintosh at Moy Castle, about seven miles from Inverness. This lady, whose husband was serving under Loudoun, had nevertheless raised her clan for the Prince, and was in the habit of riding at the head of her kinsmen in martial attire with pistols at her saddle-bow. Scarcely had Charles taken up his quarters at Moy Castle, than Loudoun resolved to surprise him and make him prisoner. On the evening of the 16th, all the gates of the town having been closed, Loudoun marched out of Inverness with 1,500 men, expecting to arrive at Moy Castle shortly before midnight. But

* State Papers, Scotland, Loudoun to Lord Stair, Mar. 2, 1746.

though he had taken every precaution to prevent intelligence of his movements leaking out, Lady Macintosh received timely information of the intended visit, from a girl whose father kept a public-house at Inverness, where gossip had been busy in the tap-room touching a night march to Moy. Without telling her guest of the danger that threatened him, Lady Macintosh sent six or seven of her men to disperse themselves in the woods through which the road passed. No sooner had Loudoun and his troops made their appearance than these few vassals of her ladyship fired upon them from their several stations, at the same time imitating the war-cries of Lochiel, Keppoch, and other well-known clans. The ruse was successful. Loudoun and his men, believing that they were entrapped in an ambush, and that the whole Highland army was in their front, instantly wheeled round and made a rapid retreat to their quarters at Inverness.

The following day Charles, acquainted with Loudoun's intention, assembled his troops, purposing to repay with interest his enemy's tactics. But Loudoun, having no confidence in his men, and aware that Inverness could not withstand a siege, had effected a sudden retreat. He afterwards said that if he had remained at Inverness, he believed he would have been beaten in five minutes. "Had I," he writes to Lord Stair, whilst excusing his abandonment of the town,* "men that I durst trust would follow me I would,

* State Papers, Scotland, Mar. 2, 1746.

strike another blow yet ; it is a cruel situation to have names and numbers that you dare not fight with."

As it was of great importance that the Duke of Cumberland should be informed as soon as possible of the surrender of Inverness, Loudoun, who had now retired into Rosshire, wrote the following letter to his Royal Highness :—*

"On Sunday, the 16th, the rebels lay within eight miles of me at Inverness. On which I ordered the men under my command to assemble at their alarm posts at eleven, in order to be posted in the outer parts of the town, there to remain under arms all night. By which means I got them to march out without the least knowledge of the inhabitants, and marched off with 1,500 men to beat up their quarters, and got half way undiscovered, when a detachment I had sent to prevent intelligence, going a near road contrary to orders, fired about thirty shot at four men, which alarmed the country and threw the body along with me in such confusion that it was a great while before I could get them in order again ; and on examining I found I had lost about 500 of my men, on which, after waiting an hour on the field to gather as many as I could, I marched back to the town again. My next scheme, on finding I was likely to do little in fighting till we had some troops to assist us, was to have slipped them, and endeavoured to have joined your Royal Highness. But they changed their situation, which made that impossible. And finding it im-

* State Papers, Scotland, Feb .22, 1746.

possible to defend the place with such people as I had under my command, I threw in two of the Independent companies into the castle, where I had placed a large quantity of beef I had provided for the troops, and above 500 bolls of meal, and put on shipboard what arms and ammunition could be spared. On Tuesday at twelve I marched out of the town, and crossed the ferry at Kessock without the loss of a man, though the rebels were in possession of the one end of the town before I left the other, and the rear posts under the fire of three pieces of cannon. From thence I crossed at Cromarty, in order to have it in my power to cross the Firth of Murray and join your Royal Highness if you had been so far advanced. But now their approach obliges me to cross at Tain, in order to put myself behind the river, which, I am assured, is to be defended against a superior force, where I shall endeavour to make the best defence I can, and shall, as soon as I know of your approach, acquaint your Royal Highness by boat with my situation. The very great desertion I had after the affair on Sunday night made me conclude that this retreat was absolutely necessary."

But Loudoun could make no defence. He was pursued by Lord Cromarty and compelled to find shelter in Sutherland, where his army finally disbanded.

The surrender of Inverness was at first incomprehensible to the Duke, who learnt the news whilst halting at Montrose. "I am really quite at a loss," he

writes to Newcastle,* “to explain all the contradictions I meet here from morning to night, for I am assured by people who should know the hills the best, that there are no places between the Blair of Athol and Inverness where 500 men can subsist in a body, yet Lord Loudoun has been driven across the Frith with 2,000 men which he said he had, and expecting a junction of 1,500 more, by that party of the rebels alone which marched from Blair with the Pretender’s son, and which I could never make, by the best account I had, above 600 men. . . . But I am now in a country so much our enemy that there is hardly any intelligence to be got, and whenever we do procure any it is the business of the country to have it contradicted to me that I may be always kept in an uncertainty what I am to believe.”†

More than once in his despatches to the Government does his Royal Highness murmur at the loyalty evinced in the north towards the cause of the Stuarts, and the difficulties with which the faithful adherents of that House loved, and not unsuccessfully, to beset his progress. In vain the Duke bribed and imprisoned, threatened and punished, he could get no information. The Highlander, who would have thought little of “lifting” cattle, felt his honour touched when he was bade to furnish intelligence of the

* State Papers, Scotland, Feb. 25, 1746.

† Horace Walpole writes to Mann, Mar. 21. “The Duke complains extremely of the *loyal* Scotch: he says he can get no intelligence, and reckons himself more in an enemy’s country than when he was warring with the French in Flanders.”

movements of the son of his lawful King; sternly he either kept silence, or, what was a more annoying alternative, put the Royal troops on a wrong track. Even so late as 1747, when the Rebellion had fully spent its force and Culloden had exiled many a clansman from hearth and home, we find General Blakeney, who was busy extinguishing the dying embers of insurrection in the north-west of Scotland, complaining of "his want of intelligence, notwithstanding the great rewards I have offered with assurance of secrecy." * It was not, therefore, without reason that James and his sons regarded the people of the Highlands with affection, and called them his "faithful Scots."

A few weeks later the Duke, who on the receipt of the news of the retreat from Inverness, had done Lord Loudoun scant justice, found that he had been somewhat deceived in the intelligence brought to him. "I am sorry," he writes,† "that my accounts of Inverness were so sanguine, but I was entirely misinformed both as regards the strength of the place and the number of Loudoun's men." At a later period, when Loudoun's army was disbanded and had failed to be of any service, his Royal Highness says:—"I must do Lord Loudoun the justice to say that I am convinced he has done everything that was in his power for the good of the service, but he was put at the head of a set of raw militia, of the greatest part of which he

* State Papers, Scotland, Ap. 4, 1747.

† *Ibid.*, Mar. 5, 1746.

dared trust neither the courage nor affections." * Duncan Forbes, in giving his version of the retreat from Inverness, attributes the fact to the negligence of the Government in not executing the orders he had repeatedly made them. "The too late arrival of the sloop with arms and money," he writes to the Duke of Newcastle,† "which I had long solicited, was the cause why the rebellion gathered fresh strength in this country after the rebel's flight from Stirling. Had those arms come in time enough to have been put into the hands of men who were ready prepared to receive them, the rebels durst hardly have shown themselves on this side the mountains; but as those arms did not arrive in our road till the very day that the rebels made themselves masters of the barrack of Ruthven, within 26 miles of us, it was too late to assemble the men we had prepared, and in place of making use of arms we were obliged to keep them, as well as the money, on shipboard for security."

Immediately after the departure of Lord Loudoun, Inverness was taken possession of by the Highlanders. The citadel called Fort George was garrisoned by Major Grant, who declared that he would never surrender. A few hours of attack, however, sufficed to change his resolution, and the Fort shared the fate of the town. "Fort George," writes the Duke, who had now pushed on with the main body of his army to

* State Papers, Scotland, May 8, 1746.

† *Ibid.*, May 13, 1746.

Aberdeen,* "has fallen into the hands of the rebels. I am no ways able to explain how or by what neglect it is so, but a silly affair it is. I fear Fort Augustus will follow its fate."

This fear was soon realized. The rebels, on obtaining possession of Inverness, had resolved to occupy the winter season in reducing those forts in the north whose object was to strengthen the Hanoverian clans by allowing them to draw reinforcements from those districts in which the cause of King George had numerous followers. Fort Augustus was the first object of attack. Surrounded by Lord John Drummond's regiment and the French piquets, which began to shell the garrison, it was soon compelled to surrender. "It is impossible it could defend itself long," said the Duke, when the news reached him.† The officers were taken prisoners and sent over to France, where they remained as hostages for such of the rebels who had fallen, or might fall, into the hands of the royal troops.

Fort William next attracted the attention of the Highlanders. But the Duke, aware of the importance of this post, and not having the fullest confidence in its governor, sent a reinforcement under Capt. Scott to protect the place, the moment he heard of the fate of Fort George. "The reason I have been so

* State Papers, Scotland, Feb. 28, 1746. Grant was dismissed the service by court-martial for "misbehaving himself before the enemy and shamefully abandoning Fort George." State Papers, Scotland, May 22, 1746.

† *Ibid.*, Mar. 14.

anxious about this particular Fort," writes the Duke,* "is, that from thence the Lowlands would be open to the enemy, and that the fort once taken by the rebels might cost us much trouble before we retook it, and that Lieut.-Gen. Alex. Campbell is by all accounts no way fit for a thing of that importance." In vain did Keppoch and Lochiel essay all their engineering arts, Fort William stoutly held its own, and the chieftains, finding that they were powerless to prevent the arrival by sea of constant supplies to the garrison, were eventually forced to raise the siege.

Nor was the attempt of Lord George Murray upon the castle of Blair—an ancient fortress belonging to his brother the Duke of Athol—a whit more successful. After having cleared the vale of Athol of the few Royal troops which then invested it, the Lieutenant-General began to besiege Blair Castle; but the castle, seated on a rock, fenced by walls seven feet thick, and commanded by the vigilant and somewhat choleric Sir Andrew Agnew, was not to be taken by the two light field-pieces that Lord George could only bring against it. Finding, therefore, that there was no hope of battering down its solid walls, Lord George, aware that the garrison was numerous, and believing it to be indifferently supplied with provisions, resolved to reduce the place by famine. Closely blockading the castle, he sat down before its walls, content to bide his time till the flag of surrender should be hung out.

* State Papers, Scotland, Feb. 28, 1746.

But the movements of Lord George had struck terror into a commander who was made of less stern stuff than Sir Andrew Agnew. Whilst scouring his native country of Athol, in order to deliver it from the small forts and military stations—consisting chiefly of the houses of the gentry—established by the Duke of Cumberland, Lord George had forced, among other forts, those at Blair and at Bunnanoch. These petty victories so alarmed Lord Crawford, a weak but kindly peer* then commanding at Perth, that, discussing the matter with Prince Frederick of Hesse, whose troops were quartered at Perth, he resolved to abandon the city. When Lord Crawford informed His Royal Highness of his intention, the Duke cried out that it was the most “ridiculous and shameful thing ever known,” and sitting down, penned a reply to his subordinate, which he hoped would bring him to his senses. “I am very much surprised,” writes His Royal Highness,† “at the resolution of the Council of War to evacuate Perth, and leave the magazines there upon the news of two of our paltry posts on the hills being surprised. I can easily excuse the Hessian general officers, but can’t express my astonishment that you, who should so well know the country and the people, could put so much trust in our Highland posts as to expect anything else from

* “If his head were as good as his heart His Majesty would not have a better officer in his whole army.” *State Papers, Scotland, The Duke to Newcastle*, Mar. 26, 1746.

† *State Papers, Scotland*, Mar. 19, 1746.

them. Those posts in the hills are only to prevent little parties from the rebels coming down to take meal. Considering the rebels are besieging Fort William, and a considerable body opposing us in this country, I should like to know how many of them you expect to come and disturb the four battalions at Perth and the regiment of dragoons. When you hear that the whole force of the rebels is coming down to you, then it is time to take the measures you have now taken, but not before."

This letter had the desired effect. The alarm at Perth subsided, and Lord Crawford was ordered to march with the Hessians to the relief of Blair Castle. His lordship obeyed, and on his approach Lord George sent a messenger to Charles, offering to attack the Hessians if a reinforcement of 1,200 men could be spared him. But again that unaccountable suspicion of the fidelity of his Lieutenant-General was at work in the breast of the Prince, and he refused to send the help required, under the plea that he was about to concentrate his forces.* Lord George accordingly abandoned the siege, and fell back upon the main body of the army. This retreat the Duke of Cumberland unjustly attributed to cowardice. "The relief of Blair," he writes, "is more owing to the cowardice of the rebels

* A rough draft in Charles's handwriting found among the Stuart Papers declares, "When Ld. Geo. Murray undertook the attack of the fort at Blair Castle, he took an officer whom he sent back without so much as consulting the Prince, a thing so contrary to all military practice that no one that has the least sense can be guilty of it without some private reason of his own." "The Forty-five," by Earl Stanhope, p. 112.

than to the Hessians putting my orders into execution."*

Though the mountain warfare during the last few weeks had on the whole been fairly successful, Charles was fully alive to the fact that his situation was becoming daily more and more precarious. His finances were so low that he was now obliged to pay his men in meal, "at which the poor creatures grumbled exceedingly," and even this species of payment was not always made with the regularity that was desirable. Nothing could exceed the difficulty he met with in obtaining the necessary provisions for his troops, in the wild, beautiful districts over which he was master. At first he had dispersed his men in sections throughout the surrounding country, in order the better to collect supplies; but when he heard of the camp forming at Aberdeen he found it necessary to assemble his forces to meet the attack which the English were slowly yet surely preparing for him. Cooped up in the mountains, his treasury reduced to some 500 louis d'ors, his men ill-fed and discontented, more than once he turned a longing gaze to the east coast to see if the assistance, which France had so often promised and never fulfilled, was at hand, to relieve him from his embarrassments.

The hope deferred which maketh the heart sick had not yet crushed the spirits of the Prince. Almost to the last he believed in the friendship of his powerful ally—that the southern coast of England would be invaded,

* State Papers, Scotland, Apr. 15, 1746.

the Duke recalled from Aberdeen, and French ships anchor off Montrose with men, arms, and money. Months back he had sent over to France one Sir James Stuart, "an understanding, capable man," with proper compliments to his Most Christian Majesty and earnest petitions for speedy aid. Most persistently did Sir James plead his master's cause. He had audiences of Louis XV. and his ministers, and was assured that they "intended to effectually succour the Prince, and that nothing in the power of France should be wanting to support his just title to the Crown of England." Then he visited Sir John O'Brien, "the only person through whom the French Ministry would treat," who informed him of a treaty that had been signed between the Court of France and King James III., "vastly for the interest of the Royal Family, in which the Prince was declared the ally of France, and that he was to be supported by all their power." Cardinal Tencin was also most gracious to the Jacobite envoy, and listened attentively to everything which related to the Prince and his little army. "Thank God!" cried his Eminence, "we now see something of truth, for till now we could believe nothing; some of your ministers said black, others white, and a third blue, some that the Prince's army consisted of 30,000 men, others of 20,000, and some that it was not 10,000!"

But in spite of his cordial reception, and the warm professions of friendship which France indulged in, Sir James fancied he perceived an under-

current of coldness. He noticed that when the King spoke of the Prince he always called him "Prince Edward," and not Prince of Wales, that the Cardinal dallied with the departure of the embarkation from Dunkirk, and that difficulties were constantly being put in the way when assistance was proposed to be rendered. Accordingly Sir James resolved to urge his suit with a little more force. He showed the vacillating minister how useful an ally His Royal Highness had been to France, and how he had already served her most effectually in drawing the English army out of Flanders. "Gentlemen," said he, "if the Prince and his friends shall now be deserted by France, rather than fall a sacrifice they will be brought to make proposals to the Court of England, to save themselves and families from utter ruin, and to enter into the service of the English Government, and carry over their whole followers to Flanders to revenge themselves on France for deceiving them."

"Do you imagine," asked M. Maurepas, "that the English Government would ever accept of such an offer, or ever trust it?"

"Such an offer," replied Sir James, "would be embraced with the greatest joy by the Court of England, and if so, France never had to do with such enemies as she would then find them. If France had in view the making up a peace for herself and sacrificing the Prince and his friends, she would soon find that she was mistaken in her politics, for that those in the British

Parliament who wished a Restoration, and who only waited for a landing of French troops to declare themselves, would be able to make such opposition, that no English Ministry durst venture on making a peace with France, but greatly to the advantage of England. But if, on the contrary, a restoration was brought about by the assistance of France, she could then get affairs on the continent settled to her own mind, and a solid peace concluded between France and Britain to their mutual interests." Sir James, though he drew somewhat on his imagination for his premises and deductions, seems to have been very well pleased with the manner in which he put the case, for he said afterwards in conversation that "he observed this way of speaking had more force with it than asking in a low pitiful way."

But in spite of this "way of speaking," Sir James's mission did not meet with the success it deserved, and he talked the matter over with Lord Marischal, who was then in Paris. His lordship, however, was a poor comforter. He roundly stated that he suspected the sincerity of the French Court, and did not believe it "had any real or sincere intentions of succouring the Prince" "He had been hanging about," he grumbled, "expecting to command an expedition into England, and if it had not been that the Duke of York had retained his services, he would have gone over to Scotland ere this with or without troops. No, he did not place much faith in the preparations that were talked about, they might alarm England,

but no practical result would ensue from them. It was easy to see that the ships were never meant to sail. Now it was that the transports were ready to quit Dunkirk with troops and ammunition, but that there were no men-of-war to guard them from the English fleet cruising within sight, and so that scheme was abandoned; then Calais, or Boulogne, or Ostend was fixed upon for the embarkation, but some excuse always arose at the very last moment to delay or prevent departure. No sooner was an order made than it was countermanded. For instance, on the 15th of last January, he received instructions that he was to cross the channel, and capture, if he could, the port of Rye. Three thousand men were instantly embarked at Boulogne, and at nine o'clock at night he was preparing to sail, though none of them ever expected to set foot on English ground, when all at once he received orders from the Duke of Richelieu to suspend the embarkation. Ever since that time the shipping had been kept in pay, and every appearance of an invasion of England maintained, but no one of the least penetration believed in its reality. He told the Duke of Richelieu, who had concerted this great affair, that an invasion of England with artillery, &c., from Boulogne or Calais was impracticable, unless France had the command of the sea, and that an invasion was only to be undertaken by a *coup de main*, as the French call it. But Richelieu only replied that he would have everything in its proper

way when he invaded England. No, France was not sincere ! ”

It was not long before Sir James found Lord Marischal a true prophet. By the end of December all thoughts of invading England were laid aside by the French Court. But wishing in some measure to keep faith with the Stuarts, Louis XV. gave instructions that troops should be sent to Scotland, “ which the court,” writes Richelieu to Fitzjames, “ looks upon as very important, in order to show Prince Edward and his party their great zeal and desire to assist him and them.” After some delay in collecting troops and ammunition, five vessels set sail from France for the eastern coast of Scotland, under the command of Fitzjames.*

The assistance thus tardily rendered was, however, of no avail. The English cruisers prevented the French from effecting a landing, whilst the presence of the Duke of Cumberland at Aberdeen made all operations on the eastern coast most dangerous. Save a picket of Berwick’s regiment which landed safely at Portsoy, no other troops in the embarkation reached the Prince’s army. Fitzjames himself, together with his regiment of horse, were taken prisoners by Commodore Knowles. The commander and his illustrious captive indulged frequently in conversation and the Count spoke freely of the expedition he had

* State Papers, Domestic, Feb., 1746, Narrative of Sir James Stuart and Lord Marischal’s negotiation. Also extracts of letters, &c., taken from Count Fitzjames, State Papers, Domestic, Feb., 1746, No. 81.

undertaken. "All the officers and their friends," he said,* "counted upon being taken prisoners when they came into Scotland, yet the Court was determined to endeavour to keep up the rebellion in order to prevent England sending troops abroad to oppose the progress of France; and, indeed, it was in some measure to fulfil their promise with the Pretender, but he doubted whether any further assistance would be sent, and wished the young Squire well away out of Scotland." Fitzjames also added that he was certain France had laid aside all designs of a general invasion, for she had not 12,000 men in garrison at her northern ports, inclusive of the battallions of militia.

The loss of this French aid, and still more the receipt of the intelligence that the Court of Versailles had finally abandoned all ideas of invading England, were bitterly felt by the Prince. He now saw that he had to rely exclusively on the courage and devotion of his own followers. Still, heavy as were the odds against him, he never despaired. He hoped that the good fortune which had sided with him at Gladsmuir and at Falkirk would not now, in the hour of his extremity, desert him. He was aware that a pitched battle must soon take place, and that the foe were steadily preparing for an engagement. He lacked much that a General requires to sustain confidence—his men were in sore need of supplies, his artillery was ineffective, he wanted arms and ammunition, with many of the

* State Papers, Scotland, Mar. 6, 1746.

chieftains he was not on the best of terms—yet his sanguine temper only rose the more as the dangers that had to be met seemed insurmountable. He resolved to keep up the spirits of those around him by presenting a bold and cheerful front. He spent his mornings hunting in the neighbourhood, and in the evenings attended dinners, balls, and concerts. It has been said that this gaiety was the result of a conviction that the army of the Duke of Cumberland would not dare oppose their lawful Prince in battle.* But this could scarcely be the case. Charles had no grounds for supposing that the same soldiers who showed no scruples at resisting him at Preston and Falkirk would be less willing when the moment came to fight under the orders of the Duke of Cumberland. On the contrary, the Prince knew right well that the only way he could extricate himself from the position in which he was now placed was by a battle. It is far more probable that the air of gaiety he assumed was not owing to any feeling of security or to the result of levity, but simply a part which he was acting, in order to impress those around him with confidence in his cause.

It would have been well if Charles, in addition to the *rôle* he was playing, had also taken some pains to suppress the secret jealousies which were busy at work within the camp. His favourite advisers were still Secretary Murray, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and the Irish

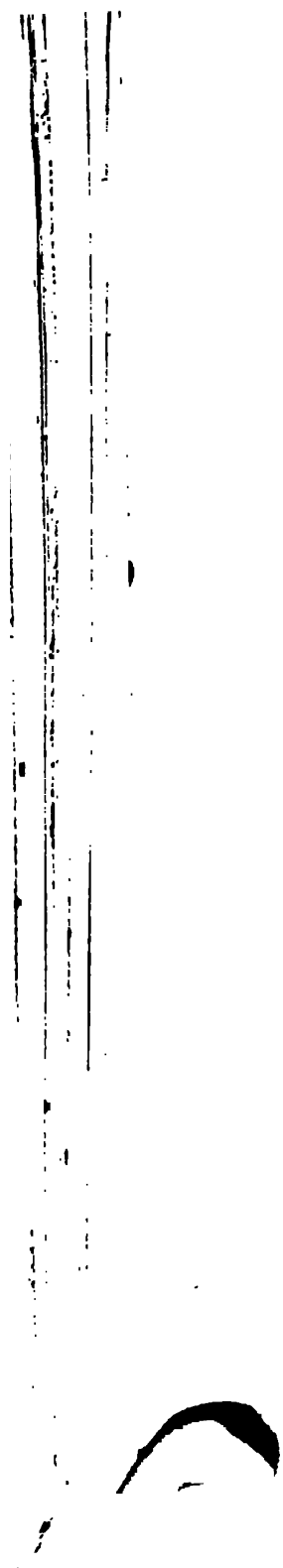
* MS. Journal of Lord Elcho.

officers.* He conferred with but few of the chieftains, and his ablest officer, Lord George Murray, was seldom asked to give an opinion. Naturally, those who were sprung from the best families in Scotland, and who had engaged their lives and fortunes in the Stuart cause, felt hurt at this impolitic hauteur of their chief. A spirit of bad feeling spread its leaven throughout the camp. The chieftains held themselves aloof, and sided with Lord George. Many of the privates, who were men of birth, complained that they were regarded as mere troopers, and not as volunteers who fought at their own expense: these, too, gradually became alienated from the Prince. Not a few of the common soldiery, on whom no pay and bad food were beginning to do their evil work, showed signs of discontent, and the muster roll was seldom called without

* "For some time past he ceased to assemble his council and only consulted with his favourites. All the Irish officers that had come over from France were well received by him, and he preferred them to the Scotch. These gentlemen had nothing to lose, and were always of the same opinion as the Prince, whilst the Scotch, who carried their lives and estates in their hands, were very often obliged to find fault with the schemes of the Prince. Lord George Murray was at the head of the Scotch party: the Prince and the Irish did not like him, whilst the Scotch on the contrary liked him much, and had the fullest confidence in his ability. Nothing could better exhibit the want of capacity in the Prince than his siding with a few Irish, who came over from France to make their fortunes instead of consulting with the Scotch who composed his army and were in their own country. . . . The Prince so bitterly hated Lord George Murray that he spoke of him as a man who would betray him, though no one could have better conducted himself on every occasion than his lordship. He preferred the Irish officers in everything. . . . We Scotch regarded that favouritism unfavourably, and in general the Prince was not liked by the chieftains of the army. He carried his suspicions against Lord George Murray to such an extent that he employed two Irish officers to watch his conduct, and to assassinate (!) him should he ever attempt to betray him." MS. Journal of Lord Elcho.

desertion being painfully evident. Still bitter as were the jealousies, and ominous as were the murmurs, the prevailing discontent never broke out, as in Mar's insurrection, into mutiny, or a desire for submission to the Government. As a rule, the spirit of both chieftain and vassal was that, however cooled might be their personal feeling towards the Prince, they would never desert him out of pique, or surrender unless compelled by defeat. Such was the condition of the camp when news was brought in, which put a check to quarrels and heartburnings, and made men sink their differences for the good of the common cause,—the news that the English were crushing the heather of the neighbouring hills, in full march for Inverness.

END OF VOL. I.



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